THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated We
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Ben

DECEMBER 19, 1914 COPY

In This Number

William Allen White—Charles E. Van Loan—Irvin S. Cobb
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews—Holman Day—Corra Harris

To the Man or Woman Who Owns a Franklin Car:

YOU had your own reasons for selecting a Franklin.

You staked your judgment on it.

You may not have realized that you were doing some advanced thinking—anticipating a tendency in automobile buying more plainly marked every day.

It is always gratifying to have one's opinions justified by events. And it may interest you to know that we are just closing the greatest year in our thirteen years of history. That the sales of the Franklin car are *greater than any other car at its price or at any higher price.* That the sales of Franklin cars have *increased 88 per cent.* in the past twelve months.

This is just the beginning of a great movement—a more practical attitude toward the automobile in this country.

People are beginning to figure out the *real cost* of a car—to figure a little further than the initial price; to ask what a car will do, see it done and know what it costs to do it.

The tendency is all toward a *light car.* And this tendency centers upon the *Franklin* because among fine cars the Franklin is the exponent of *scientific* light weight—it is the *standard light car.*

Among the events of the year, *five* important facts of *actual performance* stand out as having served to crystallize public thought.

1—On May 1, 1914, in the National Economy Test, 94 Franklin cars averaged 32.8 miles each on one gallon of gasoline. This definitely established the *economy* of Franklin light weight and the *efficiency* of the Franklin engine.

2—On September 24, 1914, 116 Franklin cars in 116 parts of the country ran 100 miles each, all the way on *low gear* without stopping the engines. This definitely established the absolute superiority of *direct-air-cooling* under the most extreme conditions.

3—Scientific tests at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute showed that of the power developed by the Franklin engine, *84.4 per cent. drives the car,* only 15.6 per cent. required to overcome friction in the driving parts and the tires—whereas in most cars more than 15 per cent. is consumed by friction in the tires alone. This definitely established the *efficiency* of Franklin *chassis* construction and the *power-saving* effect of Franklin tire equipment.

4—Records compiled out of the experience of Franklin owners over a period of four years showed an average *life* of more than *Eight Thousand miles* per set of *tires.* This definitely established the tire economy due to Franklin light weight and flexibility.

5—The records of *oil consumption* showed an average of from *400 to 900 miles per gallon.* This not only definitely established oil economy but reinforced the chassis test as proving the precision with which the Franklin is constructed, reducing friction.

As a Franklin owner you think first of the comfort of the car, its easy riding luxury, ease of handling and freedom from trouble.

It is an all-round car, and an all-the-year car—with *nothing to freeze* in winter or *overheat* in summer.

Its economy you accept as a matter of course. You paid a little more at the start—the cost of operation is less. That is as it should be. But give the *Franklin* credit for *reversing the old rule* that the finer the car the more it costs to run.

Franklin Automobile Company
Syracuse, New York

Society Brand Clothes

Peine Designs

For Young Men—And Men Who Stay Young—Are Found in These Clothes Alone

MR. A. G. PEINE, the young man's clothes designer, fashions only Society Brand Clothes. He has made his fame, and has made these clothes famous, through his unique ability to create distinctive styles—styles for young men—and men who *feel* young and want their clothes to show it.

He is the genius, the artist in this line. No other designer has ever been able to give Peine's master-touch to his models.

So the men who know and the men who care are seeking for designs by Peine.

* * * * *

These clothes are not extreme—they embody no fads. The youthfulness they suggest is tempered by conservatism. You will be better dressed in these models—and you'll *look* it and *feel* it—than you have ever been in any other clothes.

"Your Age Is What You Make It"

Mr. Peine sees to that. He is a member of this firm, and though young in ideas, is old in experience. He never will permit a Society Brand garment to go out that isn't fastidiously correct.

Yet he never copies, and he is never commonplace. His clothes are always

"All Ages Are Congenial Now"

a season in advance. His models next year may be widely imitated, but this year they are strictly individual.

* * * * *

We do not depend on design alone.

Behind Mr. Peine is a perfect organization with matchless facilities.

Here are master cutters and master tailors to finish his designs—experts developed in our own shops because men from other shops seldom measure up to our standards. Here are specialists to search the world for fabrics suited to young men's clothes.

Here we sew by hand to get the best effects where others use machines.

Such methods permit of only a limited output. It means that only one dealer in any town can get Society Brand Clothes. But that makes them doubly exclusive—exclusive in design, and exclusive because only the hundredth man can get them.

* * * * *

Of all times, *this* is the time for Society Brand Clothes.

For men are not growing old as they used to. Fathers and sons today have more in common. They are working and playing in closer contact. They are *dressing* more alike. Today's call is for young men. The trend everywhere, in every walk of life, is toward youthfulness and the lively spirit. The clothes you wear must show it if you are to be up to date.

Peine's Latest Styles on Request

All the latest Peine models are pictured and described in our handsome Book on Clothes. It is the masterpiece of style books because it is the only book printed that shows the *authentic Peine designs* by A. G. Peine himself.

Send for this book—a post card will get it.

We'll send with it the name of the one merchant in your town at whose store you can try these models on.

"Today's Call Is for Young Men"

Prices range from twenty dollars and higher—dress suits from thirty-five to sixty dollars.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label—"Society Brand Clothes."

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN
MADE IN MONTREAL FOR CANADA

These are Different

THE chief difference between Crisco doughnuts and others is their digestibility. Crisco itself is readily digestible and anything fried in it is most wholesome.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Then, too, Crisco reaches a high frying temperature without burning, so that when the dough is placed in it the extreme heat of the Crisco immediately forms a light, tender crust. The inside is thus sealed against the absorption of fat and in consequence is lighter than the ordinary doughnut. Lard, on the other hand, cannot be heated hot enough to form a crust, without burning, and soaks into the doughnuts as long as they are in the kettle.

Do not wait for Crisco to smoke, but test from time to time with a bit of dough.

You will find that Crisco doughnuts agree with every member of your family and that each will ask that the doughnut jar be filled every week. There are four delightful doughnut recipes in this book.

Beautiful cloth-bound book of new recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners" for five 2-cent stamps!

This handsome book by Marion Harris Neil gives 615 excellent tested recipes. Also contains a "Calendar of Dinners"—a dinner menu for every day in the year. The Calendar tells *what;* the recipes tell *how.* Book also contains cookery hints and the interesting story of Crisco's development. Bound in blue and gold cloth. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps.* Address Department K-12, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE EBB TIDE

Can the Progressives Come Back?

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ON THE face of the returns from the recent election the Progressive Party has suffered a slump of about eleven-sixteenths of its 1912 vote—that is to say, the vote for Roosevelt was something like four millions, and the votes polled by the Progressive candidates in the various states, according to the unofficial estimates, appear to number about a million and a quarter.

Now there are two opinions about the reading of these facts: One opinion declares that any further discussion of the Progressive Party should be in the nature of an autopsy; the other opinion contends that we have just witnessed a christening. Time only will tell whether the Progressive Party is coming or going—whether it is taking its first breath or giving its last gasp; but certainly we have just witnessed, in the campaign recently closed, a most interesting political episode.

Probably never before in the history of the United States did a group of people in an election make so large a noise for so small a vote. Processions, bands, banquets, straw votes, acres of people, newspapers springing up in unexpected places, badges, banners, megaphones, page advertisements—every manner of attracting the attention of the American people known to publicity experts—were used by these Bull Moosers, with a result —— Well, here's where the debate begins; for the question is: What was the result?

If one estimates it in votes it is almost negligible; if in noise its tonnage and displacement are important. The Progressive Party made a first-class noise and polled a third-class vote; so it is plain that votes are not the talking point on which we can sell goods. Therefore, let us consider briefly the claims of noise.

The Rank and File of Bull Moosers

PRACTICALLY the only thing really proved by the recent elections about the Progressive Party is that it is, as it stands, a middle-class party. It polled its best strength in the home wards of the smaller towns—towns of from five thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants; and in those wards, where wide lawns and shade trees and comfortable houses and happy families give color to the social structure of the community, the Progressives polled a heavy vote, and in many cases carried those wards rather decisively.

In those wards live merchants, chief clerks, doctors, lawyers, the high-grade mechanic, the superintendent, the railroad conductor and engineer—the poor plutes of the Socialist catalogue—the college professor, the preacher and the small capitalist. These people ride on trains and are forever appearing in the straw votes, which invariably show a strong Bull Moose lead; these people, also, attend political meetings. All of them are seekers after light and many of them are "Godsakers"—persons who, according to Mr. H. G. Wells, are forever crying, on hearing of the wrongs of others: "For God's sake, let's do something about it!"

These middle-class people, among whom the Progressives find their greatest strength, and often find themselves in a considerable majority, are the political legatees of the mugwumps of thirty years ago, changed and tempered by the times. The mugwump was of a Brahman caste and viewed the world through bifocal glasses. He was the complaining, impractical Mister Foureyes of his day.

The Bull Mooser, on the other hand, is registered in his precinct; often he was a precinct committeeman of the Republican Party and generally could be depended on for a contribution to the campaign fund. He serves on the Library Board, the Park Commission, the School Board; and frequently he is a deacon or elder in the church and a trustee in the local college. He mixes—very much he mixes—with the crowd; but it is his own crowd. His mugwump forbear would have none of the crowd.

The Progressive not only mixes with the crowd but talks politics and wears badges and buttons and carries banners; and this year, much against the better judgment of his wife, and over his repeated protest that he did not desire to win, he ran for office; mostly he ran for a county office, to lend his name to the cause. So, in order to carry the banner as far as possible, this busy, bustling, middle-class gentleman, with all the wholesome traditions of the best American life, hied him to the hustings and talked politics.

The old mugwump was serene in an abounding Emersonian faith; but the Mooser complicates his faith with noise. It is as though the mugwump had married a Populist and begat the Progressive. He is intensely partisan in his nonpartisan emphasis on independence in politics, and votes for no man who will not bolt his ticket. The Bull Mooser kicked out of party traces two years ago, and he insisted on all the world kicking with him.

No doubt, if you laugh the world laughs with you; but if you kick you kick alone. He made a tremendous rumpus kicking down his stall—did this middle-class gentleman in the Bull Moose party; but when it was all done he was alone amid the ruins.

He did not get out of the middle class. The industrial vote of the Progressive Party is insignificant. Three days after the recent election nine gentlemen forgathered in a great city office building. Of the nine gentlemen seven were millionaires. The office was garnished with mahogany and leather—soft, pleasurable leather that fits the back; and the seven millionaires and two well-to-do citizens damned the laboring man rather extensively and with deep emotion for yielding to what they called the belly issue in their state.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Uncle Joe, Who Walked the Plank in 1912, is Safe Aboard Again

Like Dreams of the New Jerusalem

THEY were members of a state executive committee of the Progressive Party. They had written into the platform of their party in the state every important demand made by the State Federation of Labor; they had included in the party's state declaration a demand for a scientific revision of the tariff, one schedule at a time, on a protective basis and under the direction of a nonpartisan expert commission; they had indorsed the income tax, the inheritance tax, and a constitutional amendment permitting a separation of property for purposes of classification in making levies, so that franchises could be taxed and the tools and machinery of labor exempted if it was found wise to do so.

The minimum wage for women, short hours of service for women and children, improved child-labor laws, mothers' pensions, strict factory inspection, and a pledge to supervise tenement-house conditions and improve them were included in their platform. Yet the returns show that labor had ignored the Progressive Party. Among laboring men the Republicans, who promised nothing but prosperity, and the Democrats, who promised nothing in particular for labor, polled seventy per cent of the labor vote; and with the remainder the Socialists ran better than the Progressives.

Moreover, in all the leadership of the Progressive Party—and, whatever else may be said of the party, its leadership in the states is strong—no one has risen with grease on his hands. There is much ink, but no grease, on the composite hand of the Progressive Party. Labor knows not this new Joseph. Labor, in the recent campaign, seemed to prefer the immediate job to a pension for his widow.

Hence, the belly issue got the laboring man and he voted for Penrose and regarded the Progressive program for social and industrial justice much as he dreamed of the New Jerusalem, with golden streets—a grand vision, but well down toward the end of the order of business.

Nor did the farmer generally respond this year to the call of the Moose. In the great agricultural states of the Missouri Valley the Progressive vote in farming communities was respectable but not dangerous. The Bull Moose farmer was generally the farmer with a silo, a piano, a motor car, and an alfalfa field, who sported a little in blooded pigs and was always doing curious things out of the agricultural papers.

In the old convention days, before the primary took the drama out of politics, this farmer used to head the delegation from his township that sat in the courthouse all the afternoon, swapping with the city politicians, to name a sheriff from his township and give the city fellows the members of the legislature. He was the fundamental boss on whom the boss system was founded. He was always with Roosevelt; and when agitation began to grow against the convention system this farmer encouraged it. He was interested in improvements.

He is with the Progressive Party much as he is with his silo—it is modern; it sounds reasonable; and it is eminently respectable. He is middle-class conscious. His new religion has taught him to consider others—so he wants to help the poor; he is willing to contribute his five or ten dollars to the state campaign; he is willing to run on the county ticket—not that he cares for the office, but to bring about the social and industrial justice that is a part of his creed. His vote has in it grace at table, prohibition, deep plowing, two farm papers, a daily paper, the Methodist Church, and two children in the

county high school; but in these degenerate days, when the right hand of the citizen is party-motored and his brain party-minded, this farmer and his neighbor across the creek are only able to vote their hired men and speculate on which of the tenants lied about casting the other five Bull Moose votes in the precinct.

The prosperous farmer and the leading citizen of the country town formed the voting strength of the Progressive Party. One would say that, with these men, the rest should be easy. The prosperous farmer and the leading citizen generally influence the thought of their communities. Generally they dominate any American situation—business, social or political; but this year, though the leading citizen and the prosperous farmer hired the bands, wore the badges, carried the banners, swarmed in terrifying crowds at Bull Moose meetings, and seemed in a vast conspiracy to be forever riding up and down the earth on trains, taking straw votes of themselves, nothing in particular happened. The leading citizen and the prosperous farmer struck a cross current. They were blandly blind to it. It was beneath their toes, which were somewhat in the air, while their heads were in the clouds. The current that carried the election this year was a definite, strong, quiet, powerful tide of partyism.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
William McKinley, Returned at the November Election

Four million Republicans bolted their ticket two years ago to vote for Roosevelt; probably another million, fearing Roosevelt, bolted their party to vote for Wilson; and certainly more than that number bolted their party to vote against the Progressives in their own party who had captured Republican nominations. Bolting had elected Democrats everywhere—in the courthouse, in the statehouse, in the White House; and the shock was too much for a party-minded people.

The bolters on all sides had overplayed their hands; so there arose in the hearts of five million Republicans of all cults and castes a deep, abiding emotion. It was a burning desire to "lick the Democrats"—not that the Democrats had done anything especially to deserve defeat; but they were Democrats and in office, and Republican bolting had intrenched those Democrats. So Republican regularity must clear the Democratic trenches.

The Beautiful Cloakmaker's Model

THE Democrats, on the other hand, saw no reason to desert their party. President Wilson had made no serious blunders—Congress had obeyed him with reasonable docility; so the Democrats voted their ticket. However, as always happens, the Democrats were making more or less protest about it, after the manner of Democrats in October, who always claim they are going to scratch their tickets, but rarely do so.

What with these Democratic disclaimers, and with the silence of the Republicans, who were ashamed of what they did two years ago and had forgotten just why they did it, the leading citizen and the prosperous farmer—all badge-wearing, banner-carrying, band-hiring, crowd-making, straw-voting—walked proudly with an exalted goose step into a ridiculous minority.

And they could not understand it. They knew why they bolted the Republican Party two years ago. They remembered the circumstances with indignation. They compared their platform with all the vague, shifty, meaningless platforms opposed to the Progressive platform, and naturally presumed that others were doing the same. The Moosers were turning out, listening to speeches; they were seeking the truth and were more or less excited about it. And when they saw that the Democrats were having only fair crowds, and the Republicans generally poor crowds, the Progressives were sure it was all over but the shouting. And so it was; but the Moosers were not destined to do much shouting.

The Progressive idea did not get to the average voter. The party idea was a stronger idea. The type of mind which reads headlines, accepts the order that is, and lives in a rut could understand perfectly the melodrama of the Chicago Convention, wherein Colonel Roosevelt was tied to the track, run through the buzz saw, flattened out under the steam roller, and then rose triumphant in the last act—the type of intellect that sees things entirely black or perfectly white was stirred to some depths by the beautiful cloakmaker's model going through all those harrowing experiences for virtue's sake. And that type of mind voted his indignation much as he applauds the hero in a play; but when he saw he had elevated to power the hated Democrats, the veal kidneys in his head refused to function, and he was puzzled. He had just one idea in this election, and that was to "lick the Democrats!" And, like the little red hen, he did.

He was never attracted by the Progressive platform—not two years ago nor this year. The Progressive platform was mere orchestral accompaniment to the melodrama. He forgot it as soon as the show was over. He did not care what the Republican platform was; he was not particularly interested in the personal or former factional alignment of the Republican candidates. The logical processes of his mind were something like this: It is wrong for Democrats to hold office. They are in office. Let us put them out of office! The fat-witted Democrat used a different process to get his Democratic ballot in the box, but of an equally refined, logical mechanism.

The Progressive idea, which fell by the wayside, briefly is this:

FIRST—To prevent the waste of greed in destroying through private ownership our natural resources, forests, mines, waterways and power sites; also, to prevent the waste of inefficiency through the overcapitalization and special privilege in corporations, selling such public utilities as make their market through being the common needs of life.

SECOND—So to change immediately the environment of labor by shorter hours, increased wage fund and better home conditions, that the children of the laboring man, growing up in a more wholesome environment, may be able more intelligently to make the fight for a fundamentally better economic status.

THIRD—So to curb the evils of Big Business that mere massed wealth shall not have an undue advantage over real ability; holding the right of combination to exist only as it is honest combination; and giving to society, for the privilege to combine, the right to regulate stringently.

FOURTH—To widen the participation in government so that money may not vote in the elections or hold a controlling power in government.

This idea does not promise the millennium by proclamation; nor does it contain many elements of dramatic interest. The Progressive idea is essentially for sane-thinking men and women. It is evolutionary, not revolutionary; but veal kidneys will not grasp it. They had no suspicion of it when they voted for Roosevelt two years ago; for the voters did not elect a single governor, representative, senator or legislature to sustain it.

Yet the idea has, beyond any doubt, taken a strong hold on American politics. It is the only dominant idea in American politics to-day; for the one clear call of both the old parties—the one claim they make before all the people—is that they are progressive. Since the adoption of the Progressive platform, August 5, 1912, mothers' pensions have been introduced into the laws of eleven states; the workingman's compensation has been adopted in practically all the Northern States; laws providing for shorter hours of service for women and children have been adopted by half a dozen legislatures of both parties; and a kind of cambric-tea solution of the Bull Moose trust planks has been adopted by the Democratic Congress.

Moreover, in the Republican and Democratic platforms in all the states the Progressive measures first introduced into American politics by the Bull Moose Convention have been written with varying degrees of sincerity and stupidity and larcenous avidity.

And the joke of it is, these Progressive planks did not have to be written in the old party platforms at all; for these planks did not fool the real Moosers, and the others would have voted the party ticket anyway.

There they are, however; and, now that they are in the old party platforms, they have become the holy writ of the party. And, the Democrats having been licked, pestiferous partisans, wanting legislative jobs themselves, will demand, with deep feeling, that these party promises be kept. So the seed fell on good ground.

And now we come to this truth—a great truth, and one which should be so familiarized in every honest household that it may be set to music and run through the phonograph, the clothes wringer and the piano player: Ideas, principles and economic tendencies in politics are little affected by candidacies and elections. The progress of the world is not stated in terms of battles; ideas and movements are not dependent on elections or much affected by candidacies. The color of the times is the pied, mixed color of the thought of the times.

In America it was not Bunker Hill or Appomattox, or Washington or Lincoln that guided our destiny. The ideas of the times made the men and the events of the times. So to-day the color of these times will be determined not by any man—Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Taft—or any election, whether of 1912 or 1914 or 1916. Whatever becomes of these men, whatever happens at these elections, will not set the color of the times. Majorities at elections and the rise or fall of men determine little. Into the stream of events may come the strong color of a minority that will transform all the drab, meaningless majorities and give the stream a "sea-change into something rich and strange."

There is only one strong, determined minority in American life, and that is the group of voters—a million and a quarter of men and women—which forms the Progressive Party. This sounds like empty assertion, yet it is capable of proof. This Government is controlled by those who care to govern. Whether in primaries or conventions, whether in legislatures or in the process of direct legislation, whether in courts or executive chambers, the minority that sees its end clearly, and will strive for it, wins.

The Beneficiaries of Party Victories

HERETOFORE the minority that saw its ends and strove for those ends was composed of the great financial powers, which preyed on the people by combining with the crooked liquor traffic and the corrupt politician. Now that minority of special privilege is opposed by a strong, organized, intelligent minority desiring evolutionary progress in the political and economic life of this nation.

For the most part that minority is in the Progressive Party. Some sincere and effective Progressives are in the two old parties and in the Socialist Party; but those Progressives outside the Progressive Party are where they are because they believe they can use the older parties toward righteous ends. They are not party-minded. They must leave their parties when it becomes plain that real progress demands that they leave.

That sooner or later these Republican and Democratic Progressives will see the wisdom of organization into one party, with one purpose—will see the futility and lost motion coming from fighting sham battles—seems highly probable. However, even if they do not see the advantage of working with men who believe as they do, rather than with men who believe something entirely different—or who believe nothing at all, but vote a traditional ballot—the strongly organized minority will continue. It is formed of the leaders of thought in the various communities.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senator Penrose, Who Seems to Thrive on Opposition

Penrose and Cannon and Curtis and Barnes did not attract the majorities in their states. The majorities were party majorities, piled up for the party and in spite of its leadership. The time will come, however, in party management when leaders must lead. These men and their kind cannot lead. When they try again they will fail again; and when they fail again the Progressives will rise again. The villain of the melodrama cannot turn hero.

Very soon some other beautiful Progressive cloakmaker's model will go under the standpat steam roller and through the buzz saw and under the train; and the veal kidneys will begin functioning, and, seeing the drama, will applaud the hero and hiss the villain off the stage. The reactionaries cannot hold their power. If the Progressives in the two parties win decisively, the reactionaries will bolt again; and, in the chaos, the middle-class leaders of thought, organized and militant, will determine the trend of things. They have done it during the last two years, without

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HER FLING

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

IS IT really Evelyn Garden?" The gloved hand waved to the figure across the city street. "She looks so pretty and well groomed that I didn't suspect her of being herself." The woman laughed, not ill-naturedly; she went on: "That sort of little person makes me a bit tired. What right has she to be colorless? She has all the qualities for being alive, and she isn't! She's intelligent enough, and kindly, heaven knows; yes, and good-looking if she took the trouble to dress herself—those long, thin lines, and the huge black eyes in her Mona Lisa face. Also, she has a mighty attractive husband."

The other woman answered thoughtfully, following with her gaze the slender form disappearing down Main Street.

"Perhaps that's her trouble."

"What do you mean? John Garden's perfectly kind to her, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes—kind! Oh, yes!" She hesitated as though trying to phrase a subtlety. "But he's such a triumphant person, with his brilliant success and his big good looks, and that winning way of his which makes him always the ladies' pet; that —— Well, I like to go out to dinner with John Garden, but I think he could be trying as a husband. It would take a woman with lots of assertion not to be colorless beside him."

"Maybe," the other agreed. "But, anyhow, Evelyn might take the trouble to wear decent clothes; she has piles of money of her own. However, they're going in a month. Come into Curran's—they've got a new lot of hats."

Evelyn Garden went on, walking rapidly toward home. It was a cool day and the pace freshened her face and made her dark eyes shine. She was forty; but as she turned in at her own gate, slim and bright-eyed, she might almost have been twenty. A man coming away from her door glanced at her, hesitated and stopped.

"Miss Garden?" he said.

"Oh, no!" She looked younger still. "Oh, no! I'm Mrs. Garden. Did you want to see—my daughter?"

To her surprise, it was an effort to bring out those two words that placed her in her own class, in the older generation. Usually such an idea did not occur to her; she was used to being the quiet mother of big, handsome Martha. But it was suddenly pleasant to have this stranger look at her as he was looking—as though she were a person, not merely an older person. Then she waited to see the friendly, interested expression die out as he realized that she was Martha's mother. Astonishingly it did not die out. The very good-looking young man seemed confused, but laughed as though also amused.

"You—you deceived me, Mrs. Garden. I didn't dream—I supposed you were Miss Garden's sister. I think I should have guessed—younger sister." His flattering eyes just took in, with a brief deferential glance, the slimness of the smart figure. Martha was tall and a bit bulky for a girl. He went on: "I am one of the lower slaves in Compton University—the assistant in economics, under Doctor Garden. We're looking forward to your coming. My name is Carr. I met Miss Garden at Commencement, and as I spoke of being here she asked me to call. So I did. And I'm sorry to say she's not at home. Will you tell her I am sorry, please?"

"Oh, but ——" She remembered that Martha was to be out to lunch. "Yes, she is away," Mrs. Garden admitted; and then ideas flashed.

Ask him in to lunch with herself and John? It was near lunch time; it was inhospitable not to keep him. Would he be bored? Martha's beaus in general would not think of talking to Martha's parents for an hour. But at least one could ask him? He actually looked as though he would not be bored. Yet, if he had no excuse and —— Oh, nonsense; this man could escape if he chose!

Her face was filled with a play of expression; she would have been astonished to know how charming, how girlish, she looked as she stood hesitating, by the border of tall flowers, in the new frock she had bought at O'Hara's so hurriedly, which Martha had said was of too youthful a cut for her, and which she had been shy about wearing. The tall young man waited, smiling.

"I'm sorry my daughter's not at home; but"—she caught her breath with fright—"but couldn't you come in and lunch with Mr. Garden and me? If—if you haven't any other engagement?"

"If I had I'd throw it over," the pleasant hearty young voice answered instantly. "And I haven't. I'll be delighted to lunch with you."

The telephone rang as they entered the house.

"Yes, John. Oh! Oh! You won't be home? Oh, no; nothing wrong. Very well. Good-by."

At four o'clock Jim Carr sprang to his feet. The chimes in the hall were dying away. "Not possibly four! And I had an engagement at half past three!" He towered over her as he took her hand. "I don't know when I've had such a good time! Why, you see, it was disgraceful to stay so; but I didn't know." Fresh-colored and big and joyous, he was laughing with a winning embarrassment. "You'll let me come as soon as you get to Compton?"

"Oh, yes." Mrs. Garden's eyes were shining and her face was full of life; nobody could have called her colorless just now. "Martha will be so glad to see you."

The laughing tall young man hesitated.

"I'll be glad to meet Miss Garden again," he said; "but—I'm coming to see you!" There was a second's dead silence. Evelyn Garden stared at him. "Mayn't I?" he asked gently, as though not to frighten her.

"Oh—yes," she answered.

She Did Not Let Him Go, However

"And we're going to ride—you'll get it back in a week; and you know we're all dancing, just the same as everywhere." She laughed then, alarmed but pleased; and with that he let her hand go. "Good-by. I don't want to go." He had gone.

When Martha came in her mother was sitting, oddly bright-eyed and smiling, looking into the fire.

"Why, little mother-person!" exclaimed Martha. "What are you doing here—doing nothing? I know. You're planning clothes for me to astonish the natives at Compton. Aren't you?"

"No, I was not, dear," the woman answered slowly. "To tell the truth, I'm just deciding that I'll have a habit and ride at Compton."

"You—ride, mother?"

"I think I will. I used to love it."

"But, mother dearie, will you have time? The boys—they need so much looking after."

"Why not? Other women keep house and look after their children, and yet—are alive."

"Of course, dearie, if you really can do it; but it's so long since—and father can't be counted on to ride with you often. And I was just going to tell you—the Amorys asked me to-day to go to California for three months. Next week! Couldn't I? I'm crazy to do it. It's such an opportunity—their private car, you know. I never could have a better chance. And then, you see, I shouldn't be home to ride with you; that's what I was thinking."

"If you went I could ride Rebel."

This attitude of her mother puzzled Martha Garden.

"Why, of course," she agreed, a bit displeased unaccountably; certainly she would lend her horse to her mother when she did not need him.

"If you think you can handle him. He's a live horse."

"Yes," Mrs. Garden answered slowly. "And maybe I am a live woman. Sometimes I wonder."

"Mother dear, what are you talking about?" Martha threw back impatiently. "You're not like yourself. Has anything bothered you?"

"Not a bit!" And then: "A friend of yours was here—Mr. Carr, from Compton."

"Oh!" Martha squealed it girlwise. "Jim Carr! I am that disappointed! I met him only once and I just loved him. He's the winner up there at Compton. Isn't he attractive? Did you see him, mother?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Garden; "I saw him. I met him coming out. I asked him to lunch."

"You did!" Martha's eyebrows lifted. "Why, you saucy little mother-person. He didn't come, I gather."

"Yes, he came."

"Oh, heavings!" Martha mourned. "With you and father—Jim Carr and you and father!"

"Worse than that, Martha. Your father didn't get home."

Martha looked highly amused. She was not a subtle character, and it was easy to follow her thought—that it was a joke on the glorious Mr. Carr to have lunch with an elderly lady alone. But her next words were civil.

"I think that was very cozy," said Martha politely. "And I'm proud to have Mr. Carr see what a perfectly good mother I have." Then: "I suppose he left soon after?"

"He went at just four."

"Four!" the girl squealed again; she was given to the simple emphasis of squeals. "Four! And I came in at ten after. Oh, darn!" She reflected a moment. "I suppose he was hoping I might get home," she explained then, with unconsciousness; and continued: "Well, I'll play with him a lot when we're living there. He's to be father's understrapper—whatever you call them—you know. I suppose he'll be at the house constantly. Mother dear, I want a new evening dress to take off with the Amorys. Will you go with me to-morrow and help choose it? I think blue."

"I'm glad you chose blue; I'm going to order a pink one."

Martha bounded.

"Mother! Pink! Why, you always wear shades of mauve—or else black-and-white. And a new riding habit! What has got into you? I believe it's that dress you're wearing that started you." She put her head to one side and appraised Mrs. Garden critically. "I don't like you in that dress. Why, mother, with your long, thin lines, and your sloping shoulders, and your head deep in that Curran hat, you don't look a day over eighteen."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Garden. "And you object?"

"Object!" Martha was surprised. "Mother dear, of course I object. It isn't dignified. And a pink evening dress! You said the mother of a grown-up daughter ——"

"I did," acknowledged Mrs. Garden; "but I'm not going to order this dress as your mother. Only as myself—Evelyn Garden; not decrepit yet, and with—with a desire for a little—fling."

"Fling? Mother! Did I hear you say 'fling'? Your fling!" Martha's interjections were a series of squeals.

Suddenly the woman was standing before the big girl.

"Listen, Martha!" And Martha listened with her mouth wide open. "When I was a girl," began her mother, "I didn't have a good time. There was plenty of money, but my father and mother didn't approve of dancing; I never went to a ball. Pretty clothes were frowned on; it wasn't thought creditable for me even to enjoy myself. I was kept studying and doing charity work. The only pleasure I had was my riding. They were Presbyterians of the strictest sort.

"Then I was married at nineteen, and you came; and I thought I had to spend all my time between you and the housekeeping. Your father liked me first because, he said—he said my Spanish eyes and my Quaker looks were piquant; but he forgot the Spanish and remembered the Quaker. He wanted me that way apparently—Quaker-ish—clothes and all. I thought so. I wonder whether I was wrong? So I kept to my black-and-white and mauves. He seemed to expect to do the color and enthusiasm. I had a terror of self-assertion; so I let him.

"I settled down; it's an awful thing to do—to settle down. Soon nobody expected anything of me except as background for your father. If I ever said anything of my own initiative people looked startled. They do now; your father does. I suppose he loves me in a way, but in his heart he thinks me dull." A gesture of displeasure from Martha. "Oh, of course he wouldn't acknowledge it, even to himself. But he does—everybody does."

She reflected a second and smiled.

"Almost everybody. Well, we're going to begin a new life in a new place, and it has come to me that I won't begin it this way—this spiritless, suppressed way. I'll start fresh. I'm human; I'm a person—not just a machine to look after you and father and the boys." Her tone was pleading. "I'll be a live woman and get the joy of living, and give it. It came to me this afternoon. So I'm going to ride, and I'm going to have a pink evening dress." She faced her daughter defiantly. "And other things too," she threw at her.

"Oh, Martha"—she threw out her arms with an appeal of woman to woman, not of mother to child—"do see! All these years I've been nothing but a foundation to build your lives on—you children and your father. And I want a little living of my own. You're grown up; you ought to understand. Try to understand. I want *my*—fling!" She laughed a little.

The big, handsome young girl in the deep chair stared, dumfounded.

"Yes, mother, I'm grown up"—she spoke with elaborate gentleness—"but I don't understand. Not at your age, dear. It seems to me that to hear you talk about having a fling—it's indecent! I always thought you were so happy with father and Jacky and Jimmy and me. Surely you have a great deal to be thankful for! We're all well and intelligent and good-looking—such a nice family for you. It's not like you to be discontented. Don't you think"—she got up then and put her arm about her mother's shoulder, looming over her—"don't you think you ought to be satisfied with what God has sent you?" The girl was evidently deeply moved with her own noble attitude.

For a second the room was still, and then Mrs. Garden suddenly laughed. She loosened the arm about her and stood away from Martha.

"You don't understand in the least," she said. And went on: "Yes, you may have your trip to California and you may have the blue evening dress. We'll see about it in the morning. There are some letters for you, Martha, in the hall." She moved to the door.

"Mother!" the girl called softly.

"Yes?"

"If you really are going to have a pink dress, won't you have it a dull old-rose—to please me, mother?"

On an afternoon in November about half past four a taxicab shot up Dr. John Garden's driveway in Compton. From it emerged Martha Garden, much approving the approach to her new home, much pleased with herself for arriving twenty-four hours earlier than her schedule and so giving the family a joyful surprise.

The door flew open.

"Oh, Father! You Don't See. She's Dressing Too Young. She's Acting Too Young"

"I'm Miss Garden," she announced to the new butler. "My mother is at home?"

"No, miss," the man said. "But Mrs. Garden will be in at five. Tea is ordered for five."

"Oh!"

That was annoying; she had had a picture of dear little home-staying mother sewing away upstairs, and of radiant long-lost daughter's sudden smiling apparition; whereupon ecstasy and tears of joy!

Tea at five? Mother never used to have tea alone; she must have had an intuition that radiant daughter was near. That was well. The two small brothers, who received her with the indifference of ten and twelve masculine years, were the only members of the family she could lay hands on; the arrival was not so dramatic as she had arranged. Too bad of mother to be out to-day! With that, after inspecting her own chintz-bright quarters, after questions to the boys, who gave laconic and unsatisfying answers, behold, there were horses' hoofs on the graveled drive!

Martha flew to the window. How nice if some of the Compton young people had seen her in the taxi and had dashed in to welcome her! That was it! Three men and a girl, and the man on the black horse was Jim Carr. How adorable of him! Who was the girl? Very sportsmanlike she looked in her smart dark-gray habit, with the russet country boots.

"My word! But she rides—that girl! Jimmy!"

The boys crowded beside her to watch the scene—the background of November woodland with its trim border of bare shrubs, white-dotted with snowberries, red-dotted with Indian currants; the broad, groomed driveway; the riders pulling in their horses. The three men slid off their mounts to hurry to the gray horse, where the girl ——

"Why, that's Rebel!" Martha almost shouted. "Jimmy, who's the girl riding my horse?"

Jimmy turned with a sarcastic grin to his dreadnought on the floor.

"The girl is mother," he answered briefly; and added: "She rides Rebel lots better than you do."

Martha was reserved in her greeting when she met her mother at the foot of the stairs, her mother tumbling into the house, laughing at her own stumble on the step, followed by three laughing cavaliers.

"Why, Martha!" Mrs. Garden brought up suddenly. Everybody seemed struck silent. The whole atmosphere changed in that second. "I thought you said to-morrow."

With that Martha was kissed and patted and for a moment was, as was fitting, the center of things.

"Are you tired? Are you starving? Sit down, child, and wait; and everything will come to you. Mr. Carr, don't be lazy! The tea will be ready in a minute; but feed her cakes meantime. Mr. Arbuthnot, lift the kettle. Quick!"

Martha gasped. Was it mother chattering away to the men, ordering them about? She had made up her mind on the stairs to investigate the astounding reasons as to why mother was riding with three cavaliers; but this was more, a thousand times more and worse. Mother, talking exactly as though she were sure the men wanted to fetch and carry at her bidding! What was the matter? Martha decided that she would assert her supremacy of youth and put mother in her place. She rose from the big chair into which she had been shoved by those rebellious maternal hands and moved to the tea table.

"Mother dear, you must be tired! I'll pour the tea."

She put out her hand, with a sweet but firm smile, to help the elder from her chair; and the elder slapped it. Slapped it! Not hard, naturally; just a swift, snappy little slap that was—Martha realized it with rage—distinctly attractive. The men laughed.

"Get away, Martha! You don't know how. You don't know how many lumps Mr. Carr takes, even. And Mr. Graham has to have his last, because he likes lye. You don't know that. Be quiet—and wait until you're fed."

Two of the men left together when they had swallowed the tea; but Jim Carr stayed—Jim Carr, who really was, as Martha had stated, the winner at Compton. Big, with fresh manliness and simplicity; with hard work and success already back of him at twenty-nine; with a brilliant future prophesied—he did not have to lift a finger to be easily the leader in most companies.

Martha began to be fascinating at him—not to him, but at him—when the decks were cleared by the two departures. The curious feeling which had oppressed her, that somehow she was second to her own mother, would now disappear, she was convinced. She started in to fascinate Carr; but the siren song did not seem to work.

He listened to tales of the Golden West with impressive attention certainly; but was it possible that now and again she caught his eyes wandering to the slim figure in the dark habit and little alluring manly boots; to the luminous eyes, which smiled across the tea table, shining into the firelight? Was it possible? After the third mishap of this kind Martha rose up.

"Mother, if you and Mr. Carr will excuse me"—she spoke with deep sarcasm—"I think I'll go upstairs. I'm a little tired."

So! She would punish him. She would leave him alone with just mother. Mother came out from her firelight-smiling reverie with a start.

"Oh, are you tired, Martha? How selfish of me not to send you before. Go, then, dear; and Josephine will see to you and unpack you, and I'll be up"—she laughed—"as soon as the man goes. He's not to stay to dinner to-night."

Martha's head swam; she held to the rail as she went up the stairs.

Jim Carr came and stood by the table and looked down. In the shifting lights and shadows of the fire the huge dark eyes were the only things that seemed fixed.

"So I'm not to stay?" He knew Mrs. Garden rather well, it appeared.

"No"—smiling still; not even lifting her eyes from the logs. She knew him well, also, it appeared.

"I wouldn't stay if you asked me." There was no laughter in the words; rather an intensity which made her look up.

"Why?"

Instead of answering he swung restlessly up and down the room; then halted before her.

"Don't you know?"

The Spanish eyes were wide and truthful as they gazed up at him—troubled as well.

"Don't you know?" he repeated.

"No." Her straight gaze met his.

He stood before her, splendid in youth and strength, struggling miserably. Then he stooped swiftly and caught her hands.

"It's no use," he whispered. "I give up! I meant never to tell you; but, oh, I have to! It's too strong for me. I love you! I love you!"

Quickly she was standing; and the fingers he had held were holding his, gripping them tightly, keeping him, with that tense gentle clasp, at a distance.

"Jim!" She stared at him; not angry, not glad—astounded.

The fire sputtered noisily into the stillness as they stared at each other. Then:

"You are angry?" he asked.

"No. Dear Jim!" Silence. Then: "It's my fault," she said. "I didn't see. I'll never forgive myself!"

He threw up his head like a spirited horse when struck with a whip.

"You don't—care?"

"Care? Yes!" Desperately. "But I don't"—she caught her breath and faced him steadily—"I don't love you, Jim—that way. I only love John."

Most women have to learn what it is to put a knife into a man who is offering his heart's blood. It is about as pleasant, probably, as suicide. Evelyn Garden, at forty, after twenty-one years of marriage, knew for the first time. Carr freed his hands and whirled.

"I'll go," he said.

She did not let him go, however. She made him sit by her in the firelight; and she held his hand, though she would not let him hold hers, and told him how she could not give him up; how he had been an inspiration from the moment when she had met him coming out of her old home—the inspiration of a joy of life that might not have come to her otherwise. She told him how his friendship

had certainly brought most of her opportunities, most of her friends, in Compton; how he had given her a new point of view, put her clock back for years; how the rock wall of his loyalty had been a thing she had counted on more and more every day for three months.

"I can't get on without you." The clear, honest look of her held him. "Won't you wipe this off the slate, Jim? It could never mean happiness anyway. And forget you said it? And stay? Won't you stay always and be friends?"

He bent and kissed the hand that held his, and laughed a little, though his eyes were dim.

"You are the sweetest thing in the world!" he said brokenly. "Yes; I'll stay. Of course! Any way you'll have me. If you asked me to stay in the capacity of butler I'd probably do it."

She laughed too, then, and caught at the word of commonplace:

"No, thank you, sir. No highbrow butlers buttling round me! Rollins is good enough." And then breathlessly, whisperingly, in short sentences punctuated much like the Psalter: "I'll never forget: That you cared: I didn't dream: And me one hundred years older! Some day: You'll think me: An old lady, with gray side curls: And maybe I'll be! But I'll have this wonderful thing: To remember: Always!"

There was a minute's hush in the warm, bright room; and then:

"You'd better go now," she said in an everyday tone. "Jim, it's the dancing class to-night at the Sturgises'; you'll go?"

He hesitated, wheeled, staggered to the wall, and put his head against it in his hands. So he stood for a long moment; then turned about unsteadily.

"Yes; I'll go," he said, trying to smile. "I'll go—to the dancing class. God bless you!"

And, as she stood looking with wet eyes at the place where he had been, the dancing class and the benediction did not seem so very incongruous.

Half an hour later Evelyn Garden, dressing for dinner, had a thought. She stood a moment considering, then crossed the room and gave a number over the telephone. There was a knock at her door. "Come in!" she said, and sat down on the bed by the telephone stand, her red-brown hair over her shoulders; her satiny white kimono, splashed with gorgeous embroidered color, glistening about her—a pleasant object to the eyes. Doctor Garden's eyes recorded the fact as he came in. She smiled at him.

"Wait a minute. . . . You, Jim?" she inquired into the telephone. Then: "I can't go to-night; I forgot—it's Martha's first night at home." A pause. "No. I can't, possibly. I'm sorry. You'll go, please?" A pause. "Yes. Do! Good-by."

"Jim Carr?" inquired Doctor Garden; and then: "About the gardener, Evelyn ——"

Martha rushed to the telephone the first half dozen times next day as she had in her old home. After that she let the maids answer; it seemed it was mother who was wanted. Mother apparently was doing everything anyone had ever done, and a few new ones.

"A dancing class for working people! Of all things, mother!"

Mrs. Garden turned on her.

"Yes; of all things! To give pleasure to people who have none. Mad, isn't it?"

Martha was stupefied. "You used to give—to give them blankets."

"I do now—only I try to add some fun."

"Fun! For people who haven't proper food! But how can you handle—two hundred, is it? Why, you can't! I'd help you; but I'll have to save my strength. I'll be awfully gay now, likely."

"Oh—well," agreed Mrs. Garden briefly. And then: "I'd be glad to have you, Martha; but there are a lot to help. Jim Carr and the Grahams, and Doctor French, and the Avery girls—about thirty. There's the telephone. . . . Yes, Miss Archibald—good morning! Oh, that's good of you! The seventh? Why, I'd love it; but Doctor Garden is working every evening. Come without him? You don't want a lone woman at dinner—what? Oh—unprincipled blarney! Not every man in town, I'm afraid! Well, of course, I'll come. Dancing after? No; that won't keep me away."

And Martha underwent one more wrench. Poor Martha! Her steady-going, satisfied, cut-and-dried young mind was taken by an all-wise Providence—or something—and wrenched this way and that, until it worked only in jolts of painful astonishment.

Into the quiet university town Evelyn Garden had come, with no big daughter at her side to push her back a generation; she had come with such clothes as had not been seen in the place; the woman in New York who made them had rejoiced in her uncommon type and reveled in an unlimited order, and sent her to Compton with a setting that brought out unknown facets in her looks.

She had come with money to spend, and eager to spend it for everybody's pleasure; she had bought lovely Cliveden, the largest place in town, and lived in it as everybody knew Cliveden should be lived in. And yet she was artless to the verge of pathos; quick to grasp an outstretched hand, and so appreciative of the mildest hospitality that the suspiciousness of a small town toward fine clothes and formal living was disarmed. It was she, now, who was popular. Doctor Garden, absorbed in his new work, had hardly been heard from.

"He's just charm by the pound," a girl said. "Mrs. Garden's subtle; she's gone through fire; her husband's raw material."

Martha staggered through the day as one wandering in a nightmare. She was not adjustable, she had small sense of humor; wherefore she found things not amusing. Her ponderous young firmness bumped through painful hours; by late afternoon her soul was black and blue. It simply could not be borne that in this family where she had reigned her mother should be the leader.

Something must be done! She could do nothing. Her silent scorn and her voluble remonstrance slipped alike off mother's gay good nature. The whole place seemed to be in league to spoil mother—everybody in town; even Jacky and Jimmy; even father. But father must have his eyes opened. She knocked at the study door.

"Come!" He looked up from a littered table. "Ah, my girl, come in!"

"Father, I want to speak to you about mother—the way she's going on."

"Going on?"

"Yes, father. She'll be a laughing stock; we all shall. At her age—beaus and dancing and gay clothes ——"

"But, Martha ——"

"Yes, father; you must attend to her. She won't listen to me, and it's—awful!"

"But, Martha ——"

"Now, father, it's no good to say, 'But, Martha!' Why, she's like any young girl! It's scandalous! And the men! And the clothes! They're all wrong."

"Are they?" Garden looked startled. "I thought she had rather pretty clothes. I remarked it."

"Pretty! They ought to be pretty! Everything comes from Ladenstein's."

"Oh!" agreed Garden. He had not heard of Ladenstein, but it seemed to be a vital point.

"They're lovely clothes," Martha plodded on; "but not right for her. She always used to wear black and white—and mauve."

"Oh, mauve!" Garden tried to focus on that. Mauve was a color, he thought. He wondered what color. "She doesn't wear mauve now?"

"Oh, father! You don't see. She's dressing too young. She's acting too young. These men about her—it's bad taste. Father, you must speak to her."

Garden stirred restlessly. Of course he adored Martha; of course—his handsome big girl. But he never could talk to her, for some reason, more than five minutes without uneasiness. "Yes, yes, dear. We'll do that. We'll talk it over with mother."

"When, father?"

"Oh—I don't know." His hands were among his papers.

"After dinner?"

"Why, yes, dear; that will be very nice," he agreed absent-mindedly. And Martha, with one glance, left him.

There was no guest at dinner. Afterward Doctor Garden, radiant before the fire, with his cigar and coffee on his special little table, seemed removed from wars and rumors of war. Not so Martha. She waited minutes for the opening gun; and then, as the gunner still purred blissfully, she fired a shot herself:

"Mother, I think father has something to say to you."

Evelyn Garden was standing over a great bunch of red roses, touching them on this side and that. She looked up quickly.

"Yes, John."

Garden stared at his daughter, astonished. What had he to—oh, yes! He remembered. He finished the coffee at a swallow, set down the cup, and looked at his wife approvingly.

"Evelyn dear, how pretty you look! Evelyn, our little Martha has a grievance, and I promised to remonstrate with you." Evelyn stood tense by the flowers. "It seems that you—you don't wear mauve."

Nobody laughed. Martha saw nothing funny; father was being stupid—that was all. John Garden's eyes danced, but he wanted to get through; Evelyn felt the thunder in the air and waited. She turned to the girl:

"What do you mean, Martha?"

"Oh, mother, father and I think you are living so wrongly, throwing away your life on frivolities, acting in such an unfitting way for the mother of a family—for the mother of a grown-up daughter; so father and I ——"

Evelyn interrupted:

"John, you and Martha have been talking me over?"

Then John Garden became impatient.

"Evelyn, you are the dumnedest! What an idea! Martha came into my study with a tale about the color of your clothes—I was busy; so I told the child, yes, I'd speak to you. I think your clothes are very pretty; but Martha said it was wrong for you not to wear mauve. I remember that word distinctly—mauve. What color is mauve, Martha? That's a pretty frock you've got on, Evelyn! What's that color?"

"Oh, father!" Martha was nearly in tears. "You know it

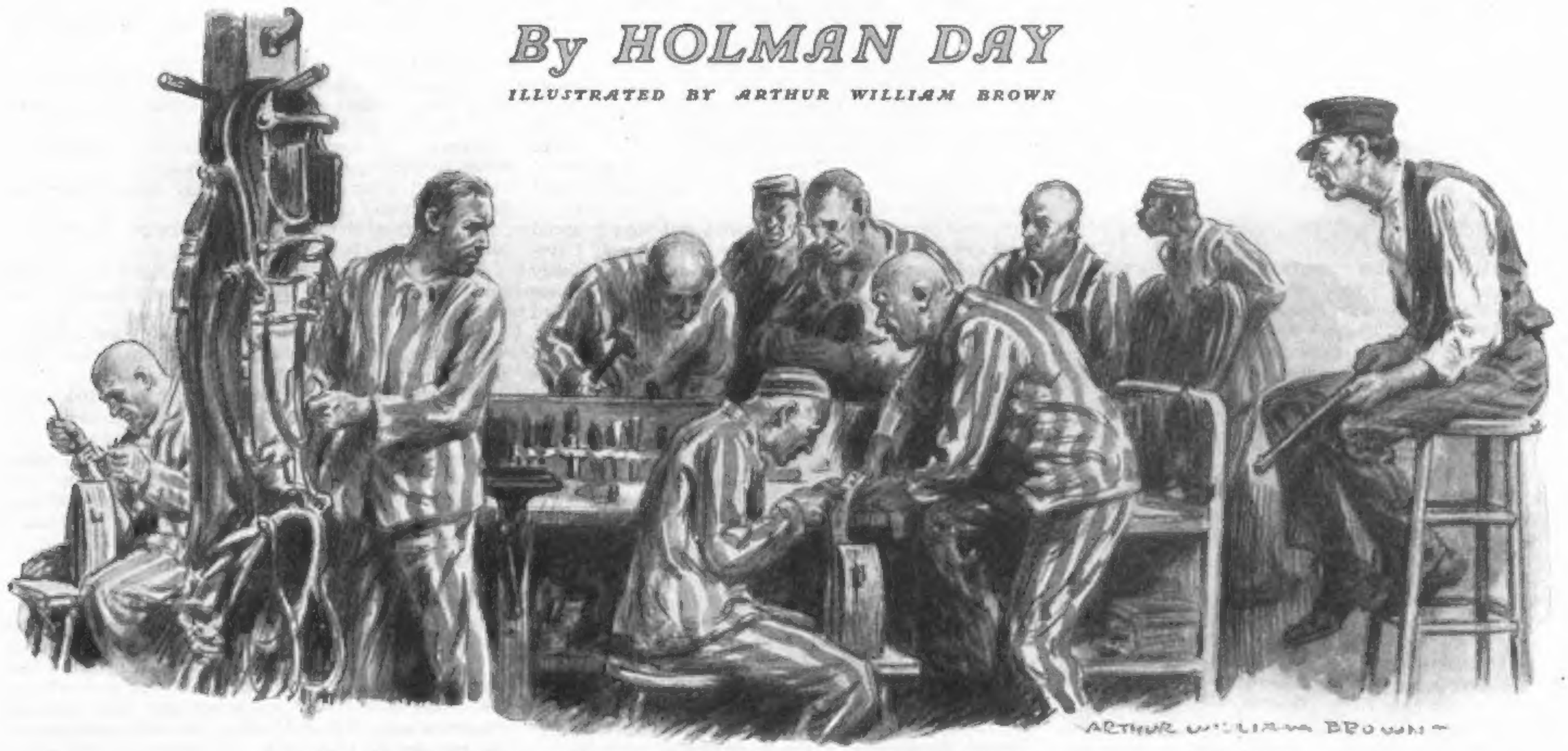
(Concluded on Page 30)

"You Think I'm Dull; You've Lost Interest"

GOOD OLD DOC LIGMORE

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



He Paused and Glowered With Special Venom at This Monument Set Over His Life's Disaster—This Clod on the High Stool

WITHOUT shifting his eyes from a straight-ahead stare down the shop, the man on a high stool slipped his hand into his trousers pocket, measured with grimy thumb-nail on a plug of tobacco and wrenched off a chew, which he lazily shoved with his tongue into its proper location.

A convict, who was doing something with a new harness on a frame, stopped and stared at the man on the stool, telegraphing vitriolic hatred in his gaze. The other convicts in the shop worked on stolidly.

Strabismus helped to make Mr. Judson Trask an efficient inside guard at the State Prison. He kept his charges guessing. When he was posted on his high stool at one end of the Harness Shop no convict could determine just who was favored with Mr. Trask's basilisk attention. He was so cross-eyed that only little quarter moons of his pupils showed beside his bulgy nose.

He liked his job. He was smug and pompous in the silent performance of his duty. He never asked for a vacation; he did not fuss about promotion; he remained, year in and year out, seated on that high stool, a short-muzzled carbine across his knees. It was a job that would have afforded a philosopher vast opportunities for introspection and cogitation. Mr. Trask did not bother to think. His brain was motionless. His jaw worked slowly on his tobacco.

In the course of time this lumpish man with the gun had come to exemplify for Veranus Marston all the hatefulness of incarceration in the State Prison. The walls, the narrow cell, the silence and the ignominy of his condition seemed rather of the abstract. The vacuous, self-important incarnation of the concrete on the high stool put the white tip of flame on the smolder of Marston's resentment and rebelliousness.

Trask was so manifestly low-down and ignorant—too ignorant to understand that he did not know anything! Such was Marston's rancorous estimate. To glance up at any moment of the day and see that old fool domineering over men, with a gun across his knees—slave driving a man like Marston himself—it became maddening; the principal topic of his bitter thoughts as Marston's years of confinement dragged on.

Whenever he scowled at the stolid old ox on his high stool, striving to proclaim his opinions by his eyes, he could not be certain that Trask was looking at him; there is nothing so exasperating as an oblivious foe.

Marston was assembling the parts of a new harness on a frame. He worked nervously, impatiently. He stopped frequently and glared at Trask. Marston knew the nickname by which Trask was known to all the guards; they called him Dirty Shirt Jud. Trask wore no coat and shamelessly justified the sobriquet. Trask had passed near Marston on many occasions. Trask was twenty feet distant, on his high stool; but the convict sniffed and almost believed he could catch that characteristic odor of stale perspiration above the brisk scents of leather and oil.

Marston had been the best-groomed man in Avon when he was cashier of the First National Bank. Every night for more than five years he had carefully laid his prison trousers under his mattress in the cell when he turned in, so that he might sport a crease.

After buckling a backstrap he paused and glowered with special venom at this monument set over his life's disaster—this clod on the high stool.

Mr. Trask unhooked the turned-up toes of his old boots from the legs of the stool, slid down, and walked across to Convict Marston. Trask was stoop-shouldered and his hands dangled almost to his knees. There were no voices in the shop. There was the tweak-weak of awls—like mouse squeakings—lisp of leather, twit and tug of waxed thread.

"I've been looking at you," Trask mumbled.

"Are you looking at me now?" asked Marston in soft tones.

"Yes, I am looking at you—and I can look at any man. I never embezzled twenty thousand dollars of other folks' money out of a bank and spent it on dude notions. And I want this slurring stopped."

"So do I," returned the ex-cashier, nipping the words between tightly set lips.

His lower face and his long upper lip were masked by a short growth of beard, a hirsute privilege granted to prisoners serving the last few weeks of a sentence; a beard concealed prison pallor or else screened a man's shamed face when he went out into the world. Mr. Trask went on importantly:

"Can't have no prisoner, no matter who or what, sneering at me, even if he is going out in a few days! I've got to stay here on my job, and I've got a reputation and my dignity to keep up. What one does, another may try to do."

Convict Marston began to tremble. It was the ague of rage. It was furious protest breaking bounds. There was a sickly sweet ache in the roof of his mouth.

"I went into your bank once with a check to cash," said Mr. Trask. "You prob'ly don't remember. You was too high and mighty in them days to notice me. You wouldn't cash that check. Prob'ly I didn't wear the right kind of dude clothes."

He came closer, exhaling the stale odor that maddened Marston. The mental torpor of five and a half prison years had loosed the animal instinct in him; he was not analyzing the psychology of scents—he merely knew that he hated this cross-eyed old ape with virulence that blazed.

"You can't stand here, where I'm boss and have a reputation to keep up, and sneer at me now with your looks like you sneered through that bank window. And I says to myself then as how pride goes before a fall and I may see that critter peeking through another kind of bars some day." Trask kept his voice low. He sort of purred in a self-satisfied manner. "My check was honest. I wasn't trying to steal money out of that bank. You prob'ly hated to see any money go out unless it was in your own pockets. I've met a lot like you—smooth; slick; good clothes—but his shiny shell don't make anything else out of a stink bug."

Helpless, inarticulate, blind fury has been described as "being mad enough to try to break an eel across your knee."

Convict Marston's next act was almost as senseless a performance.

He snatched up a slippery new horse collar which was a part of the harness he was assembling. It was a work-horse harness and the collar was an ample one. Before Mr. Trask's slow mind or slower body had moved a muscle Convict Marston had thrust the collar down over the guard's head. Quickly he twisted it, leaped on it and jammed it down over the shoulders, pinning Trask's arms to his side. And then Convict Marston began to pommel Mr. Trask with his bony little fists and to kick him with his prison brogans.

The fifty convicts at the benches in the Harness Shop faced about, crossed their striped legs and watched the punishment of Mr. Trask with silent complacence. Mr. Trask bellowed for help and the overseer of the Harness Department joined his voice and ran as first aid. Then other guards came and they subdued Convict Marston to the extent that they obliged him to give over beating and kicking Mr. Trask; but they could not stop his mouth, where the sickly sweet ache was now more acute. He hysterically screamed all the rancor that he had been bottling within himself for five and a half years.

When they dragged him, with clattering heels, down the stairs to the yard, across the yard, down the three stone steps into the bowels of the left wing, and then along a dim corridor and down four steps, and across a small dungeon and into a strong box, without light, and left him there, closing the door of the box and then slamming the door of the dungeon, Convict Marston still screamed anathemas, defiance and threats, though he must have realized that in that box within a box, and within the stone walls of the left wing, his voice was immured along with his body.

Convict Marston was in the doghole!

II

AFTER a time he stopped squalling invective. There was a bare plank to sit on; before he found the plank he kicked over a tin bucket, the rattling of which startled him in the hush that throbbed against his eardrums. It is said that quietude nurtures reflection. Ex-Cashier Marston sat down and began to wonder what effect his blowing up was going to have on his good-behavior allowance. He had taken a bit of comfort during his term by figuring up that

allowance—something over five hundred days on a seven-year sentence at the rate of six days a month, so long as he minded his p's and q's.

He wondered whether the Warden would consider that his outbreak invalidated the whole good-behavior allowance. And he had been due to leave the devilish hole inside of a week! The ache was gone from his mouth and was in his knuckles, and he relished the discomfort of those knuckles, remembering his last view of Dirty Shirt Trask's face; but he began to fear that he had paid a high price.

The darkness hurt his eyes—lights like pinwheels developed when he stared. The silence hummed. Then he heard a real sound, and for some minutes he could not trace its source or understand its meaning. After a time he knew it was a human voice. He crawled to the door.

"I'm in the next doghole," the voice confided. "Lie flat and talk under the crack of your door—that's what I'm doing. Now do you hear?"

"Yes," said Convict Marston.

"You certainly came with bells on and kept 'em on. I've been trying to make you hear me. What gave you your ticket?"

"I knocked the face off Old Dirty Shirt in the Harness Shop," grated Marston, his mouth close to the narrow crack which he had searched out with his fingers.

"I used up some broomhandle stock on Old Seekins in the Broom Shop." The man drawled his words. His voice had a sort of feminine softness. "Old Seekins has a hare-lip and very vulgar manners. He had been getting on my nerves for some time. Finally, as a gentleman, I showed proper resentment."

"I know exactly how you felt," declared Marston, warming instantly toward the unknown.

"However, it was rather silly of me to lose my general repose of manner and descend to his level. My time would be up next week."

"Same here," said Marston bitterly.

"You may have noticed that animals, insects and the lower orders of humanity seem to have an unhappy faculty of obtruding themselves at the wrong psychological moment. Old Seekins buzzed into my face just when I was chewing a bitter mouthful."

"You don't need to explain. I understand."

"But I should like to explain, if you don't mind listening for a moment. It's too bad Voltaire could not have had the episode for use in one of his papers on human perversity. Are you familiar with Voltaire's cynicism?"

"No," confessed Marston, now understanding that his neighbor must be some pumpkins intellectually. "I had to get out and mix with the boys after banking hours—rest my head."

"Exactly," returned the other, his tone indicating that now he knew a great deal regarding the man in the next cell; "but you yourself may be enough of a cynic to relish this affair. My father is a lay preacher. He preaches free of charge because he likes to stand up and abuse men and women with his tongue without their having an opportunity to answer him back. He is a coward and a tyrant, and he beat me every Sunday morning before dragging me away by the ear to hear him preach.

"Then he beat me again after he had dragged me home. He used to say I had not listened attentively. I ran away and worked my way through college; and I became an anarchist and developed theories. One is that the mere accident of bringing a human being into the world does not give a man the right to tyrannize over that being's body and mind. So I went home to explain to my father how wrong he had been. Furthermore, I believed that my athletic practice had given me enough muscle to whip him; but he knocked me down with a rakehandle and kicked me after I was down.

"That was in the barn. He left me lying there. Therefore I set fire to the barn, finding plenty of justification in my anarchistic theories; and I went away out West after I had broken out of the county jail where they were holding me for trial. I fell in love with a girl. I loved her so much that I told her all my past life, for deep love stirs a desire for full confession in a man."

This manner of rather stilted discourse seemed to fit with the unknown's smooth drawl.

"She was sympathetic and urged me to go back and give myself up and serve my time, so that we might start life without a black cloud hanging over us. She would wait for me so gladly, and then we could be happy ever after! So I came back and gave myself up and told my story—and the court saw no romance in it at all, or any justification in my theories. In my heart I had believed the judge would wipe tears from his eyes and rise up and send me back to the girl; but he wouldn't let me tell my story to the jury—I was obliged to answer just 'Yes' and 'No' as a crusty lawyer asked me questions. And then the judge soaked me the full limit for arson.

"Now, just as I am finishing my sentence, a letter comes from the girl; and she says she has married another fellow. Having thought the matter all over carefully, she has arrived at the conclusion that it would be wrong for us to bring children into the world and expose them to the shame of being twitted that their father was sent to the State Prison. That's what she wrote: but she is just like the rest of the women—she found somebody else she liked better.

"And that's what a man gets by letting a woman's fool notions govern him. Everybody was sore. My father didn't want me to come back and shame him by going to prison. The county attorney was mad because I came back to make trouble and expense. And I have lost five good years out of my life. That letter came last night. I feel a little better now I have licked Old Seekins and have told you the story. I thank you for listening."

"When you first began to talk," affirmed Marston, "I felt a hankering to get you by the hand and shake it. You seem to be one of my kind. Perhaps this doghole business is one of those disguised blessings we have read about. Maybe it is putting two good fellows next to each other. I mean that, seeing we're due to go out about the same time, it may be a good thing for us to be acquainted. I expect to be pretty lonesome when I get out."

"I have had word from only one person who wants to see me when I leave here—that's good Old Doc Ligmore upcountry."

"All my old bunch has thrown me down—even the boys who stung me worst at poker," said Convict Marston. "And I wasn't trying to wreck the First National. Why, the bank never lost a dollar! But my wife got to be dead-sure she was the social bell cow of Avon, and that the town hall would tip over if she wore the same dress more than twice at a bridge party. I found that if I fidded up well for her she would let me do a few little things on my own account; but those doings make a two-thousand-dollar salary lie down and stick its paws in the air.

"And this isn't the same old story you've heard so often. I didn't buy stocks. I backed a wholesale grocery on the side and put money into a galvanizing plant, and was cleaning up a good thing; and sometime I should have squared the bank. But a new examiner dropped in one day and wouldn't wait until after lunch—a little, red-headed yap with a new job; and he insisted on grabbing right in, then and there. And he found an entry of eight dollars and forty-one cents on the daybook that I couldn't explain. That's all—just that little entry I hadn't had time to fix up!

"I tried to back him down, but the little fool was all puffed up with his own importance. He went and hung a Closed! sign on the bank door. On the face of it I was behind twenty thousand dollars; but the bank held on to my investments and got it all back. And my wife got a divorce and wrote to me that she felt compelled to do it on account of her social position. Now she is married again. And that's my story. I don't say it's as aggravating as yours, but it classes up well."

"It amounts to about the same. I'd like to shake hands with you. My name is Paul Rurbot."

"I'm Marston—lugging the front name of Veranus. My folks branded me with it for life, because they thought an old uncle would leave me his money. He was due to die about the time I was born; but he lived until a few years ago, cut three teeth at eighty-one, got so he could read fine print without glasses, fell in love with a fat girl who was keeping house for him—and she got all his money."

"Queer things happen."

"Yes; when the judge sentenced me it was one of those spring days that just coax a fellow out to the golf links—and the courtroom windows were open, and a street piano stopped right handy and played The Good Old Summertime! and Home, Sweet Home!"

"And so it goes!" said the other. "What do you say if I meet you outside? We could be company for each other until something opens up for us."

"I should have said it if you hadn't."

"I've got one friend left. He's good Old Doc Ligmore. He has been writing to me. He's an old saint, and he understands."

"If he means to help you I won't queer your chances by dragging on your heels; but I'll be glad to meet you outside. Where?"

There was more of the silence that pounded on the eardrums while Marston's neighbor pondered.

"I'll tell you what," he said at last—"first one out goes to the next town west of this town; stops at the tavern there until the other comes. It's a small place—board will be cheap. I reckon we'll know each other all right."

"We sure will. Raising a beard?"

"Yes. You?"

"Aye—a fine lamp-mat."

"I'm Sorry You Slopped Over, Marston. Your Record Was Good Until Yesterday. What's Your Excuse?"

The Reassuring Stream of Snores Had Been Checked by a Gasping Snort

"We'll save the rest of our talk. My mouth is full of dust."

Marston's ribs and knees and elbows were aching. He fumbled about for his plank and sat down on it, and found himself in a more comfortable frame of mind—at least, he had something to look forward to.

A guard came with bread and a pannikin of water, and Marston knew it must be noon. A guard came again with water and bread, and he knew it must be suppertime. Then passed a long and tedious period—and water and bread signaled morning.

III

RURBOT was released first. Marston heard the tramping feet and the rattle of the key. Then in his bitter loneliness he discovered why the doghole made good prisoners out of recalcitrants. Claustrophobia crept on him, took possession of him, racked his nerves. It was cumulative distress. The longer he remained there, the more unendurable became the confinement. He staggered out when they came for him; he held his forearm against his eyes when the corridor window flaunted sunshine at him.

He was taken to the Warden's office and blinked supinely when he stood before that magnate. The Warden was a fat man. He habitually had little patches of beady moisture beside his nose, and his nature was such that he could not help exuding good nature along with his perspiration.

"I'm sorry you slopped over, Marston," he said. "Your record was good until yesterday. What's your excuse?"

"I—I don't know just what ailed me; I'll have hard work to explain," faltered the convict. The terror of the doghole still unnerved him.

"High-strung natures are the hardest to handle in a prison," declared the Warden oracularly. "I have just had another case like yours. It isn't so much insubordination as it is temporary insanity. As a deep student of human nature I can make allowance. I don't like to put records on my books that will show insubordination—especially in the case of a prisoner whose time is nearly up. It would indicate that a prisoner had not profited by his punishment. I want you to go away and be a better man, Marston. Do you feel that you can go back and live straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been quite a prominent man. I think you can appreciate good judgment in prison management when you see it. If we overlook the break you made, will you say a good word outside if you hear the prison criticized?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a lot of politics in this state and I have to look out for myself," said the Warden with a touch of man to man in his tone. "I like to have a chap like you go out feeling that the institution is run on proper lines. You have five days more. I'll keep those fellows in the Harness Shop guessing about what kind of punishment you're getting. You understand? It's all in the way of maintaining discipline. You stay in your cell. I'll have the chaplain bring you some books and give you a good talk on what you ought to make of yourself."

Marston sat down on his pallet and reflected a bit dizzily that, in the affairs of nations and men, timely revolt often brings benefits. Circumstances had caused him to meet a man by the name of Rurbot.

He could not estimate what might come from that chance friendship of the doghole; but in the case of a man whose outside attachments have been pruned from him by five years and more in the State Prison, whose aims and views have been narrowed by that little world in which he has vegetated, casual acquaintance assumes larger proportions than in the busy marts. Therefore, he looked at his scarred knuckles before picking up one of the books left by the chaplain, and was not sorry he had eased the canker of his grudge by beating up Dirty Shirt Trask.

IV

IN A COMFORTABLY hopeful mood of adventure he walked out of the State Prison five days later. He carried the moisture of the Warden's parting handclasp on his palm, wore the new suit of ready-made clothes the state provides, and had rolled the state's allowance of five dollars into the modest wad of money he had turned over to the authorities when he began his sentence.

He was glad when he reached the railroad station. His content increased when he was on board the train, the departure of which had been timed for him by the Warden. The State Prison was in a rather small village and the villagers were in the habit of staring very frankly at all men who walked down the street wearing new suits and having pale faces.

Marston noticed that one man followed him into the station, crowded close enough to overhear what town he named when he bought his ticket, came into the train and sat down quite casually beside him in the seat Marston took in the smoking car. This person chewed gum vigorously—snapping it in an annoying fashion between his teeth.

"Within an Hour I Have Seen—Laid My Eyes on Thirty Thousand Dollars in Cash"

Marston had been hungry for the world and the companionship of men. The stranger opened conversation and hospitably offered a tablet of gum. Marston grumbled refusal. The person's propinquity irritated him. The ex-convict was moved to survey the state of his mind with some apprehension. Had prison life spoiled him? Had isolation rotted the ground wires of his human-sympathy circuit?

"I'm glad to see you are out of that hole, Cashier Marston," said the person. "Lots of good men get into the State Prison, while lots of worse men are lucky enough to dodge it."

Yes—Ex-Convict Marston was sure that prison life had a bad effect on the battery of human emotions; he was intensely and promptly resenting this condolence.

"I suppose you've got a good opening all ready for you? A little thing like what happened to you can't keep a smart man down. I see you're headed for Vinalboro. Making a pretty short jump, eh?" Marston did not reply. After five years of silence he was not handy with retort. "I figure that a man with as many friends as you had before the little slip happened will find 'em ready to stand by—ready to do the right thing—eh?"

"Thank you—I don't know; and——" Marston checked the speech his temper prompted. "Please excuse me."

He crowded past the knees of the man, went down to the front of the car, bought a newspaper from the train boy, sat down and began to read; but he shut his eyes and grunted an oath. It was a devilish long memory the world had! He knew what he might expect if he ever returned to Avon; but he did not intend to go there. And yet, at the gate of the State Prison a meddlesome fool had begun on him!

It was a short ride to Vinalboro. A tall, youngish man with a short blond beard was close beside the steps of the car and put out his hand after an instant's inspection of the arrival. Marston grasped the hand; and then they walked away together without speaking. The thrall of prison discipline still put restraint on their tongues.

After a few minutes Marston heard behind him sharp little crackings. He turned and saw his insistent sympathizer coming along the narrow sidewalk from the train with other men. Marston held back his companion and allowed the group to pass. Rurbot smiled understandingly.

"I have the same feeling," he said. "Our backs have been against a wall a long time."

"It's the noise that fool makes—whacking gum! He crowded in beside me on the train—insisted on talking over my affairs—was trying to find out what I intended to do."

"A tick," said Rurbot in his soft tones. "I might have known one would have been waiting for you. They had me sized and let me alone; but he thinks you salted down the bank's money or have got backers."

"A tick?"

"Gets on to you and borrows! It's a wonder half a dozen of them weren't after you at the gate. They call themselves detectives and make it a business to hang round outside of the State Prison and chase up the poor devils who come out. They win either way—if a man gets a job where his record isn't known they blackmail him; if he doesn't pony up they sell the information to his employer. Sociologists are investigating to find out why so many convicts are repeaters; they'd better ask the ticks."

"I haven't any hidden money or any prospects. He'd better leave me alone."

"He thinks you have and he won't leave you alone; but he can't hurt you. I've been here two days and I've written to good Old Doc Ligmore and have got his answer. He has known all about me for years—knows what I was up against all my life. He overlooks it. Now he knows about you—wants to help you. It will be a merry joke for us if the tick tries to brace dear Old Doc."

When the annoying person came to them as they were sitting on the tavern porch that afternoon, Marston gazed on him with equanimity as well as scorn.

"You're two of a kind, and so I can talk freely and we'll come down to business," averred their caller. He offered a dirty card to each, and each declined it. "All right, then. My name is Moran—detective. My business——"

"We know your business," said Rurbot.

"All right, then. You prob'ly know I'm one of the Employers' Protectors of America."

"I don't know what you call yourselves nowadays. You dog the heels of poor devils and have them turned down when they hunt for jobs, unless they come across."

"It's my duty to warn honest men against jailbird crooks; but if a man wants to stand in with me and hold his job, and show me that he has reformed, I can do business." He cracked his gum violently.

"Throw away that infernal cud," yapped Marston.

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Moran, flipping the offensive morsel on his thumb-nail. "Jail life gets on to the nerves—eh? As I was saying——"

"If you say any more I'll stand up and smash one of these chairs over your head," said Rurbot. He did not raise his voice.

"You don't dare to turn me down!"

Rurbot got up and swung his chair over his head, and when Moran fled he threw the chair after him.

"As I was saying to you just before the eminent Protector of America cantered up, good Old Doc Ligmore wants us to meet him in Boston to-morrow."

"I suppose he is a little ashamed to have us visit him in his home town," suggested Marston. "Well, I can't blame him."

"That isn't Old Doc," insisted the protégé. "He knows it might be embarrassing for us to show up in a small town in this state just now. He said so in his letter. He's kind and he's thoughtful."

"We have made an enemy," said Marston, gazing at the corner round which Moran had disappeared.

"I'd hate to have him for a friend—it would be expensive," declared Rurbot.

However, though Mr. Moran's friendship was in question, there was no doubt in regard to his interest in the couple. He went along on the train with them when they left Vinalboro.

"He thinks you are going somewhere to dig up that bank money you buried," suggested Rurbot, distinctly amused by Mr. Moran's persistence.

He was still amused when he pointed out Mr. Moran to good Old Doc Dorset Ligmore, of Newry, and explained the nature of Mr. Moran's occupation. The good Old Doc was not amused.

V

RURBOT and Marston had just found him in the quiet corner of the hotel café where he had appointed their meeting place. In the old and fresh days, before his fall had made him humble, Marston would have jovially asked the good Old Doc where he had stabled his reindeer; he felt an almost irresistible impulse to fondle the fluffy mat of white beard that blanketed Doctor Ligmore's breast and face, from eyes to dangling watch chain. He mentally affirmed that if Santa Claus ever needed an understudy he ought to get Doctor Ligmore's address.

Marston surveyed him with most cordial approbation while Rurbot explained in regard to the man who had followed them in; but the good Old Doc's cheeks flushed to a red as deep as the hue of the knob of nose that protruded from his whiskers. The crinkly lids shuttled over the little blue marbles of eyeballs.

"It won't do! It won't do!" he declared, his voice muffled by his whiskers.

"Oh, he's a cheap sneak. He's harmless," said Rurbot, pulling out a chair.

"Don't sit down! Don't sit down! Make believe you're just passing—just meeting me casually. Dodge him—get away from him; then come to Room Seventy in this hotel. But don't come until you dodge him." It was an appeal highly spiced with command.

"But let him shoot off ——" Doc Ligmore leaned back in his chair. Moran was close at hand.

"I take no stock in the matter." The voice was not muffled by whiskers this time. It was sharp and a bit indignant—and the Doctor shot a glance at Moran.

Rurbot backed away, color in his pale cheeks. Marston followed.

"You can't nick jaspers so long as I'm on the job," said Moran, *sotto voce*, as they passed him. He tossed one of his cards before the Doctor. Departing on the heels of his quarry, he called over his shoulder: "Slip to that address what you feel like paying a protector who is on the job."

"What are we going to do about that renegade?" asked Marston, hearing the cracking of the gum globules behind them when they had joined the crowd in the street.

"Lead him down an alley and beat his head off!" grated Rurbot.

"No job like that for me! I'm just out of the State Prison, and I'm on the level after this, Rurbot."

"Then we'll shake him. I could have done it before if I had thought it worth while. I can't understand why he made the good Old Doc sit up like that."

"Looks to me as though your friend is ashamed to be seen with us—when anybody knows who we are."

"No, sir," protested Rurbot earnestly. "He's from the country. The word 'detective' scared him. He was rattled. Now a man by the name of Moran gets his!"

He halted so suddenly that their trailer bumped against him. Moran dodged back; but Rurbot, making sure that persons in the crowd had marked the episode, leaped and grabbed the detective's wrist; and then he shouted:

"Pickpocket!"

Instantly the crowd surged that way, and Rurbot released the wrist, ducked through the first of the press and came up beside Marston on the outskirts.

"Let 'em settle it. Come along!"

They crossed the street, walking without haste, and left the hullabaloo behind. They saw Moran frantically struggling and beating his palm on his nickel badge.

"That was a neat and scientific job," declared Marston.

"There'll be a cop there in a moment—and that fake badge will do the rest!" commented Rurbot scornfully. "I'm sorry he scared my good old friend."

Doctor Ligmore was waiting in Room Seventy, and he made various inquiries while he fumbled with the lock of the door. He displayed trepidation in his voice before he admitted them. He hurriedly locked the door behind them.

"You don't have to explain," said Rurbot soothingly. "You're not used to such things up in the country. I've told Marston exactly how it was with you."

Then he fluently explained to the Doctor just how mild men, unused to city ways, are frightened by the presence of officers; and, while he talked, the wrinkles of dismay were smoothed from his good old friend's forehead.

Apologetic relief succeeded the rather composite expression Marston had noticed while he studied the Doctor's countenance. Marston's self-respect was hardly convalescent. If this man—this good old soul on whom Rurbot pinned unfaltering faith—was ashamed of them, what could be expected from the rest of the world?

"That was just the way I felt," said the Doctor. "You have described it. You were always handy with language, sonny. I have been very sad since you just left me. I was afraid you'd think I was ashamed to be seen with you." He put his fatherly hand on Rurbot's shoulder and turned a benignant smile on Marston. "I was the first to lay eyes on him when he came into the world he played with my watch chain when I vaccinated him. I saw him through all his childish ailments. Almost like a son—and I consider his friends the same. Now let's sit down and smoke."

Marston went away from the interview calmed and much comforted.

"And what did I tell you about good Old Doc Ligmore?" inquired his new friend with enthusiasm. "Oh, if only I had had a father like him to advise and help me!"

"He's a fine old saint!"

"And he isn't one with a paving block for a conscience and a hymn book for a heart."

"I wish I didn't have the curse of the State Prison on me," lamented Marston.

"But Doc Ligmore doesn't make any account of that."

"I wish I didn't think so—but the devilish idea keeps coming up, Rurbot. That Moran business! It sticks. However, he tells us we must come up and visit him."

"Sure! That's good Old Doc!"

"But he tells us we must drop off in another town, and he will meet us and carry us to his place in the night."

"Prison has made you morbid, brother. It's to protect our feelings. Country folks are nosey, annoying; and all men who have been in prison are alike to them. He wants us to be happy and comfortable until he can help us turn our hands to something."

"I have learned how to make harness pads in my five years—a job they pay girls four dollars a week for doing."

"And I can turn out a good broom—but so can a blind man. A great training for his future a State Prison gives the ordinary convict—not? But, cheer up, Marston. We've got education and Doc Ligmore will place us. If he wants us to crawl to his house through a tunnel we'll go, and thank God for his interest in us." And they went.

VI

COLD, long and lonesome were the stretches of country road while the Doctor's lumbering nag dragged them through a fog-drenched autumn night. The Doctor bulked between them on the buggy's narrow seat and persistently refused to allow them to express their gratitude.

(Continued on Page 33)

Turning Round on a Smaller Margin

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HOW THE ECONOMY MAN HELPS BY HIS STUDY OF MATERIALS

A BIG railroad system had for years followed the usual practice of collecting its scrap and junk at a central point and selling it to the junkman when a few thousand tons had accumulated. Old rails, spikes, plates, nuts and tools were heaped up in a tangled pile and sold for about a cent a pound, along with old brass, rope, rubber hose and other worn-out materials.

Presently, however, two things happened: The price of junk began to drop. From twenty dollars a ton it fell to nineteen, then eighteen, then seventeen, until finally it sank below fourteen dollars. And the prices for new materials were climbing at the same time; so that everything, from rails to nails, had to be used more carefully.

Obviously a more intelligent way of dealing with scrap was necessary, and therefore the maintenance department studied the whole question from new angles. Last year that railroad effected surprising economies on its scrap heap.

Out of one hundred and fifty thousand tons of miscellaneous junk gathered up, there was reclaimed and put back into service, or sold, fully half a million dollars' worth of equipment, at a cost of about twelve cents on the dollar for sorting and making repairs.

A large shop has been fitted up with machinery for working over each class of material and testing its output. New tires are put on car wheels formerly sold for a cent a pound, and they give years of additional service. Old rails are rerolled and redrilled and sold to smaller railroads. Old springs are retempered and the Babbitt metal is melted out of old journals. A magnetic separator winnows iron and steel from brass in mixed scrap.

For Years Old Rails, Spikes, Plates, Nuts and Tools Were Sold for About a Cent a Pound

One hundred and forty tons of nuts and more than two million bolts were rethreaded; eleven hundred kegs of track spikes were cleaned of rust and resharpened; ten thousand tie plates, forty-five hundred car wheels and a thousand car couplers were reclaimed. A vast assortment of crippled tools was made serviceable and sent back—thirty-five hundred shovels, ten thousand tamping picks, three hundred track drills and twelve hundred jacks.

Moreover, this careful scrutiny of the scrap heap has brought about better standards for the purchase of new material; for defects of design and workmanship have been discovered, and in some cases manufacturers have replaced equipment when defects were called to their attention. Under the old scheme of selling scrap there would have been no claim for replacement.

American business has entered a new era of economy. Wages and cost of materials have been steadily rising. Prices have not been able to keep pace with them in many lines, and, with transportation and public-service corporations, are stationary or are even falling. Profits have shrunk everywhere, and to-day the business man must run his plant and turn round on a much smaller margin than was common five or ten years ago.

So every item of business is being examined for the purpose of detecting and abolishing waste; and of the big group heads under which this problem is studied, such as Burden, Materials, Labor and Management, by far the best possibilities for saving seem to be offered in Materials.

As an illustration, our factories make twenty billion dollars' worth of goods yearly. More than twelve billion dollars of this is cost of materials—the raw stuff out of which product is made, with tools to make it. That is three times the cost of labor and supervision.

Close on the heels of the efficiency man has come another specialist known as the economy superintendent. The efficiency man's job is to hold the stop watch on operations, with a view to speeding them up or shortening them, as well as to shorten and simplify routine.

The economy superintendent, on the contrary, browses all round the works to see what is being used; how it is being handled; what is spoiled, thrown away through ignorance, carelessness and use of wrong materials. His supervision begins with the raw materials coming into the plant, with leeway to change these if he can effect sane economies by substitution and improvement, and extends through the works, with its countless opportunities for leaks and extravagance, out to the scrap heap, where he finds suggestions that, in turn, help him develop better standards in the purchase of more material.

In shoes there has been a remarkable trend toward buttons lately. Fully seventy per cent of the output of an average shoe factory is button styles, and many of the models made for women have a dozen buttons on each shoe. Every button must have its buttonhole, of course; and in one big factory the management added to appearance and selling value by working all buttonholes in silk thread.

Some time after this was started the economy man stepped in and demonstrated that if cotton thread was

used for the bottom of the buttonhole and silk on top the appearance would be the same, while the cotton thread gave greater strength and made a great saving on the output. That plant makes about twenty-five hundred pairs of button shoes daily. Cotton thread costs less than an eighth as much as silk; so on every dollar spent for buttonhole thread nearly forty cents was saved—an important item with goods made on such close margins as shoes.

Every new automobile engine built must be put on the testing block and run a certain number of hours to limber it up and reveal defects before it is put in place on the chassis. More than a quarter of a million new auto engines are run thus every year in Detroit alone. Until the economy man looked into that proposition gasoline was used for testing fuel; but the rising price made it more and more expensive, and at the same time a damper was being put on sales because testing helped along the rise in price to motorists.

Then illuminating gas was tried for testing and found suitable. In wholesale quantities, at forty or fifty cents a thousand feet, it was found cheaper than gasoline at nine cents a gallon. So to-day city gas is widely used in testing automobile and gas engines.

A coal-mine manager was confronted with the rising cost of wooden ties for mine track. He had bought wooden ties from farmers and also tried growing his own ties, cutting thousands of young white-oak trees to meet his needs; but still this item of cost increased. To meet this condition he designed a tie that his mine blacksmith could make from short lengths cut from old steel rails found in the scrapheap. It proved so economical that later he bought new rejected rails from steel mills for the same purpose.

His steel ties cost less than wood. They could be spaced wider, would not rot, saved time and spikes, and made it possible to haul the coal on a lighter track in many places, so that twelve-pound rails could be substituted for the standard sixteen-pound at a twenty-five per cent saving. And the new scheme did away with so many wrecks due to wobbly track that the blacksmith, relieved of repairs to mine cars, had plenty of time to make steel ties.

Within the past ten or fifteen years materials have changed greatly. Steel used to be simply steel, and iron was iron, and the natural products, such as lumber, rubber and fibers, were used with allowance for their limitations; but to-day there are literally hundreds of varieties of steel for different purposes, and iron is available in different grades, too, and has been replaced by alloys. And all the natural products have their manufactured and synthetic substitutes.

This wealth of modern materials has opened up vast possibilities for the economy man at the buying end. Once on a time he could only have cut down costs by cheeseparing, using less of the same material or an inferior grade; but now there is a rich technical field to be worked. He can often cut costs by using some other material that is both cheaper and better. His economies are not due to blind cheeseparing, but to ingenuity and technical knowledge in the design of products and the layout of processes.

The flow of raw materials into a factory, railroad system, public-service plant, or any other business, is constant and must go on as long as the business runs at all. When these materials flow out as finished products or service there may be a notable shrinkage.

As practically everybody connected with the business is doing something with materials, the tracking down of waste and leakage is another big division of the economy man's work.

Clever Ways of Saving Oil

A LUBRICATION expert was hired to investigate methods in a large machine shop and effect savings in oil and grease if he could. Out in the yard he saw several truckloads of metal chips, brought from machines that turned and bored parts, ready for sale as junk. He picked up a handful. They looked pretty greasy. A test was made, the chips being weighed, their oil extracted, and the dry chips weighed again.

This plant produced several tons of metal chips every day, and each day was selling a barrel or two of expensive cutting oil with its junk. Centrifugal extractors were installed to save this oil; and the chips were made so dry that some of the finest were sifted out and used round the shop instead of sawdust to absorb oil.

Waste of lubricating oil is great enough in many works to pay the economy man a handsome salary when checked, and is one of the items now being studied with a view to saving. Cotton waste saturated with oil was once burned under the boilers. Now it is cleaned in centrifugal extractors or by a bath of hot oil, and both the oil and the waste are recovered for use. Cotton wiping cloths have replaced waste in many places and are washed over and over, to be used again. Proper oil for the work saves money, and less oil is needed for lubrication when machine bearings are properly designed.

Iron and steel foundries use great quantities of molding sand in making castings. This sand becomes unfit for use after a time and, until lately, has been thrown away. When the foundry is situated in a city, waste sand must be shipped off by railroad.

Not long ago, in a city where from fifty to seventy-five carloads of spent foundry sand were being shipped to the dump daily, the railroad company raised the freight rate, making shipment so expensive that the foundrymen combined to develop a method of reclaiming sand for use again.

Machinery was installed for washing, sifting, drying, rebonding and renovating it in various ways, according to the character of sands employed for different types of castings; and it was learned that in most cases the spent sand could be reclaimed for less than the cost of shipping it to the dump. In other words, the foundrymen can get a fair grade of fresh molding sand for nothing.

Economy of materials in designing and buying is largely a technical matter, and there is plenty of room for technical improvement in methods when materials pass out into the works, as in these cases of saving in cutting oil and in sand.

More often, however, the problem is a human one; and the economy man cannot go very far until he has enlisted the coöperation of employees by pointing out waste, has developed better methods, has made clear the reasons for carefulness with materials, and has roused an economical spirit in the whole organization.

Expensive Air and Water Wastes

WATER waste is a very good example. On a railroad system of four thousand miles this was recently figured out by the foreman of the road's water department. By carelessness in filling engine tanks, neglect of leaky valves, lavish use of water for washing engines, allowing hose and faucets to run, and the like, he estimated that one-fourth of all the water supplied for the road was wasted, or about two hundred million gallons a year.

At five cents a thousand gallons this meant a waste of two to three dollars to a mile of road; and if the cost of clearing away ice caused by wasted water in winter, and of repairing weakened roadbed, was added, the yearly loss amounted to three times as much. It ran from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for each station where water was used, and was enough to pay interest on more than half a million dollars, or the capital value of twenty-two new locomotives.

Water has so long been regarded as plentiful and free, like air, that employees are usually surprised when asked to help save it. Economy may involve a profound change in their ways of thinking about water. It is not free, of course. Even air is not free nowadays in many business establishments, because the supply is washed, cooled or warmed according to the season, and circulated by a fan system.

The cost of such air, like that of water, is precisely that of putting it in condition for use and sending it where wanted. Clear statements of such costs and the losses due to heedlessness, together with instruction in better methods, are necessary to bring about reforms.

Employees have it in their power to save materials in so many ways that the economy man depends on their coöperation to secure results.

Last Year There Was Reclaimed and Put Back Into Service or Sold Fully Half a Million Dollars' Worth of Equipment

The bonus idea has been applied to the saving of material as well as the saving of time, and employees share in economies; but, even without bonuses, there is little difficulty in showing men how economies benefit them by making it easier for their employers to meet competition, extending the business, and providing steadier work and higher wages.

In many shops and factories there is a general desire among employees for improved tools and machinery. One large trolley repair shop in the East has been divided into sections, each with its program of waste elimination. Whenever a section can show savings of a certain amount for one month, the management spends twenty-five per cent of that saving in new tools for that section; and the choice of what shall be bought to bring about the greatest future economies is left partly to the men themselves.

At first glance that seems a little like the old scheme of paying the boy a cent a dose for taking cod-liver oil, and using the money to buy more cod-liver oil; but the trolley industry, with its inflexible nickel of income, has been forced ahead of other business in the matter of turning round on smaller margins, and employees understand that much of its economy must be worked out in the shops where equipment is repaired and kept up.

Some of the most costly leaks in business are due to defective equipment, insufficient tools, and lax methods in distributing equipment and materials round the works, so that men and machines lose working time. Cultivation of the economy spirit among employees is the best means that has been found of preventing such waste, for no supervision of routine system will ever find and check so many leaks as a big workforce on the alert for them.

Finally, the economy man makes his last accounting of materials by watching the scrapheap. There he can strike a balance between the raw stuff put into the plant at one end and the finished goods turned out at the other. Waste shows up in missing materials, spoiled materials, imperfect goods; and economies are effected by changes in methods and processes.

In one plant the junkman was getting large quantities of new material that had become obsolete before it could be used. Investigation showed that too much material was being bought for the size of the output, and that careless storekeeping of materials permitted stuff to lie round until it was junk. A new storeroom and closer figuring at the buying end stopped this waste and made it possible greatly to reduce the money tied up in materials.

Practical Economies in Costly Steel

A TROLLEY company had many cars of old types for which repair parts were not easily obtained. New parts had to be made by costly hand methods, and these cars were idle in the shops much of the time. An electric welding outfit was installed and the scrapheap mined for discarded parts that could be put back into service with some patching; and the savings in upkeep for those cars amounted to more than a thousand dollars monthly.

A big metal works was using fancy tool steel by the ton at a cost of fifty cents a pound and upward. From such, steel cutting tools were made for machining metal. When cutting tools were worn out they went to the scrapheap.

Investigation showed that about forty per cent of all the tool steel bought for the works eventually went to the junkman as stumps and ends of tools that could no longer be sharpened for use; but a way of reclaiming this junk was found.

Every bit of new steel that entered the place was marked for identification, and after cutting tools had been worn out and discarded the marks made it easy to separate the various grades. These grades were treated separately, the old pieces being heated, forged down to blanks for smaller cutting tools, retempered, and put back into the storekeeper's stock, virtually as new steel.

The cost of reclaiming this old metal was only five cents a pound, and a few figures of the savings effected will show why, to-day, in nearly every progressive business establishment there is at least one man in the management whose chief duty is to economize; and many business concerns keep a little staff of such men busy all the time.

One ton of new steel at fifty cents a pound costs one thousand dollars. Forty per cent of this discarded as junk is eight hundred pounds, for which four hundred dollars had been paid, but which could be sold to the junkman for perhaps only eight or ten dollars. When that eight hundred pounds of tool stumps is worked over, however, and eighty per cent of it saved, there are six hundred and forty pounds of tool blanks to go back to the storekeeper. The value new is three hundred and twenty dollars, and the cost of working only thirty-two dollars.

Shops using ten tons of tool steel yearly are quite common, and the saving in a shop of that sort on this item alone would pay the salary of a first-rate economy superintendent. And there, in dollars and cents, is the reason why the economy man is found everywhere, studying the item of Materials.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early number.

TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS

The Fatal Weakness of Con Fulgarney

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I'VE been buying the New York newspapers lately and I see that the wise men of the East allow as how that Con Fulgarney is a whale of a first baseman and the greatest discovery of the age.

Let 'em think so! It won't make me mad and what those New Yorkers think about anything don't necessarily make it so. I don't care two whoops and a hooraw what anybody thinks of Con Fulgarney; it's me that knows, me and a doctor with pink whiskers.

You mark what I tell you: A man with traumatic neurosis won't last long in the big league. Con has got the worst case of it on record; and once let those other clubs get on to it and they'll make him jump clear out of fast company. Almost every ball player has got a weakness of some sort; but Con's weakness is the weakest weakness of 'em all, and it's only a question of time before he'll be back here in a trolley league, where he belongs.

Some say that I've got it in for Fulgarney because I'm jealous of him. They won't say it to my face. It's true that he kept me on the bench part of last season, but I wouldn't let a little thing like that make me jealous. I figured that if Jimmy Devine could stand it to pay me for wearing out my pants on the splinters I could worry along too. Jimmy is the manager of the Comanches, and if it suited him to play an invalid at first base, instead of a regular man, it was up to him, not me.

It was a few days before the season opened last year that we first saw Fulgarney. We don't have any regular spring training camp. That sort of thing goes for baseball clubs that make a lot of money and can afford luxuries. We're a trolley league, and it's a good thing we are, because long railroad jumps would eat up so much dough there wouldn't be anything left for salaries. Salaries, did I say? Wages is the word. Anything over eighty a month is a salary. Under that, it's just wages.

As we can't afford to hunt warm weather in the spring we get together a couple of weeks before the opening of the season and work out at the ball park. Some of the town boys practice with us and we get up scratch teams and play ourselves into shape.

On the day I'm talking about I noticed a tall, rather good-looking young fellow in the grand stand. He sat there smoking cigarettes and watching the batting practice for as much as an hour, and then we got ready to play the usual six-inning game. Jack Belcher, our shortstop, was going to captain one side and he was one man short.

"Hey, there!" he yells to the fellow in the stand. "Want to play?"

"Don't care if I do!" says the stranger, chucking away his brain pill and standing up to stretch. Sitting down Fulgarney didn't look like such a big man, because a lot of him is legs; but when he got done straightening up and reaching over his head I thought he was going to push the shingles off the grand-stand roof! When he walked out on the field he made the rest of us look like kids. Six feet seven in his bare feet—that's all he was, with a reach on him like a steam crane!

"Ever played much?" asks Jack.

"Some," says Fulgarney.

"Any particular position?"

"First base usually," says he; "but you can put me anywhere you like and I'll make a stab at it."

"First base she is," says Jack. "I dunno what you'll do for shoes. We haven't got a pair that'll fit you."

"I'll play in these," says Fulgarney. "Shoes never made a ball player yet. Somebody lend me a mitt and I'll be fixed."

Then there was trouble, because with all his other peculiarities Fulgarney was left-handed. There wasn't a right-handed first baseman's mitt at the park—or in town, either.

"I can get you a pitcher's glove," says Jack, "but no mitt. We haven't got any Tenneys or Chases on this ball club."

"Makes no never-minds," says Fulgarney. "All I want is a pad for my right hand." He took off his coat and vest, put his watch, wallet and ring in his hip pocket, rolled up his pants halfway to the knee and went out to the bag. "Call the roll!" says he. "Cornelius Fulgarney? Present! Let the battle proceed!"

Fresh, you see, right from the jump.

I've never said that Fulgarney isn't a good fielding first baseman. Why wouldn't he be when he was built to order for the position? If I was laying out plans and specifications for a first-sacker I couldn't do any better than to copy Con's measurements. To begin with, he's tall—so tall that the Wild Man of Borneo couldn't throw one too high for him. He's long-legged and can straddle out to cover a lot of ground. He's got a tremendous reach and he gets those wild heaves on each side of him without being pulled off the bag.

And then he's left-handed and can make fielding plays that a right-hander wouldn't even attempt—Tenney doubles, we call 'em. Con Fulgarney is a freak of Nature—that's what he is; and it ain't his fault that he was born with advantages that he doesn't deserve credit for.

In the first inning he pulled off a play that made Jimmy and the rest of us take notice. The second batter dropped a slow one down toward short and Jack Belcher's throw to Fulgarney was late and wild as a bat—a red-hot peg high in the air and nine feet on Con's meat-hand side. I looked for him to do one of two things—reach for the ball with his bare hand, which would have been a sucker trick; or run over to make the catch on leather, leaving the bag uncovered.

The play was going to be close and he knew it; the chances were that he wouldn't have time to make the put-out if he left the bag. He didn't do either one of those things. Quick as a flash he whirled round so that his back was to the ball, kept his left foot on the bag, stuck out his right arm a mile or so, and speared that wild heave backhanded!

Considered one way, it wasn't anything wonderful. Every first baseman has to take 'em backhanded once in a while, but it ain't every sandlotter that can get away with it. Or every first baseman, either.

After the inning was over Jimmy Devine sidled over to Fulgarney and asked him a few questions.

"Where've you been playing?" says he.

"Oh, here and there," says Fulgarney. "Round and about."

"Pro?" asks Jimmy.

"Nope. Amateur."

"Uh-huh!" says Jimmy. "Hit much?"

"Fair," says Fulgarney. "Fair to middling."

He certainly hit fair to middling that day. Oscar Slater was pitching and Jimmy told him to put a lot on the ball for the stranger. Oscar put all he had on it; and out of three times up Con belted him for a brace of doubles, and would have had a homer if the third one hadn't gone straight at a fielder. He stood up to the plate good and took a nice, free Moriarty at the ball. Twice he hit curves and once he landed on Oscar's fast one.

"He's some boy!" says Jimmy to me.

"Some boy is right!" says I. "Too much boy! I don't like the way he grandstands, but if he ever grows up he ought to be a help to his folks."

"It Breaks My Heart to See Him So Crippled Up Do You Suppose This Terrible Disease of His Is Catching?"

"Maybe he'd be a help to this ball club," says Jimmy.

"Yeh?" My dander was up in a second. "How many first basemen are we supposed to need?"

"Oh," says Jimmy, "I wasn't figuring on him at first—not a-a-a-tall. He says he's played every position but pitcher, and he'd make a sweet utility man."

"Tell it to Sweeney!" I says. "He'd fit in fine at short and third, wouldn't he? A fellow as tall as he is ought to look good on a ground ball!"

"He looked good on a lot of low ones at first," says Jimmy. "'Tain't as if he couldn't get his hands below his knees. . . . I think I'll talk business with him."

"And I'll talk business with some other manager," says I. "Don't forget that I haven't signed a contract yet!"

"There you go!" says Jimmy. "There you go! I tell you I want this bird for general utility. Can't you take my word for it?"

Well, in the end I took it.

That's been my main trouble all my life—believing what my friends tell me. I might have known that a human giraffe like Con Fulgarney was only good for one position on a ball club; but I listened to Jimmy Devine and his general-utility spiel. Whatever happened after was coming to me.

II

WITH just ordinary white man's luck Con couldn't have set my cue out of the game in the first place, or kept it out more than a few days; but when the little white angel of good luck flutters down, sits right on a man's shoulder and rides round with him, what are you going to do about it?

I got off to a good start, hitting hard and timely, and Con sat on the bench, with his long legs stuck straight out into the middle of next week.

He felt pretty cocky about landing a regular job with a ball club, and whenever there was an argument going on he would horn into it. I gave him a call down one day for putting in his oar on the wrong side of the boat, and he came back at me.

"You better not get hurt, ole boy," says he. "Better not get hurt; because if I ever get a chance I'll first-base you plumb out of your job!"

"You think you can?" says I.

"No," says he, "I don't. I know I can."

Well, that showed how his mind was running; but I was going so good I didn't worry much about him. Con finally busted into the box score as a pinch hitter. Jimmy yanked a pitcher and sent Fulgarney up, with two men on the bases and the score a tie.

The big fellow looked at a couple and then walloped the third one clear over the fence and up against Slattery's barn. A home run the first time up is what you might call a pretty fair introduction. No wonder the fans took to calling for Fulgarney in the pinches!

"Oh, Jimmy!" they'd yell. "Send up the String Bean!"

"Let the Human Stepladder hit one!"

"Put in the Cardiff Giant!"

Con would grin and look at me.

"Joe, they like me in this place!" he'd say. "They want to see me in there every day."

He got my goat with that stuff. I told him that no sand-hill crane like him could ever beat me doing anything.

"I'm no sand-hill crane, Joe," says he. "I'm another kind of a bird. I'm a buzzard; and I'm just waiting for you to drop, that's all—just waiting for you to drop, Joe."

Darned if I didn't think of that a thousand times afterward—how he looked when he said it, the little twinkle in his eye, the way he showed just a flash of his teeth at the finish. I made up my mind that nothing short of a broken leg would ever keep me out of the game; and then, just when I thought I had him sidetracked for keeps, Al Murphy threw the switch and let him in on the main line—Al Murphy, with his blundering big Mickadonian feet!

It happened on our home grounds. We had the Arapahoes licked three to one when Murphy came up in the ninth, with two gone and a man on third. He hit the ball down the infield and the throw was wide. I stepped off the bag and took the ball; and just as I stuck my foot back, feeling for the canvas, Al brought his spikes down square on my instep! Of course it was an accident, but that didn't help me any. I was cut to the bone.

The next day I was in the grand stand with a carpet slipper on my foot, and everybody said it was a dirty shame and how they'd miss me at first, and so forth. They didn't mean it very strong, as I soon found out. Talk about women being fickle! They haven't got a thing on baseball fans.

Our boys started their practice and Fulgarney began to show off. It was his first chance to do any fancy stuff out where everybody could see him, and he simply killed it all over the place. He wouldn't make an ordinary, straight catch—oh dear, no! Everything had to look hard. He speared ground balls with one hand when he could just as well have used two; he took throws backhanded when there wasn't any excuse for it at all; he did everything he could think of to get himself looked at and talked about.

The worst of it was that the crowd cheered him and egged him on to make a fool of himself. The very fellows who had told me how sorry they were that I couldn't play hollered as loud as anybody.

I was hoping that Con would pull some of that grandstand stuff in the game and queer himself. Nothing will make a bunch of fans any sorer than an error that comes of trying to be too fancy. It's all right in practice, but after the game starts "safety first" is what a baseball bug wants to see; and he'd like to kill the grandstander who tries to make an easy one look hard—and drops it.

Jimmy must have opened his heart to Con, because when the game began he played everything safe, took two hands to the ball whenever he could and didn't have more than one eye on the crowd at a time. Of course everything broke for him. It never happens any other way. When a regular is out of the game the substitute always hits a million. Con busted a couple for extra bases, and in the seventh inning he waited and got a base on balls.

Hooley was catching for the Arapahoes—Wallace Hooley—and a grand old man he is! He's manager and part owner of the Dexter Club. He has to rainbow 'em to second most of the time, but he's all right at that.

"Gwan! Try to steal!" yells Hooley. "Take two steps and fall down, and you'll be there!"

Con got back at him like a flash.

"If you'll promise to throw the ball I'll walk down. Yesterday you heaved one so high that the hawks got it!"

That was about all for Hooley; and, sure enough, he rainbowed one into the clouds. It went clear to center field; and by bull luck and an awful heave to third Fulgarney scored and strutted back to the bench as if he'd done something smart; when, as a matter of fact, he owed the run to two errors on the other side, not counting the base on balls in the first place.

"I'm a Buzzard; and I'm Just Waiting for You to Drop, That's All"

The crowd never did let up on Hooley about those hawks—they haven't let up yet, because that sort of a remark will stick to a ball player for years.

I hobbled round to the clubhouse after the game and the first thing I heard was a yell from Fulgarney.

"Here he is! That's him! Guess I looked pretty good in there to-day, old kid! Oh, I saw you leading the cheering for me up there in the grand stand!"

I spoke before I thought how it would sound.

"I wasn't cheering," says I.

"Wasn't you?" says Con, coming out from under the shower. "That's strange; I thought you was. Maybe I was mistaken, Joe. Can't hardly expect a man to hip-hooray at his own funeral, though, can you?"

Well, I stepped into another one, with my guard down.

"There ain't a-going to be any funeral!" says I.

Con stopped and looked at me for as much as half a minute; and I saw that same look come into his face—the twinkle in the eye and the smile that wasn't anything but an excuse for showing his teeth.

"Come to think of it," says he, "you're right again. There won't be a funeral, Joe. Remember what I told you about that buzzard—how he was just setting round and waiting for you to drop, eh? Well, you've dropped, ole boy! . . . No; there won't be any funeral, Joe."

And the tough part of it was that he actually meant it! The long-legged devil was "kidding on the square." It's a good thing for him that I was on crutches at the time.

III

I WAS laid up a little longer than I expected to be, and the team went on the road and left me behind. Con made the most of his chance and played like a wild man for the first two weeks. He hit up close to .350 and fielded better than he knew how.

When the boys came back to town I was ready to play again and told Jimmy so.

"That's all right," says he. "Take your time."

I said I'd taken plenty of time already and I wanted to get back on the job, but he stalled me one way and another.

"Pretty soft for you," he says, "drawing your dough for loafing. Pretty soft!"

Well, I finally smoked him out. Jimmy expected to sell Fulgarney to a big-league club; and, of course, he wanted Con in the game so's he could show him off to the scouts.

"Con's too fast for this league," says Jimmy. "He ought to bring a whale of a price."

"Too fast for this league?" says I. "Where do you get that notion?"

"He's too fast for any minor league," says Jimmy. "That fellow is a rare bird."

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "You see 'em round every boneyard."

I suppose that was where I should have quit the team; but I let Jimmy bull me. He called the turn about selling Con. A private deal was closed as early as July, and Fulgarney was to report in the spring. I never did know what Jimmy got for him; but it was too much, that's a cinch.

Then, just as an accident set my cue out of the game, another accident set it back again. One misty, foggy morning some of us caught the early car from Mayville to Dexter—twenty miles by trolley.

Halfway between the towns is the crossing of the K. R., the new interstate electric road. You can't call the K. R. a trolley line, because it operates regular, sure-enough trains—and they have diners and sleepers and porters, and put on as much lordly dog as the Cannon-ball Limited.

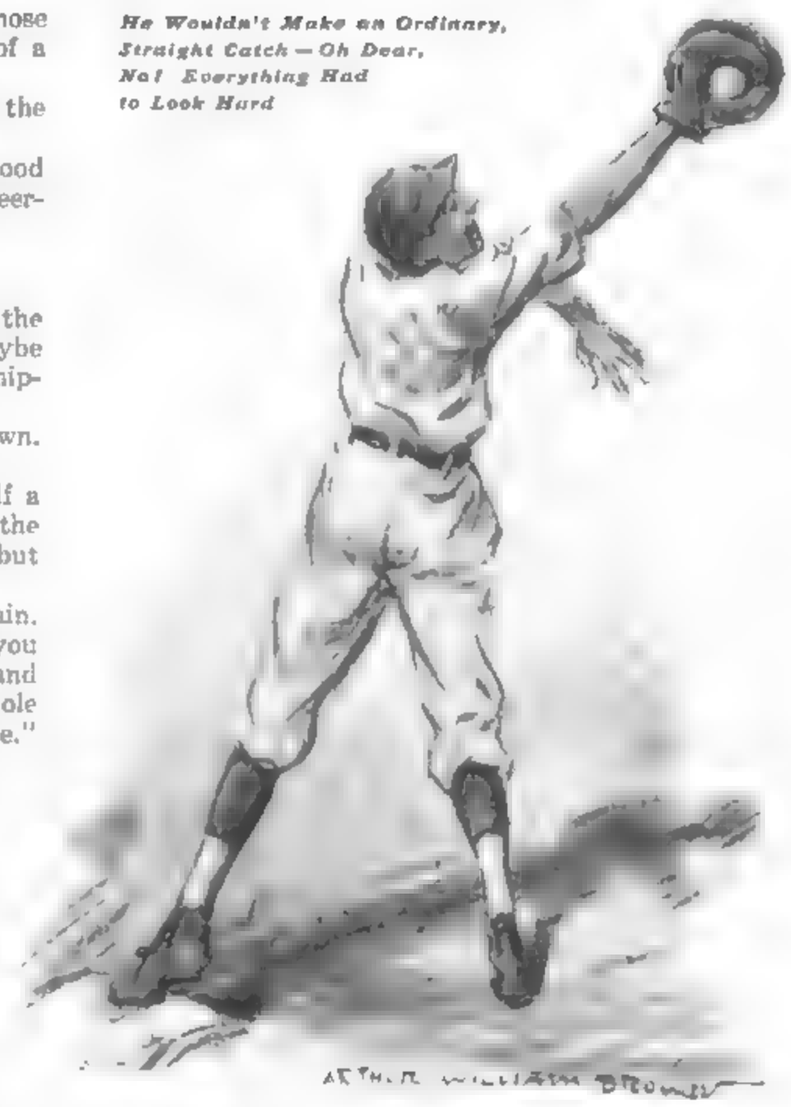
We were only a poor little bush-league trolley car, so we paid attention to rules and stopped at the crossing. The conductor went ahead to signal, but the fog was so thick that he couldn't see more than fifty feet. Then we started up, slow. Our front trucks had just cleared the K. R. track when all at once the car took a lurch as if the motorman had given her a tremendous shot of juice.

The same second out of the fog came two blasts of a compressed-air whistle—the first one faint and the second one growing louder and louder—Who-o-o! Who-o-o-p!—and there, right on top of us and coming like the wind, was the K. R. Flyer!

Some say the K. R. motorman was drunk. Some say he wasn't. I don't know as it makes any difference now. He didn't see us till he was about fifty feet away and the brakes didn't have much of a chance.

I was inside the car, pretty well to the rear and I was glancing out of the window when that whistle began to blow. I suppose I saw that K. R. train as soon

He Wouldn't Make an Ordinary, Straight Catch—Oh Dear, No! Everything Had to Look Hard



as anybody—it came out of the fog life-size, you might say, and I was looking right at it.

People say that at such a time you think of everything you've ever done. I don't believe it. I was where I could see my finish as plain as day—I was looking it square in the face as it tore through that fog-curtain—and I didn't think of anything except what the hodcarrier said when he fell off the twenty-story building and recognized the second floor as he passed it on the way down:

"Now for a rattling good bump!" says Pat.

About that time she bumped. I owe my life to the motorman on our car. The little jump that he was able to give us shot the car just far enough ahead so that the K. R. train missed me. She didn't miss our rear vestibule, though. That was gone as clean as if it had been cut off with a knife, and the car itself was knocked at right angles from the track and up the embankment on its side.

The jar was something fierce, but I wasn't exactly knocked out. What I can't understand is how I came to be down on all fours, with a fat lady hanging on to my neck and calling me Henry. I had lots of cuts and bruises, and so did everybody else, I guess; but there wasn't anything serious the matter with me, so I pitched in and helped get the women out of the car.

There was a doctor on the K. R. train and he worked like a Turk, bandaging those who were hurt the worst. The flyer hadn't left the track. She was so heavy that she simply knocked us out of the way and went on till her brakes stopped her.

By and by we began to count noses to see how much of a ball club we had left. Seven of us had been on the car—the others were coming later. By the best luck in the world five of the boys had been on the open section at the front end of the car, and they got off light. That accounted for six of us. The seventh man was Con Fulgarney, and he was missing. Jimmy Devine remembered that Con had walked through the car toward the rear end shortly before we reached the crossing. I hunted up the conductor and asked him about it.

"The tall fellow?" says he. "Sure! He came out into the vestibule to smoke a cigarette. He was standing there when we stopped at the crossing and I went up front to give the signal. That's all that saved my life. No; I haven't seen him since."

Well, it looked bad for Con. He had been standing right on the spot where the K. R. train hit us, and it was a cinch he was either killed or mighty badly hurt—but where was he? His disappearing act puzzled me, because he wasn't a size that you could overlook very handy.

"Come on!" says Jimmy. "He's round here somewhere. He's got to be, and we must find him. Scatter out on both sides of the track, boys."

Of course we figured that Con must have been knocked down the track; and we looked for him there, but didn't find a sign of him.

There was a patch of high grass up on the bank straight across from where the smash came off; and, more to be doing something than anything else, I looked there. The first thing I saw was a tan shoe and about a yard of skinny leg. I yelled and the boys came running.

Con was flat on his back in the long grass, barely breathing, and so white that I thought sure he was dead. Jimmy Devine felt of his pulse.

"Going like a race horse," says he. "Get that doctor! Quick!"

The doctor felt of Con all over to see where he was busted, if any; lifted his eyelids; looked at his pupils; took his pulse, and gave him a shot in the arm—strychnine, I think he said it was. I always thought that stuff was only good to poison rats and squirrels with.

Then we raised Con up to a sitting position, and he rallied a little and opened his eyes. Just as he was about to say something, a K. R. relief train blew her whistle as she rounded the curve, and Con shuddered a couple of times and slumped back into the grass, completely out.

"Huh!" says the doctor. "This man is very badly shocked and there may be serious internal injuries. He'd better be taken to a hospital and kept under observation."

All the way to Dexter, Con was just fluttering back and forth between consciousness and unconsciousness. He was as cold as a fish, and yet the sweat simply poured off him—I never saw anything like it!

The thing we couldn't make out was how he got where he did without being knocked there. If he had been struck hard enough to send him twenty-five feet off to one side every bone in his body would have been broken. We couldn't find anything but a few little bruises that didn't amount to much. I suppose we never will get that point cleared up, because when Con got so he could talk he wasn't able to help us any. He didn't know how it happened any more than we did.

We played four games in Dexter with Hooley's club and left Con there in the hospital while we finished our road trip. Nobody had been allowed to see Con, but the doctors said that there was nothing wrong with him but a terrible shock to his nervous system.

On the way back we had two games scheduled with Dexter, and Con was fit to see company by that time; though the nurse warned me not to talk about the accident and get him excited. Con didn't want to talk about anything else though.

"I was standing in the vestibule," says he, "smoking a pill and not paying much attention to what was going on. My back was to the crossing. I didn't even know we'd got to it till I heard the trucks bump. All at once—Whoo! Whoop!—and the last blast of that whistle blew right down the back of my neck! Maybe I jumped—maybe not! If you'd ask me a thousand questions I couldn't tell you any more about it. I never saw that K. R. train—wasn't even thinking of a train till that whistle blew. I was just standing there smoking a cigarette ——"

"You oughtn't to talk about it, Con," says I, breaking in on him. "Don't think about it either."

"I try not to," says he, and I suppose he really thought he was telling the truth; "but somehow I can't get away from it. It keeps coming back to me. I never knew I had any nerves before this happened. Now I haven't got anything else. I can't sleep nights unless they give me a powder, and if I do doze off for a minute I hear that damned whistle—always two blasts of it—the first one faint and the second one louder and louder, and ending up with a crash! You don't know what it's like, Joe."

"Oh, yes, I do!" says I. "I hear that same whistle myself; but I don't intend to let it get my goat." I thought it was best to humor him. "Any of the Dexter boys been in to see you?" says I, trying to get him started on another subject.

"Yes," says he. "Hooley comes 'most every day. Joe, that old boy is a prince! He's brought me fruit and read me stories out of the magazines, and treated me just like his own brother—only better. Speaking of Hooley, a funny thing happened just yesterday. He was sitting right in that chair reading to me, and I dropped off to sleep. In a second I was back on that trolley car, pounding over the tracks. Then came the two whistles; and when I woke up I was away out in the middle of the floor. Hooley said I'd let one yell out of me and jumped ten feet—and me so weak that I can't stand up! Can you beat it?

"I've talked a whole lot to Hooley about this whistle proposition, and he says I'll get over it as soon as I'm out of the hospital. There ain't anything serious about it; but it just goes to show what an awful shock I must have had, Joe."

And then he went on to brag about how weak he was and how the least movement of his body brought the sweat out of him in streams, and all that sort of thing. You'd have thought that nobody was ever sick before, to hear Con rave about himself. I'll bet when that fellow was a kid, going barefooted, he had to have the sorest big toe to show people or he wasn't happy.

As I was leaving the hospital I ran into a young doctor in the hall. He didn't have a sign on him, but you could have picked him for a doctor a mile away. He had a volunteer crop of pink whiskers that looked as if they wouldn't ever amount to much, and he wore glasses. I asked him to give me the low-down on Fulgarney. I wanted to know whether Con was kidding me about hearing that whistle or whether he only made himself believe he heard it by thinking about it all the time. The doctor began to swell up.

"Ah!" says he. "Ah! Your friend presents rather an interesting study—a typical case of traumatic neurosis."

"Come again with that one!" says I.

"Traumatic neurosis," says the doctor as if he was reciting a lesson, "is a condition—er—a sort of indefinable condition—arising—er—resulting from severe shock to the nervous system—er—brought about by—er—by physical violence."

Well, that was fair enough.

"Doc," says I, "that's the second one you've slipped over the corners on me. Groove the third one if you can. Put her straight over the middle, with nothing on her but the stitches. What does this pneumatic traumosis do to a guy anyway? Does it make him hear whistles and things?"

"Whaddo You Mean—He Ain't to Blame? If He'll Come Out Here I'll Make Him Think He Is!"

"Traumatic neurosis," says Pink Whiskers, "is a condition—er—a condition arising —"

I saw that he was winding up for the same old curve, so I left him when the condition was just beginning to arise. I didn't want him to get away with anything, though, so I looked up Con's trouble in the dictionary.

"Traumatic—pertaining to trauma; an injury to the body arising from violence."

"Neurosis—disease of the nerves."

Now, why couldn't Pink Whiskers have said that Con's nervous system was a little scrambled up from being bumped by a K. R. train? Nervous shock—it's easier to say and it means the same thing.

Oh, well; I suppose a doctor has to feed you long words for fear you'll find out that he is guessing most of the time, the same as you are.

When Con got out of the hospital and came home he didn't show up in uniform for a month. I couldn't blame him for that, seeing that he had a bundle of bills as big round as a week's wash which he compromised the K. R. people out of.

We all got something, of course, but not near so much as we would have got if we hadn't been chumps enough to play a game of ball that very afternoon. They paid Butch Daniels fifty dollars for a Charley horse that he's had for two seasons. Al Eagleton peddled 'em a couple of sliding bruises that he'd got the day before in Mayville. It's not often that you get a chance to catch even with a railroad company.

When we took the last road trip of the season Con went along. He looked as good as ever; and I guess he felt that way, because he put in all his spare time riding me and reminding me about that buzzard.

Over in Dexter we hooked up with Wallace Hooley's outfit; and they knocked us out of the lead—licked us four straight and put us in second place.

The first night in Dexter a few of us were walking down the main street looking for a picture show. Hooley was along and Con was telling us a new story.

"And the fellow ordered the fried eggs," says Con, "picked up the plate, and ——" Whoo! Whoop!

That was the finish of the story. We were crossing the street at the time, and a kid on a bicycle rode up behind us and blew his whistle twice. It was one of those double-toned affairs, like most of the compressed-air whistles on the electric trains; and Con jumped about eighteen feet—not ahead, mind you, but sideways! He just missed jumping under an automobile truck.

Well, we had an awful time with him for about half an hour. He was all in a flutter, like a high-school girl; and it was a tough job to calm him down again. He had to tell us all about that wreck from beginning to end, and how terribly he suffered when he was in the hospital afterward. Every time he told it he had added a little touch here and there, so that it was really a bear of a story by this time. He told us about the thoughts that passed through his mind while that whistle was blowing down the back of his neck, and a lot of other stuff that never happened.

"It just goes to show that a fellow can't tell how bad he's hurt," says Con. "Look at me, for instance. I thought I'd got rid of my nervousness; I thought I'd got rid of the effects of that frightful shock; but two little toots behind me and I'm a mile in the air again. Ain't it hell, boys?"

Well, some of us said it was; but I felt sort of disgusted. I figured that Con was putting on a lot of that stuff. If any doctor had ever told him he had traumatic neurosis there wouldn't have been any living with him, he'd have been so full of symptoms.

"He's bulling himself," says I to Hooley on the quiet; "and now he wants to bull us."

"Still," says Hooley, "that was some jump for a man to make—and he nearly went under that truck. I don't believe he's stringing us, Joe."

"It's the queerest sort of a feeling," says Con. "I don't know as I can describe ——"

"Oh, give your nerves a rest, for pity's sake!" says I. "Who wants to go to that pictureshow?"

IV

NOTHING would have happened if Jimmy Devine had listened to me; but he's the manager and, of course, he has to show you how much he knows. I'll bet he's sorry now that he didn't use me right.

I kept Con roosting on the bench till the end of the season. We played our last game with Brockton and won it easy; and Dexter, which had been in a tie with us, finished up against Mayville. We thought we had the pennant cinched, for Mayville had Hooley's club licked five to one up to the eighth inning, and then those crazy Arapahoes began to slug the ball. They hammered in seven runs and won out, leaving a tie for the pennant.

That was too good a chance to overlook; so they arranged a sort of post-season series, the pennant to go to the winner of two games out of three. Jimmy Devine shook poker dice with Hooley to decide where the series should begin, and Jimmy couldn't beat a pair of fives, giving Dexter the opening game.

Con had been making an awful fuss about having to sit on the bench, and in that closing game against Brockton Jimmy sent him up to hit for Butch Daniels after we had 'em licked to a whisper. Con leaned up against the first ball pitched to him and slapped it out to the right-field fence for a triple.

That triple was what spilled the beans for me. Jimmy benched me for the pennant series with Dexter and put Fulgarney at first base. I hollered as loud as I knew how, but it didn't get me anything; and, of course, Con had to have one of his lucky streaks. He batted in enough runs to win the first game three times over, and he made five or six blind stabs for wild throws and held 'em all. Next morning the papers said that Fulgarney had strengthened our club fifty per cent; and after that a derrick couldn't have lifted that long-legged giraffe out of the game!

The second battle was different, though. Hooley's boys walked all over us on our own diamond, and we couldn't touch Frederickson, their lefthander. They licked us nine to two, and could have made it a shut-out as easy as not.

Once more they shook dice to see where to play the final game, and Hooley rolled out four sixes. The old man was simply lopsided with luck.

I did my darnedest to get into that third game in Dexter.

"You're making a mistake," says I to Jimmy. "This fellow ain't right."

"Whadda you mean—he ain't right?" says Jimmy.

"He's liable to crack any minute," I says.

"Yeh," says Jimmy. "He cracked a couple of nice ones yesterday and the day before."

"All right!" I says. "Don't listen to me. Don't pay any attention to me whatever. I'm just a poor simp of a ball player; but I'm tipping you that this guy has got traumatic neurosis—got it bad!"

"Is that a disease or is that a kid?" says Jimmy.

"You can think it's a kid if you like," says I. "I'm telling you on the level, Jim. I got it from a doctor that Con is in the last stages of traumatic neurosis."

Jimmy looked over where Con was prancing round the bag, spearing all sorts of wild heaves and making the grand stand take notice. Just as we looked he reached about twelve feet into the air and pulled down a tall one that was headed for the bleachers.

"Poor devil!" says Jimmy. "It breaks my heart to see him so crippled up. Think I'd better get him a wheeled chair, Joe? Is this terrible disease of his catching?"

I said there wasn't any danger.

"Too bad!" says Jimmy. "Too bad! I was going to say that if you could manage to come down with a good hard case of it I'd raise your salary next season."

"Oh, you go to the deuce!" I says.

Oscar Slater worked in the last game, and I never saw the old boy have more stuff on the ball. He pitched his head off every minute, and they couldn't see his smoke or hit his curve.

In the fourth inning we broke through with a couple of runs; and, of course, if it hadn't been for Con Fulgarney we wouldn't have had 'em. Con was at bat and Butch Daniels was on first base. Hooley was working behind the bat for Dexter.

"Butch is going down on the next ball," says Con to Hooley. "He says that, slow as he is, he can steal all the bases in your ball park."

Hooley grunted, but he didn't say anything. That old boy is the best fellow in the world; but, like all the rest of us, he's got his sensitive spots. He hates to be kidded about his throwing to bases. There was a time when it was plain suicide for a slow man to start down to second with Hooley behind the bat; but that was a long while ago, and the old horse can't shoot 'em on a line any more.

He's still in there catching, of course, but he depends more on his ability to smell a play coming and break it up than he does on stopping it after it gets started. He has to rainbow the ball to get it to second on the fly, and if he should start a line peg the second baseman would have to take it on the bounce. Hooley knows that his throwing is his weak point and he doesn't like to be reminded of it.

"Butch is a slow man," says Con, rubbing it in. "Never let it be said that a Charley-horsed old guy like that ever stole a base on you, Hooley!"

Then Butch started down; but Hooley had called for a waste ball and he tried his best to nail his man at second. It was a rainbow as usual. The ball got there all right, but it was so high in the air that Butch slid under the tag by three feet.

"You're getting weak," says Con. "I've seen you heave 'em higher than that lots of times. Remember the day you threw one and the hawks got it? . . . Look out now, old boy! I'm going to knock the trade-mark off the next one!"

Maybe if Con had whiffed, Hooley would have overlooked that talk about his throwing to bases; but Con didn't strike out. He welted the next ball into center for a single and Butch scored from second. Con saw that he had Hooley going; so he stood on first base and yelled at him, and asked when was he going to have a funeral for his right arm, and would he be sure to ask him—and a lot of stuff like that.

Hooley lost his head entirely and made a snap throw to catch Con off first and show him up. That was what Con was trying to make him do, and instead of dodging back he

(Concluded on Page 33)

WHEN THE GERMANS CAME

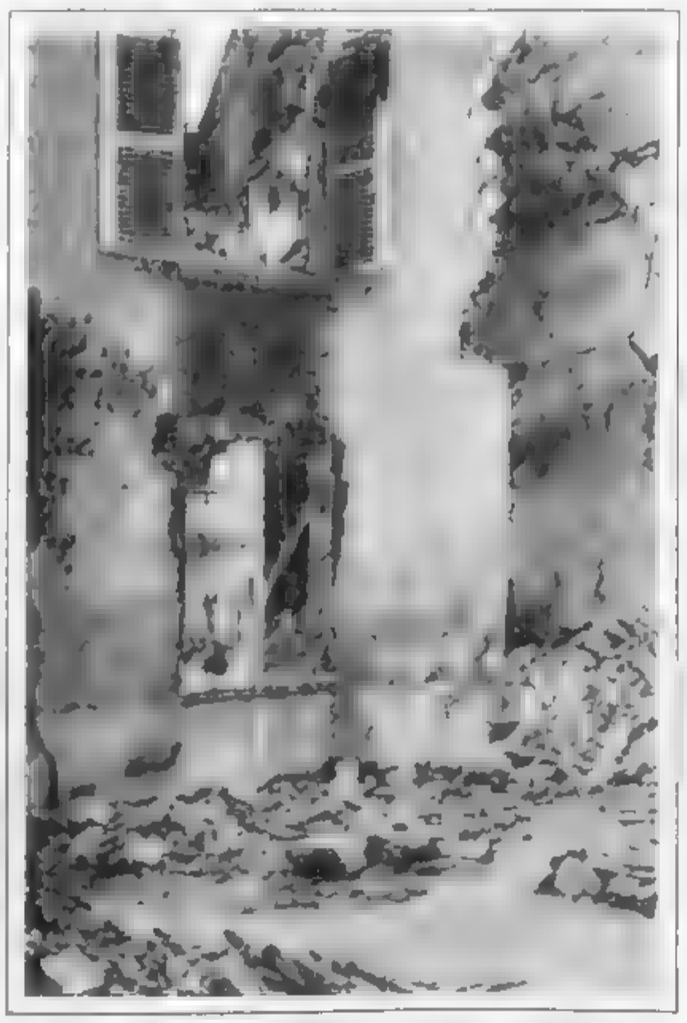
By Corra Harris

WHILE the whole world is praising the courage of the Allies, and standing aghast at the ferocity mixed with the courage of the German soldiers, not a word has been said of the valor of the Army of War Correspondents in Europe. The trouble is that they are not given the opportunity to prove it. Most of them are kept far in the rear with the women and children, not because they are precious, but because all the armies and war offices are opposed to their activities. They have qualities which are not desirable to fighting men. They are Argus-eyed, intelligent, and they are connected with the clacking tongues of the Press.

There will be no John Comfort story of Down in the Trenches written after this war by any newspaper man in France or Germany—not unless he gets his copy through field glasses as powerful as a Lick telescope, or second-hand from the soldiers who were actually on the fighting line. These reporters are as thick in Paris as zooning insects on fly paper in a village bar. And they are as badly stuck as that. The effect upon them is as diverting as it is serious. They work with indefatigable energy to escape. They offer themselves to the Red Cross. They are willing to become interpreters, bicycle messengers, even stable boys, if only they may get within smelling distance of artillery fire; but all in vain. The British War Office will not accept a newspaper man, even though he should appear in the guise of one of the Ancient Cherubim with as many flaming swords. One man whose father owns a famous American newspaper did secure the position as chauffeur in his own car, which had been accepted as a Red Cross ambulance, only to be gently but firmly ejected when his connections were known. But they kept the motor. He is now a millionaire on foot in Paris.

But those who remember Paris will say: "Why not walk out? There is no wall about the city, only a trench which a child could climb over." Even so, a cricket could scarcely get out of Paris now without being knocked up out of the grass by a French bayonet before he could rake the bow of his hind legs to give the countersign. Sentries stand two and two upon all the roads, bridges, crossings and bypaths. They stand like red-legged, top-heavy stalks in every field and meadow. They flame along the edges of every wood. And they are always on the job night and day. There is not an inch of ground even in the deepest forest which is not covered by their watchful eyes. If a man, especially a newspaper man, is caught outside, though he should have the tongues of men and of angels, and a sixteen-inch-howitzer literary style which he is willing to devote exclusively to the glories of France, it profiteth him nothing. He is arrested, thrown into prison and kept there until his "pastor"—Herrick's nickname here—rescues him, with nothing to tell when he gets out except how he fared and feared. The fare is limited to bean soup, but the fears are limited only by how much the victim can recall of the stories of famous French prisons.

And it is even more dangerous to go out with a military pass. When a war correspondent becomes particularly



A House in Rue de la Republique, Senlis, After the German Bombardment

aggressive in his efforts to get to the front, General Galliéni, the Military Governor of Paris, gives him the pass pityingly. It is a way he has of getting rid of a nuisance. The proud victim loads himself with food and field glasses. He takes cigarettes and papers for the soldiers and sallies forth clad as if in armor with that pass. His motor roars along the pleasant road at a high speed. He is in a hurry to get where he is going, to risk his life for live copy. He longs for the thrill of shells falling and blooming about him like red and blue blazing blossoms. He is a man among men at last! He has escaped from the entirely female shelter and softness of Paris. Presently he is to stand under fire and feel his breast swell with courage. He passes sentries who touch their caps to him when he shows the blue paper upon which all military passes are written. He does not notice that curious secret smile upon the sentry's face. If he does he attributes it to the poor man's satisfaction at having a cigarette and a copy of the Figaro. All is well, very well, until he comes within, say, ten miles of the French batteries. He shows his pass. The sentry accepts it, keeps it, takes the cigarette and Figaro also, but he does not smile.

"But my pass. You have not given it back to me," insists that simple son of the enlightened press.

"That's all right, go ahead," the sentry replies, lighting his cigarette and opening his paper.

And the newspaper man goes ahead, not far, only until he meets the next bayonet presented by Monsieur Red Breeches at the turn of the road.

"Your papers, Monsieur."

"That's all right; the sentry over there has my pass from General Galliéni," answers the victim, leaning out of the car with a gracious air to offer the usual paper and tobacco, which are accepted. But while the sentry lights the cigarette from the glowing end of the correspondent's magnificent cigar he explains that Monsieur cannot go on without a pass from General Joffre.

"But I had one from Galliéni."

"Only a scrap of paper here, Monsieur. General Galliéni is the Military Governor of Paris. He has no authority here. Besides, you have no pass at all."

"But I have told you that I gave it to the sentry back there," exclaims the annoyed correspondent.

"Ah," says the sentry. He is too polite to tell Monsieur that he doubts his word. Still, his orders are explicit. He regrets that he must arrest Monsieur. And he does, while the heavens are rent with the protestations of that newspaper man from whose entreaties General Galliéni has thus delivered himself. The sentry back in the road does not even remember taking it.

The next scene in the drama takes place in the American Ambassador's bedroom. Some time during the deader hours of the night he learns that a suspicious person, claiming to be an American citizen, has been arrested and is held as a German spy.

"What a fall is this, my countrymen, from the former majesty of a war correspondent," groans the spy, lying somewhere in the straw of a cow stall, awaiting transportation to the prison in Paris which is set aside for dangerous military offenders.

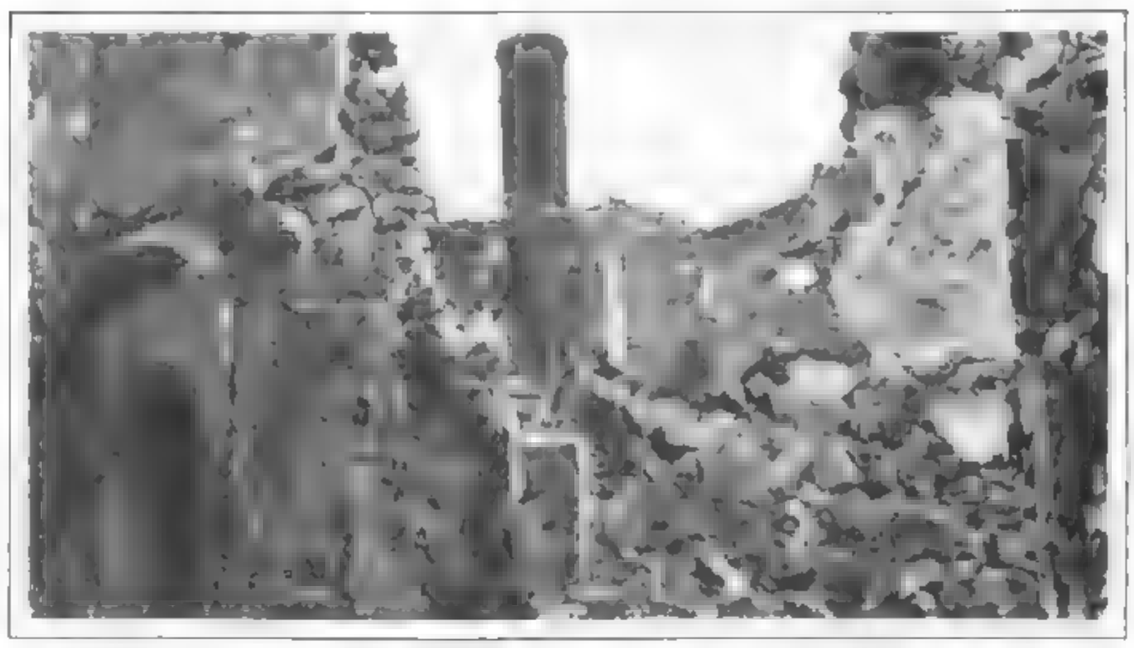
For two weeks after coming to Paris I listened attentively to similar stories from newspaper men. Besides, I was informed that even I, an innocent American woman, was under police surveillance, that all foreigners were, that the very hairs of my head were numbered, that I never left my hotel without the knowledge of the police, and so forth, and so on. Now, I believe in the omniscience of Providence. From my earliest infancy I have been conscious, not always comfortably, of the eye of Almighty God. Still, I have never felt in danger of being seized by my earthly body and cast into prison for even my worst deeds. By the exercise of a really strong faith I have ever been able to believe that judgment would be deferred in these matters until I could do better. But when mere man begins to play the rôle of omniscience over my poor fate it gives me a sinking feeling, I may say a sensation of guilt, which is not justified

by the life I lead here, for I have never lived so innocently or so well. I have been so good that I feel the strain nervously, a strain which is accentuated by the fact that there is a window on the opposite side of the court in this hotel where the light burns all night. Never before has it mattered to me if a fellow guest was extravagant with the municipal electricity. Besides, I have never seen the slightest evidence of a human being in this brilliantly lighted room where the curtains are always lifted. The only good of the illumination is that it shines directly into my room from dark till dawn. I have thought of changing my residence, of seeking quarters where there would be no prying windows opposite, but to do that would entail an interview with the police authorities to which I do not feel equal in veracity. It seems best to remain where I am and increase my innocency as rapidly as possible. I must say that this Argus-eyed window has had its influence upon the copy I have written, especially as I have no means of concealing the pages when I go out of my hotel. Still the time came when I felt obliged to get out of Paris and see what had happened in those towns through which the Germans passed when they came so near to entering this city. I resolved to avoid the danger of getting a military pass. If Galliéni ever offers me one I shall conceal it and take the first boat for New York.

Upon investigation I learned that trains were leaving Paris every day which passed through the towns bombarded by the Germans, and that people were coming and going in these trains, literally thousands of them. I concluded that not all of them could possibly have blue papers.

Yesterday I thrust my American passport as far down in my clothing as it could be wedged. This was no military snare. It was a good stout piece of paper given me by the good stout nation to which I belong, and I was resolved that no foreign official should take it from me without the use of force. I had not another scrap of paper about me, no "laisser-passer" from the Paris police, no cigarettes or Figaros.

It was very early in the morning and the light in the opposite window was still burning. I went to mine, lifted the thin lace curtains and bowed with as much audacity as the occasion seemed to require. Then I left the hotel, took a taxi for the Gare du Nord and boarded the train for Senlis.



Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Senlis, After the Bombardment

The Refugees in Black

IN A COUNTRY where everything else seems to be still moving with the haste of mobilization the trains do not run at all. They creep about as fast as a good horse can trot. So we moved out through the rain-drenched country, with lowering clouds overhead, with the sentries standing like forked flames in the lush grass of the meadows or in their boxes by the roads. No other men anywhere in sight. Here and there women in the fields bent low over the vegetables they were gathering for the market, dim gray figures in the gray gloom. No talking, no sound of laughter. They did not even raise their cowled heads to look at the train as we passed near enough to envelop them in the trailing veil of steam from the engine. They had no curiosity. It was as if their thoughts drifted downward into the earth where so many men already lay buried.

Once the conductor went to the post office, found a letter for himself there, stood upon the platform and read it while we waited. Then he climbed aboard and we went on again. There was nothing at stake which required haste, no commerce, no quick connections to make, only a long string of coaches filled with people, mostly women, a spent force of traffic still moving in and out of Paris, from habit rather than necessity. At the end of two and a half hours we had come thirty miles. But it was far enough to bring us into such a scene of desolation as only earthquakes or war or time make.

I should not have known that we were in Senlis if I had not heard the name called, and had not seen women coming down out of the coaches and looking about them with tears streaming down their faces. These were some of the refugees of Senlis who had fled when the Germans came. They were just returning home. They all wore black clothes, and many of them carried homely little things in their hands which they had snatched at the last moment two months ago. One old woman had a pot with a lily growing in it. Another had a basket with a set of yellow cracked china cups and saucers rattling as she walked. And one held firmly under her arms a hen and a rooster. The rooster was shouting loudly: "Look! Look! Look-out-here!"

The noise of this cowardly fowl was the only sound as that silent crowd of fifty women filed through the ruins of the railway station. The walls of it alone remained. The roof and all the partitions lay a mass of molten metal, stones and powdered mortar within. On the other side of the station there were three cabs waiting; but these people were too poor to ride. The cabs went away empty, drawn by horses that looked as if they were merely some of the bones of the general desolation.

I walked in that mournful company through the grove of beech trees just beyond the station. The yellow leaves were falling, floating, slanting, turning over and over as they drifted down like golden memories of peaceful summer days. And with what terrible days the summer had ended! Still the leaves did not know it, nor the trees, nor the verdant earth. What was it to these stately beeches that men had fought and died beneath their green shade only a little while ago? What was it to the grass that it had been dyed red with their blood, and to the vines that looked over the old gray walls of gardens? The earth still lived, and they lived in her. Nature at least is normal. She is the standard which we cannot change with our conflicts. She does not mourn our defeats nor praise our victories. She is beyond and above the fitful fevers of flesh and blood. And so she lasts to cover groves with greenness and to raise the dead in blossoms.

We came out of the grove into what had been the principal street of the town. It was a street no longer, only a long, narrow pile of ruins between the fallen walls of houses as far as sight could reach. The women looked about them. They were confused. They did not know even where they had lived. You cannot recognize your home by blackened walls in the midst of a hundred other walls like them any more than you can recognize a man by his skeleton. The incendiarism of war accomplishes strange omissions. As we made our way over the stones and rubbish a woman near me caught sight of a torn lace curtain flapping in and out of a window socket in one of the walls still standing. She gave a cry. She had recognized her home by that scorched rag of tattered lace. Nothing else remained of it now but that and the dead vine still clinging to the casement. The roof was gone, all the inner partitions, all the dear things she had cherished. I left her staring at the ghastly curtain as if she had seen a ghost.

Farther down one of the largest hotels in Senlis lifted skeleton walls out of a mass of ruins. An old cat was nursing a very lean kitten upon the wide doorsill. She was the *concierge* who remained faithful to her duty. In the café where I had lunch the little apple-faced waitress was very communicative:

"When the Germans came we ran down into the cellar. They soaked the house in oil and then set fire to it. And we were in the cellar."

"How many of you?" I asked.

The Miracle at Senlis

"SO MANY," she exclaimed, counting on her fingers. "Twenty-eight of them children. We were very still. We could not get out. Suddenly we saw a Prussian's head thrust through the airhole. He was listening, but we made not a sound. No, the children did not cry. They were so frightened that they went to sleep."

"With the house burning over your heads?" I exclaimed.

"But no; the Blessed Virgin would not let it burn. That oil, it was changed to water."

"How long did you stay there?"

"From two o'clock in the afternoon until five the next morning. It was very hot, and we had no water, no food, but the children did not cry. The next day the Germans came back and set fire to the house again; but we had escaped, so it burned," she added simply.

This girl's father was a farmer. They lost everything they had. Yet she was not sad. She was sustained by a miracle. The Blessed Virgin had remembered them, the least of these, in the terrible conflagration. So they were safe. No evil could befall them.

"When the Germans came I was back there," said the little woman who kept a newspaper shop, waving her hand toward the open door of her room behind. "It was very hot—one o'clock—and I was sitting by the window. Suddenly something roared like thunder in the chimney. Then this crashed upon the hearth and filled the room with fire."

She held an incendiary bomb in her hand, with leaden entrails like a coiled snake ripped open by the explosion. Two bullets lay beside it in her palm.

"These came through the walls at me," she said, pointing to the holes above the window. She accepted them as personal, and nothing would induce her to part with them.

"Over there two old men lived alone in their house. They were burned to death. They are buried yet beneath the ruins." She pointed to the sepulcher which had been a home. It was now a pile of stones and ashes.

"How many Germans came?" I asked.

"Twenty-five thousand," she answered.

Behind the high wooden doors in an old gray wall there is the very ancient convent of St. Joseph's.

Houses Burned by the Germans

How the Germans Left Senlis

"When the Germans came we were in here," said a little Irish nun. "We never go out; we did not know what was happening. But we could see the sky black with smoke. We knew the town was burning. We waited."

She paused, gathering her thoughts out of the black confusion of terrible memories.

"We did not go to bed, we waited. About one o'clock the women and children came running to the gate there. They were so frightened. We kept them here. The Germans set up a row of little French flags out there under the trees beside the road and danced upon them. They were drunk. The next morning they came—in here."

"Were you frightened?"

"We do not fear death; but," she began to tremble, "we were afraid of them. They held their bayonets to our throats"—she touched the white bodice above her black gown—"they demanded food. We gave them all we had."

"But they spared you and the convent."

"Yes. We prayed to them on our knees, so they spared us. But we gave them all we had."

"How many troops were in Senlis?"

"Eighty thousand."

Far out on the edge of the town there is a general hospital kept by the Sisters of Charity.

"When the Germans came all the beds in there were filled with wounded French soldiers," said the sister who met me. She was very old and very firm, one of those women whom age seems to collect into a kind of majestic strength. No gentleness, no softness, merely the withered form and face of an invincible spirit. She was standing in the door of a great room in which there were many beds and a few wounded soldiers.

"That night the people sent their children here. They sat on the floor with their little bundles and wailed. Then the Germans came. They shelled the place. The bombs fell everywhere. All those wounded men, some with their legs and arms just amputated, some with horrible wounds, rolled out and hid under their beds to escape the bullets and shells. In this one," she said, pointing to a cot near the middle of the ward, "there was a Moroccan. He was too near death to fear. A shot went through the mattress beneath him, but he was not touched. Then the Germans rushed in here. They were about to bayonet the wounded and set fire to the hospital; but I came out to meet them. The children were behind me. They sat down on the floor again and began to wail. I reasoned with those Germans."

"Weren't you afraid of them?"

"No, that was it—I was not afraid. They saw that. I pointed to the children. 'How can you burn this place sanctified by these little ones? And they have nowhere to go; they shall not go. If you burn this place you shall burn the last one of them,' I said. The children screamed louder than ever then. The Germans looked at them and went out. So the hospital was saved."

The Priest Who Stood His Ground

I MET the almoner as I was coming out—a short fat priest with a red face. One understood that in times of peace he was a jolly father. There was still a beam in his eye which had not been sanctified, the witty wrinkle of a thoughtful smile round the corners of his mouth. But when the sky was red on the night of the second of September with the burning of half a mile of houses, when the shells were falling like apples round him, he had been equal to the emergency. He had risen then to the full stature of what it is to be a priest, and he performed his office without fear and with a courage that could not be surpassed.

"The French were out there behind that wall. I knew that the Germans were coming, because I could hear our men debating among themselves whether they should stay or retreat into that forest," he said, pointing to a thick wood a quarter of a mile distant. "Then the Germans came."

"You saw them coming?" I interrupted, with the pen viper's instinct to get the scene properly laid.

"No, I did not see them. A man had been shot down there in the street when they met the French. I was attending him."

"But in the street you were in the thick of the fight. They must have been all about you!" I exclaimed.

He was silent.

"And you did not see them?"

"Not then—the man was dying. I was alone there with him—and God," he added under his breath.

So at last I understood. While the French and Germans filled the street in the last hand-to-hand struggle this priest was kneeling in their midst beside the dying man, performing the last offices for a soul that had finished the struggle and must be sent upon another journey with the right blessing.

I followed him into another ward. Only two or three of the wounded French soldiers remained, and one German—a mere lad who lay convalescing from a fractured leg. The gable faced the street where battle had been fought. Above the fireplace a crucifix hung, with a little figure of the Virgin below. The wall was perforated with bullet holes, except round these two sacred emblems, where it remained smooth and unbroken.

"Wonderful," I exclaimed.

"Yes, wonderful," he admitted. Then he added in a whisper: "Miraculous!" When the French general came back eight days later and saw the miracle he fell upon his knees and prayed.

"We had in this town a population of seven thousand eight hundred when the Germans came," he went on; "but when they left there remained only five hundred people in the town. Now they are beginning to come back; but so many of them have no homes. Ninety-seven houses were burned."

"But why is it, father, that they have burned only one street from end to end and left the remainder of the town without damage?" I asked, for I had noticed this fact, that down the center of the place stands this double row of ruined houses, while on each side there is no destruction, except where a shell seems to have fallen by accident.

"Ah, the rest was saved by one man. They would have destroyed all but for him. Ask the Archpriest of Senlis about that, if he will tell you," he added.

As I was coming back into the town I met a little lad, very dirty, his face very brown where it was brown, and very red where it was red. He looked up at me smiling impishly.

"Where were you when the Germans came?" I bantered.

"I do not know, madam."

"But you live here?"

"Yes, madam; but that day I do not remember where I was," he answered with a widening red smile.

"Didn't you see them come?"

"I saw them go!" he replied significantly.

"Where were you then?"

"Round the next corner—behind them. For eight days I was always round the next corner behind them."

"You were not afraid to be in the street?"

"But no, madam, I can run faster than a bullet. Besides, I saw only their backs."

"How many Germans entered Senlis?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand, I saw that—a hundred and fifty thousand Germans running away. They went very fast all at once."

I forebore to ask him how fast the French soldiers got out when the Germans entered; but from all accounts they made good time. And I doubt if anyone knows how many of the enemy's troops entered the town. Facts in the war zone are more elastic than fiction ever dares to be. I heard from one that the mayor and twelve citizens were shot, from another that the mayor and twenty citizens were shot.

As I was walking back through the desolate streets in the late afternoon I overtook a very old woman wrapped in a black shawl. Her face stuck out of it, thin, white, withered and very sharp.

No, she had not been afraid when the Germans came. She was too old to fear.

"But have you heard what they did?" she added. "They killed the mayor and forty-three citizens. We found them out there beyond the town afterward, half buried where they had fallen."

"No," she replied to my next question, "they left the women alone, only frightening them with their bayonets when they came to demand food. But you have heard what they did to the children?"

"No, what?"

"They destroyed every child's toy in Senlis. They broke the heads off the girls' dolls. But they were not men, madam, they were fiends."

I suspected the toys had been manufactured in Germany, and that the German soldiers, recognizing them as products of their nation, had destroyed them with a kind of commercial spite which was not actually directed toward the children. But it is not wise in Senlis to offer any palliating excuse for Germans.

Heavy wagons rolled slowly by us over the cobblestones, all driven by women. Women were cleaning the streets, closing the shutters of shops. And I could see far out between the walls of old gardens other women coming in from the fields.

A bell began to ring somewhere. The old crone walking by my side hastened her pace. More women joined us from every house and shop. They flowed in from other streets, all wearing black, all moving in the same direction, forlorn figures in the gray twilight with the rain falling upon them like tears.

We turned into an open square presently, and I saw for the first time the Cathedral of Senlis, with its spire rising like points of fine lace into the heavens, as exquisitely carved as that, very delicate and very firm.

I followed the silent crowd through the doors where hundreds of women were already kneeling in prayer, their faces lifted to the golden crucifix above the altar or to some nearer image of the Virgin. Not a sound, not a sigh. A few smoking oil lamps only increased the shadows in the nave above. The daylight changed to darkness outside. We seemed to look through the windows into a vision of saints and martyrs which the moment before were only figures in the stained glass. They appeared to draw nearer, to be looking down pityingly upon these kneeling women, with their sorrow-chastened faces lifted beseechingly.

Father Dourlans' Wartime Prayer

HOURS seemed to pass in that poignant silence. Then there was a little sound, the softened tread of feet upon the stone floor, and I saw an old priest moving swiftly across the lighted space before the altar, and another standing there with his back to the people.

When a good man enters any place, however holy, he is a presence more majestic than the place. I felt this as the old priest climbed into his pulpit on the opposite side of the nave. His thick white hair, his really sublime features, took on a mystical significance. I thought of a description I had read somewhere, "a face like a pair of hands clasped in prayer," but not feeble hands.

The evening mass began, a chant with responses that rose in sad cadence from the kneeling women—endless repetitions, monotonous, until they became poignant, until one felt that the very walls must widen and part, shivered by the intensity of that everlasting appeal. At the moment when I felt that I could bear the strain no longer there was the crash of cymbals. The spell was broken—after all I was not a Catholic. But the service was not yet finished. The old priest, kneeling above, began another prayer. I missed the ancient rhythm. I was aware of a freshness, as if these words came up new and terrible from the present heart of the people. It was a prayer for France.

"God, Jesus Christ and King, Thou Who lovest France, Thou Whose name shone resplendent formerly with that of Thy divine Mother, we implore Thy mercy upon the banner of Joan of Arc."

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, have pity upon us. Glorious Archangel of Saint Michael, protect France as in the time of Joan of Arc," came the response.

"Have pity, O God! It is for our country that we pray at the foot of this altar. Arms bound, face mutilated, she casts her eyes toward heaven. God of mercy! God of protection! Save, save France, in the name of the Sacred Heart," came the refrain.

Many times during the day I had heard of the priest who had saved Senlis from total destruction when the Germans came. Before this prayer was ended I understood that this old man with the praying countenance of a martyr was the priest. I waited outside the cathedral until all the women were gone. Then I went across to a low, long house on the opposite side of the square, knocked at the door and asked for Father Dourlans.

A little, old, spherical-shaped woman ushered me into one of those parlors we remember in our grandfathers' homes. Sofas and chairs of hideous shapes upholstered in red and brown plush; a marble-top table; immaculate floor with a rug in the center; old prints hanging on the walls, and a photograph of Father Dourlans taken when he was a young priest, very slender, a magnificently poised head, with the brilliant features of a joyous young man who believed in life here as well as hereafter.

Presently the door opened and the Archpriest of Senlis entered, no longer young or slender, very big, with features as maternal as a good mother's and as

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The Ruins of the Railway Station at Senlis

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XXXI

FROM the wilds of Scotland to Monte Carlo, as fast as motor cars and train de luxe could bring him, came the Right Honorable Meredith Simpson, a very distinguished member of His Majesty's government. Hunterleys, advised of his coming by telegram from Marseilles, met him at the station, and together the two men made their way at once to Hunterleys' room at the Hôtel de Paris. Behind locked doors they spoke for the first time of important matters.

"It's a great find, this of yours, Hunterleys," the minister acknowledged, "and it is corroborated, too, by what we know is happening round us. We have had all the warning in the world just lately. The Russian ambassador is in St. Petersburg on leave of absence—in fact, for the last six months he has been taking his duties remarkably lightly. Tell me how you first heard of the affair?"

"I got wind of it in Sofia," Hunterleys explained. "I traveled from there rather quietly, loitered about the Italian Riviera and came on here as a tourist. The only help I could get hold of here was from Sidney Roche, who, as you know, is one of our secret-service men. Roche, I am sorry to say, was shot last night. He may live, but he won't be well enough to take any further hand in the game here, and I have no one to take his place."

"Monsieur le Propriétaire Believes — Pardon Me, Monsieur — That We are Engaged in a Little Smuggling Transaction"

"Roche shot!" Mr. Simpson exclaimed in a shocked tone. "Who shot him? How did it happen?"

"They found him lying on the roof of the Villa Mimosa, just over the room where the meeting was taking place," Hunterleys replied. "They chased him round the grounds and we managed to get him off in a motor car, but not before he'd been hit twice. He was just able to tell me a little. The first meeting was quite informal and very guarded. Douaille was most cautious—he was there only to listen. The second meeting was last night. Grex was in the chair, representing Russia."

"You mean the Grand Duke Augustus?" Mr. Simpson interrupted.

Hunterleys nodded.

"Grex is the name he is living under here. He explained Russia's position. Poor Roche was able to falter only a few words, but what he said was enough to give us the keynote to the whole thing. The long and short of it all is that Russia turned her face westward so long as Constantinople was possible. Now that war has come about and ended as it has done Russia's chance has gone. There is no longer any *quid pro quo* in alliance with France. There is no friendship, of course, between Russia and Germany, but at any rate Russia has nothing to fear from Germany and she knows it. Grex is quite frank. The Germans must look eastward, he said, and when he says eastward he means Manchuria, China, Persia, even India. At the same time Russia has a conscience, even though it be a diplomatic conscience. Hence this conference. She doesn't want France crushed. Germany has a proposition. It has been enunciated up to a certain point. She confers Alsace and Lorraine and possibly Egypt upon France, for her neutrality while Germany destroys the British fleet. Or failing her neutrality, she wants her to place a weak army on the frontier, which can fall back without much loss before a German advance. Germany's objective then will be Calais and not Paris, and from there she will command the Straits and deal with the British fleet at her leisure. Meanwhile, she will conclude peace with France on highly advantageous terms. Don't you see what it means, Simpson? The elementary part of the thing is as simple as A B C. Germany has nothing to gain from Russia; she has nothing to gain from France. England is the only country that can give her what she wants. That is about as far as they have got up to now, but there is something further behind it all. That something Selingman is to tell them to-night."

"The most important point about the whole matter, so far as we are concerned," Mr. Simpson declared, "is Douaille's attitude. You have received no indication of that, I suppose?"

"None whatever," Hunterleys answered. "I thought of paying my respects, but after all, you know, I have no official standing and personally we are almost strangers."

The minister nodded.

"It's a difficult position," he confessed. "Have you copies of your reports to London?"

"I have copies of them, and full notes of everything that has transpired so far, in a strong box up at the bank," Hunterleys assented. "We can stroll up there after lunch and I will place all the documents in your hands. You can look them through then and decide what is best to be done."

The minister rose to his feet.

"I shall go round to my rooms to change my clothes," he announced, "and I'll meet you presently. We'll lunch across at Ciro's, eh? I didn't mean to come to Monte Carlo this year, but so long as I am here I may as well make the best of it. You are not looking as though the change had done you much good, Hunterleys."

"The last few days," Hunterleys remarked a little dryly, "have not been exactly in the nature of a holiday."

"Are you here alone?"

"I came alone. I found my wife here by accident. She came through with the Draconmeyers. They were supposed to stay at Cannes, but altered their plans. Of course Draconmeyer meant to come here all the time."

The minister frowned.

"Draconmeyer's one man I should be glad to see out of London," he declared. "Under the pretext of fostering good-will and that sort of thing between the mercantile classes of our two countries, I think that that fellow has done about as much mischief as it is possible for any single man to have accomplished. We'll meet in an hour, Hunterleys. My man is putting out some things for me and I must have a bath."

Hunterleys walked up to the hospital and to his surprise met Selingman coming away. The latter saluted him with a wave of the hat and a genial smile.

"Calling to see our poor invalid?" he inquired blandly.

Hunterleys, although he knew his man, was a little taken aback.

"What share in him do you claim?" he asked.

Selingman sighed.

"Alas!" he confessed, "I fear that my claim would sound a little cold-blooded. I think that I was the only man who held his gun straight. Yet, after all, Roche would be the last to bear me any grudge. He was playing the game, taking his risks. Uncommonly bad marksmen, Grex's private police were, or he'd be in the morgue instead of in the hospital."

"I gather that our friend is still alive?" Hunterleys remarked.

"Going on as well as could be expected," Selingman replied.

"Conscious?"

Selingman smiled.

"You see through my little visit of sympathy at once!" he exclaimed. "Unable to converse, I am assured, and unable to share with his friends any little information he may have picked up last night. By the by, whom shall you send to report our little conference to-night? You wouldn't care to come yourself, would you?"

"I should like to exceedingly," Hunterleys assured him, "if you'd give me a safe-conduct."

Selingman withdrew his cigar from his mouth and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"My dear friend," he said earnestly, "your safe-conduct, if ever I signed it, would be to the other world. Frankly, we find you rather a nuisance. We should be better pleased if your party were in office, and you with your knees tucked under a desk at Downing Street attending to your official business in your official place. Who gave you this roving commission, eh? Who sent you to talk common sense to the Balkan states, and how the mischief did you get wind of our little meeting here?"

"Ah!" Hunterleys replied, "I expect you really know all these things."

Selingman, with his feet planted firmly upon the pavement, took a fresh cigar from his waistcoat pocket, bit off the end and lighted it.

"My friend Hunterleys," he continued, "I am enjoying this brief interchange of confidences. Circumstances have made me, as you see, a politician—a schemer, if you like. Nature meant me to be one of the frankest, the most truthful, the most good-hearted of men. I detest the tortuous ways of the old diplomacy. The spoken word pleases me best. That is why I like a few minutes' conversation with the enemy, why I love to stand here and talk to you with the buttons off our foils. We are scheming against you and your country, and you know it, and we shall win. We can't help but win—if not to-day, then to-morrow. Your country has had a marvelously long run of good luck, but it can't last forever."

Hunterleys smiled.

"Well," he observed, "there's nothing like confidence. If you are so sure of success, why couldn't you choose a cleaner way to it than by tampering with our ally?"

Selingman patted his companion on the shoulder.

"Listen, my friend," he said: "there are no such things as allies. An alliance between two countries is a dead letter as soon as their interests cease to be identical. Now Austria is our ally because she is practically Germany. We are both midcontinental powers. We both need the same protection. But England and France! Go back only fifty years, my dear Hunterleys, and ask yourself—would any living person, living now and alive then, believe in the lasting nature of such an unnatural alliance? Wherever you look, in every quarter of the globe, your interests are opposed. You robbed France of Egypt. She can't have wholly forgotten. You dominate the Mediterranean through Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. What does she think of that, I wonder? Isn't it a humiliation for her when she does stop to think of it? You've a thousand years of quarrels, of fighting and rapine behind you. You can't call yourselves allies because the thing isn't natural. It never could be. It was only your mutual, hysterical fear of Germany that drove you into each other's arms. We fought France once to prove ourselves and for money. Just now we don't want either money or territory from France. Perhaps we don't even want, my dear Englishman, what you think we want; but all the same, don't blame us for trying to dissolve an unnatural alliance. Was that Simpson who came by the luxe this morning?"

"It was," Hunterleys admitted.

"The Right Honorable John William Meredith Simpson!" Selingman recited, waving his cigar. "Well, well, we certainly have made a stir with our little meetings here. An inspired English cabinet minister, travel-stained and dusty, arrives with his valet and a black dispatch box to foil our schemes. Send him along, my friend. We are not at all afraid of Mr. Simpson. Perhaps we may even ask him to join us this evening."

"I fancy," Hunterleys remarked grimly, "that the Englishman who joins you this evening will find a home up on the hill here."

"Or down in the morgue there," Selingman grunted, pointing down to Monaco. "Take care, Hunterleys—take care, man. One of us hates you. It isn't I. You are fighting a brave fight and a losing fight, but you are good metal. Try to remember, when you find that you are beaten, that life has many consolations for the philosopher."

He passed on and Hunterleys entered the hospital. While he was waiting in the little reception room Felicia came in. Her face showed signs of her night's anxiety.

"Sidney is still unconscious," she announced, her voice shaking a little. "The doctors seem hopeful; but, oh, Sir Henry, it is terrible to see him lying there just as though he were dead!"

"Sidney will pull through all right," Hunterleys declared encouragingly. "He has a wonderful constitution, and he is the luckiest fellow born. He always gets out of trouble somehow or other."

She came slowly up to him.

"Sir Henry," she said piteously, "I know quite well that Sidney was willing to take his risks. He went into this thing knowing it was dangerous. I want to be brave. What happens must be. But listen: You won't — you won't rob me of everything in life, will you? You won't send David after him?"

The Proprietor Himself Thrust in His Bullet-Shaped Head

Hunterleys smiled reassuringly. "I can promise you that," he told her. "This isn't David's job at all. He has to stick to his post and help out the bluff as a press correspondent. Don't be afraid, Felicia; you shall have your David."

She seized his hand and kissed it.

"You have been so kind to me always, Sir Henry," she sighed. "I can't tell you how thankful I am to think that you don't want David to go and run these horrible risks."

"No fear of that, I promise you," he assured her once more. "David will be busy enough pulling the strings another way."

The doctor entered the room and shook hands with Hunterleys. There was no news, he declared, nothing to be done. The patient must continue in his present condition at least for several more hours. The symptoms were in their way favorable. Beyond that nothing could be said. Felicia and Hunterleys left the hospital together.

"I wonder," she began as they went out, "whether you would mind very much if I told you something?"

"Of course not!"

"Yesterday," she continued slowly, "I met Lady Hunterleys. You know I have seen her twice when I have been to your house to sing for your guests. She recognized me, I feel sure, but she didn't seem to want to see me. She looked surprised when I bowed. I worried about it at first and then I wondered. You are so very, very secretive just now. Whatever this affair may be in which you three are all concerned, you never open your lips about it. Lady Hunterleys probably doesn't know that you have had to come up to the villa at all hours of the night just to see Sidney. You don't suppose that by any chance she imagined that you came to see me?"

Hunterleys was struck by the thought. He remembered several chance remarks by his wife. He remembered, too, the coincidence of his recent visits to the villa having prevented him from acceding to some requests of Violet's.

"I am glad you've mentioned this, child," he said frankly. "Now I come to think of it, my wife certainly did know that I came up to the villa very late one night and she seemed upset about it. Of course she hasn't the faintest idea about your brother."

"Well," Felicia declared with a sigh of relief, "I felt that I had to tell you. It sounded horribly conceited in a way, but then she wouldn't know that you came to see Sidney or that I was engaged to David. Misunderstandings do come about so easily, you know, sometimes."

"This one shall be put right at any rate," he promised her. "Now if you will take my advice you will go home and lie down. You are going to sing again, aren't you?"

"If there is no change," she replied. "I know that he would like me to. You haven't minded what I've said?"

"Not a bit, child," he assured her; "in fact, I think it was very good of you. Now I'll put you in this carriage and send you home. Think of nothing except that Sidney is getting better every hour, and sing to-night as though your voice could reach his bedside. *Au revoir!*"

He waved his hand to her as she drove off and then he returned to the Hôtel de Paris. He found a refreshed and rejuvenated Simpson smoking a cigarette upon the steps.

"To lunch!" the latter exclaimed. "Afterward I will tell you my plans."

XXXII

HUNTERLEYS leaned suddenly forward across the little round table. "The question of whether or no you shall pay your respects to Monsieur Douaille," he remarked, "is solved. Unless I am very much mistaken we are going to have an exceedingly interesting luncheon party on our right."

"Monsieur Douaille ——" Mr. Simpson began a little eagerly.

"And the others," Hunterleys interrupted. "Don't look round for a moment. This is almost historical."

Monsieur Ciro himself, bowing and smiling, was ushering a party of guests to a round table upon the terrace in the immediate vicinity of the two men. Mr. Grex, with his daughter and Lady Hunterleys on one side and Monsieur Douaille on the other, was in the van. Draconmeyer followed with Lady Weybourne, and Selingman brought up the rear with the Comtesse d'Hausson, one of the most prominent leaders of the French colony in Monte Carlo and a connection by marriage of Monsieur Douaille.

"A luncheon party for Douaille," Hunterleys murmured as he bowed to his wife and exchanged greetings with some of the others. "I wonder what they think of their neighbors! A little embarrassing for the chief guest, I am afraid."

"I see your wife is in the enemy's camp," his companion observed. "Draconmeyer is coming to speak to me. This promises to be interesting."

Draconmeyer and Selingman both came over to greet the English minister. Selingman's blue eyes were twinkling with humor, his smile was broad and irresistible.

"This should send funds up in every capital of Europe," he declared as he shook hands. "When Mr. Meredith Simpson takes a holiday, then the political barometer points to 'Set fair'!"

"A tribute to my conscientiousness," the minister replied, smiling. "I am glad to see that I am not the only hard-worked statesman who feels able to take a few days' holiday."

Selingman glanced at the round table and beamed.

"It is true," he admitted. "Every country seems to have sent its statesmen holiday making. And what a playground too!" he added, glancing toward Hunterleys with something that was almost a wink. "Here political crises seem of little account by the side of the turning wheel. This is where the world unbends, and it is well that there should be such a place. Shall we see you at the club or in the rooms later?"

"Without a doubt," Mr. Simpson assented. "For what else does one live in Monte Carlo?"

"How did you leave things in town?" Mr. Draconmeyer inquired.

"So-so!" the minister answered. "A little flat, but then it is a dull season of the year."

"Markets about the same, I suppose?" Mr. Draconmeyer asked.

"I am afraid," Mr. Simpson confessed, "that I study the city column only from the point of view of what Herr Selingman has just called the political barometer. Things were a little unsteady when I left. Consols fell several points yesterday."

Mr. Draconmeyer frowned.

"It is incomprehensible," he declared. "A few months ago there was real danger, one is forced to believe, of a European war. To-day the crisis is past, yet the money markets which bore up so well through the critical period seem now all the time on the point of collapse. It is hard for a banker to know how to operate these days. I wish you gentlemen in Downing Street, Mr. Simpson, would make it easier for us."

Mr. Simpson shrugged his shoulders.

"The real truth of the matter is," he said, "that you allow your money market to become too sensitive an affair. A whisper will depress it. A threatening word spoken in the Reichstag or in the Houses of Parliament, magnified a hundredfold before it reaches its destination, has sometimes a most unwarranted effect upon markets. You mustn't blame us so much, Mr. Draconmeyer. You jump at conclusions too easily in the City."

"Sound common sense," Mr. Draconmeyer agreed. "You are perfectly right when you say that we are oversensitive. The banker deplores it as much as the politician. It's the money kings, I suppose, who find it profitable."

They returned to their table a moment later. As he passed Douaille, Selingman whispered in his ear. Monsieur Douaille turned round at once and bowed to Simpson. As he caught the latter's eye he, too, left his place and came across to where the two Englishmen were sitting. Mr. Simpson rose to his feet. The two men bowed formally before shaking hands.

"Monsieur Simpson," the Frenchman exclaimed, "it is a pleasure to find that I am remembered!"

"Without a doubt, monsieur," was the prompt reply. "Your last visit to London, on the occasion when we had the pleasure of entertaining you at the Guildhall, is too recent and was too memorable an event altogether for us to have forgotten. Permit me to assure you that your speech on that occasion was one that no patriotic Englishman is likely to forget."

Monsieur Douaille inclined his head in thanks. His manner was not altogether free from embarrassment.

"I trust that you are enjoying your holiday here," he remarked.

"I have only this moment arrived," Mr. Simpson explained. "I am looking forward to a few days' rest. I trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing something of you, Monsieur Douaille. A little conversation would be most agreeable."

"In Monte Carlo one meets one's friends all the time," Monsieur Douaille replied. "I lunch to-day with my friend—our mutual friend, without a doubt -who calls himself here Mr. Grex."

Mr. Simpson nodded.

"If it is permitted," he suggested, "I should like to do myself the honor of paying my respects to you."

Monsieur Douaille was flattered.

"My stay here is short," he regretted, "but your visit will be most acceptable. I am at the Riviera Palace Hotel."

"It is one of my theories," Mr. Simpson remarked, "that politicians are at a serious disadvantage compared with business men, inasmuch as, with important affairs under their control, they have few opportunities of meeting those with whom they have dealings. It would be a great pleasure for me to discuss one or two matters with you."

Monsieur Douaille departed with a few charming words of assent. Simpson looked after him with kindling eyes.

"This," he murmured, leaning across the table, "is a most extraordinary meeting. There they sit, these very men whom you suspect of this devilish scheme, within a few feet of us! Positively thrilling, Hunterleys!"

Hunterleys, too, seemed to feel the stimulating effect of a situation so dramatic. As the meal progressed he drew his chair a little closer to the table and leaned over toward his companion.

"I think," he said, "that we shall both of us remember the coincidence of this meeting as long as we live. At that luncheon table, within a few yards of us, sits Russia, the new Russia, raising her head after a thousand years' sleep, watching the times, weighing them, realizing her own immeasurable strength, pointing her inexorable finger along the road that the Russia of to-morrow must inevitably tread. There isn't a man in that great country so much to be feared to-day, from our point of view, as the Grand Duke Augustus.

"And look, too, at the same table—within a few feet, Simpson, of you and of me—Selingman, Selingman who represents the real Germany, not the war party alone, intoxicated with the clash of arms, filled with bombastic desires for German triumphs on sea and land, ever ready to spout in flowery and grandiloquent phrases the glory of Germany and the heaven-sent genius of her leaders. I tell you, Simpson, Selingman is a more dangerous man than that. He sits with folded arms in realms of thought above these people. He sits with a map of the world before him, and he places his finger upon the inevitable spots Germany must possess to keep time with the march of the world, to find new homes for her overflowing millions. He has no military fervor, no tinselly patriotism. He knows what Germany needs and he will carve her way toward it. Look at

"Roche Shot! How Did It Happen?"

him with his napkin tucked under his chin, broad-visaged, podgy; a slave, you might think, to the joys of the table and the grosser things of life. You should see his eyes sometimes when the right note is struck, watch his mouth when he sits and thinks. He uses words for an ambush and a barricade. He talks often like a gay fool, a flood of empty verbiage streams from his lips, and behind all the time his brain works."

"You seem to have studied these people, Hunterleys," Simpson remarked appreciatively.

Hunterleys smiled as he continued his luncheon.

"Forgive me if I was a little prolix," he said; "but after all, what would you have? I am out of office, but I remain a servant of my country. My interest is just as keen as though I were in a responsible position."

"You are well out of it," Simpson sighed. "If half what you suspect is true it's the worst fix we've been in for some time."

"I am afraid there isn't any doubt about it," Hunterleys declared. "Of course we've been at a fearful disadvantage. Roche was the only man out here upon whom I could rely. Now they've accounted for him we've scarcely a chance of getting at the truth."

Mr. Simpson was gloomily silent for some moments. He was thinking of the time when he had struck his pencil through a recent secret-service estimate.

"Anyhow," Hunterleys went on, "it will be all over in twenty-four hours. Something will be decided upon—what, I am afraid there is very little chance of our getting to know. These men will depart—Grex to St. Petersburg, Selingman to Berlin, Douaille to Paris. Then I think we shall begin to hear the mutterings of the storm."

"I think," Mr. Simpson interposed, his eyes fixed upon an approaching figure, "that there is a young lady talking to the *maître d'hôtel* who is trying to attract your attention."

Hunterleys turned round in his chair. It was Felicia who was making her way toward him. He rose at once to his feet. There was a little murmur of interest among the lunchers as she threaded her way past the tables. It was not often that an English singer in opera had met with so great a success. Lady Hunterleys, recognizing her as she passed, paused in the middle of a sentence. Her face hardened. Hunterleys had risen from his place and was watching Felicia's approach anxiously.

"Is there news of Sidney?" he asked quickly as he took her hand.

"Nothing fresh," she answered in a low voice. "I have brought you a message—from some one else."

He held his chair for her, but she shook her head.

"I mustn't stay," she continued. "This is what I wanted to tell you: As I was crossing the square just now I recognized the man Frenhofer from the Villa Mimosa. Directly he saw me he came across the road. He was looking for one of us. He dares not come to the villa, he declares, for fear of being watched. He has something to tell you."

"Where can I find him?" Hunterleys asked.

"He has gone to a little bar in the Rue de Chaussures, the Bar de Montmartre it is called. He is waiting there for you now."

"You must stay and have some lunch," Hunterleys begged. "I will come back."

She shook her head.

"I have just been across to the Opera House," she explained, "to inquire about some properties for to-night. I have had all the lunch I want and I am on my way to the hospital now. I came here on the chance of finding you. They told me at the Hôtel de Paris that you were lunching out."

Hunterleys turned in his place and whispered to Simpson for a moment.

"This is very important," he said. "It concerns the affair in which we are interested. Linger over your coffee and I will return."

Mr. Simpson nodded and Hunterleys left the restaurant with Felicia. His wife, at whom he glanced for a moment, kept her head averted. She was whispering in the ear of the gallant Monsieur Douaille. Selingman, catching Draconmeyer's eye, winked at him solemnly.

"You have all the luck, my silent friend," he murmured.

XXXIII

THE Bar de Montmartre was many steps under the level of the street, dark, smelly and dilapidated. Its only occupants were a handful of drivers from the carriage stand opposite, who stared at Hunterleys in amazement as he entered, and then rushed forward almost in a body to offer their services. The man behind the bar, however, who had evidently been forewarned, intervened with a few sharp words, and lifting the flap of the counter ushered Hunterleys into a little room beyond. Frenhofer was engaged there in amiable badinage with a young lady who promptly disappeared at Hunterleys' entrance. Frenhofer bowed respectfully.

"I must apologize," he said, "for bringing monsieur to such a place. It is near the end now and with Monsieur Roche in the hospital I ventured to address myself to monsieur direct. Here I have the right to enter. I make my suit to the daughter of the proprietor in order to have a safe rendezvous when necessary. It is well that monsieur has come quickly. I have tidings. I can disclose to monsieur the meeting place for to-night. If monsieur has fortune and the wit to make use of it the opportunity I shall give him is a great one. But pardon me! Before we talk business we must order something."

He touched the bell. The proprietor himself thrust in his bullet-shaped head, with black mustache and unshaven chin. He wore no collar, and the remainder of his apparel was negligible.

"A bottle of your best brandy," Frenhofer ordered. "The best, mind!"

The man's acquiescence was as amiable as his nature would permit.

"Monsieur will excuse me," Frenhofer went on as the door was once more closed, "but these people have their little ways. To sell a whole bottle of brandy at five times its value is to Monsieur le Propriétaire more agreeable than to offer him rent for the hire of his room. He is outside all the things in which we are concerned. He believes—pardon me, monsieur—that we are engaged in a little smuggling transaction. Monsieur Roche and I have used this place frequently."

"He can believe what he likes," Hunterleys replied, "so long as he keeps his mouth shut."

The brandy was brought, and three glasses. Frenhofer promptly took the hint, and filling one to the brim held it out to the landlord.

"You will drink our health, Père Hanaut—my health and the health of monsieur here, and the health of the fair Annette. Incidentally you will drink also to the success of the little scheme which monsieur and I are planning."

"In such brandy," the proprietor declared hoarsely, "I would drink to the devil himself!"

He threw back his head and the contents of his glass vanished. He set it down with a little smack of the lips. Once more he looked at the bottle. Frenhofer filled up the glass, but motioned to the door with his head.

"You will excuse us, dear friend," he begged, laying his hand persuasively upon the other's shoulder. "Monsieur and I have little enough of time."

The landlord withdrew. Frenhofer walked round the little apartment. Their privacy was certainly assured.

"Monsieur," he announced, turning to Hunterleys, "there has been a great discussion as to the next meeting place between our friends—the next, which will be also the last. They are safe enough in reality at the villa, but Monsieur Douaille is nervous. The affair of last night terrified him. The reason for these things I, of course, know nothing of, but it seems that Monsieur Douaille is very anxious indeed to keep his association with my august master and Herr Selingman as secret as possible. He has declined most positively to set foot again within the Villa Mimosa. Many plans have been suggested. This is the one adopted: For some weeks a German down in Monaco, a shipping agent, has had a yacht for hire in the harbor. He has approached Mr. Grex several times, not knowing his identity—ignorant, indeed, of the fact that the Grand Duke himself possesses one of the finest yachts afloat. However, that is nothing. Mr. Grex thought suddenly of the yacht. He suggested it to the others. They were enthusiastic. The yacht is to be hired for a week, or longer if necessary, and used only to-night. Behold the wonderful good fortune of the affair! It is I who have been selected by my master to proceed to Monaco to make arrangements with the German, Herr Schwann. I am on my way there at the moment."

"A yacht?" Hunterleys repeated.

"There are wonderful things to be thought of," Frenhofer asserted eagerly. "Consider, monsieur! The yacht of this man Schwann has never been seen by my master. Consider, too, that aboard her there must be a dozen hiding places. The crew has been brought together from anywhere. It can be bought to a man. There is only one point, monsieur, that should be arranged before I enter upon this last and for me most dangerous enterprise."

"And that?" Hunterleys inquired.

"My own position," Frenhofer declared solemnly. "I am not greedy or covetous. My ambitions have long been fixed. To serve an imperial Russian nobleman has been no pleasure for me. St. Petersburg has been a prison. I have been moved to the right or to the left as a machine. It is as a machine only that I have lived. Always I have longed for Paris. So month by month I have saved. After to-night I must leave my master's employ. The risk will be too great if monsieur indeed accepts my proposition and carries it out. I need but a matter of ten thousand francs to complete my savings."

The man's white face shone eagerly in the dim light of the gloomy little apartment. His eyes glittered. He waited almost breathlessly.

"Frenhofer," Hunterleys said slowly, "so far as I have been concerned indirectly in these negotiations with you my

(Continued on Page 36)

Mr. Grex, With His Daughter and Lady Hunterleys, Was in the Van

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The Year's End

WE COME to the end of the year with cost of living decidedly below the mid-August peak, money easier, business better. On the material side we have fairly digested the war shock and adjusted ourselves to the big change it caused in trade currents. From being a thing of incalculable potentialities it has become a factor the effect of which, for the time being, we can count on with considerable assurance. We again have that tolerably stable outlook which is essential to business progress. There is a better feeling and we are on better terms with ourselves.

Probably there will be no more experimental legislation for an indefinite period. The November elections, by reëstablishing a fairly even balance between the two big parties, tend to put politics on its best behavior.

On the largest view, confidence has been deeply wounded because civilized mankind has fallen under a staggering indictment, the validity of which no one can question. It is as though, amid a wonted discussion of trade and politics, several of the participants suddenly rose and blew out their brains. The survivors have the old problems of trade and politics to deal with in much the same way, but they cannot help being deeply disconcerted.

As a reaction from that, every citizen of the United States may feel more vitally than ever before how fortunate among nations this nation is. His citizenship is an asset that is now tangibly worth life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to him. No merely theoretical or debatable advantages now mark the difference between citizenship in America and in Europe. The difference is measurable in concrete terms of life, limb, freedom to further his real interests, and security in his possessions.

Pondering that in humble gratitude, Americans may well go into the new year with high courage.

War's Multiplication Table

OUR martial friends, pointing to this country's fearful unpreparedness for war, demand that the standing army be raised to three hundred thousand men, and the navy immediately increased by half a dozen superdreadnoughts, with appropriate accessories in the way of torpedo boats and submarines. But if we had at this moment a well-equipped army of three hundred thousand and half a dozen more dreadnoughts we should still hear exactly the same plea for an army of six hundred thousand and a dozen dreadnoughts.

What is an army of three hundred thousand men against Germany's millions—or Russia's? What good would a mere dozen dreadnoughts do us? And if we had six hundred thousand soldiers we should be told that we ought to have twelve hundred thousand; in fact the argument for twelve hundred thousand is just as valid as the argument for three hundred thousand—either figure is pitiful enough in comparison with Europe's hosts. Along that path there is no stopping short of the whole male population in arms and the biggest navy our money can buy.

It is true that a complete victory for Germany and Austria, by erecting in Europe an all-powerful, aggressive state, might force this country to recast its whole military program; but that seems a remote contingency. The more reasonable prospect is of a great disarmament in Europe.

In that prospect lies the only hope of an ultimate gain to mankind and to the United States from this war. Our moral weight ought to be thrown in that side of the scale, instead of in the militarist side.

A Billion a Month

IT IS now possible to get an approximate idea of the primary cost of the war, consisting of direct governmental expenditures on that account. England and Germany alone have already borrowed almost three billion dollars for the war. Statements by those governments and by the French Government indicate that the five big belligerents must be spending round twenty-five million dollars a day, or at the rate of about nine billions a year. There remain Belgium, Servia, Japan and Turkey.

We may pretty safely say that the direct expenditure is not less than a billion a month. To put it in another way, up to this time a value equal to about one-third of the railroad systems of the United States has been shot away.

Persons of fanciful minds speculate as to what would happen if all the armies should suddenly be struck with reason, so that the soldiers would simply throw down their guns and tramp home. As a first result, the world would move forward a whole century overnight—but it never does move that way.

It Pays to be Good

THE various independent and competing units into which the Standard Oil combine was judicially divided, in order to convert it from a ruthless monopoly into a band of economic Sunday-school pupils, paid dividends in 1914 amounting to more than sixty-five million dollars. Except one huge melon in 1913, this is substantially the same amount paid that year, which was the first year of complete regeneration.

In its old, monopolistic and unregenerate state the combine's dividends ran about forty million dollars a year. We can imagine the Standard Oil's remorse for having failed to comprehend the material benefits of virtue earlier in its career!

Municipal Borrowings

IN SPITE of tight money, a poor investment market and a considerable disturbance in Europe, states and cities of the United States managed to borrow three-quarters of a billion dollars in 1914, breaking the record. Over four hundred millions of the sum was secured by the issue of long-term bonds, being the largest amount of municipal bonds issued in any year. The remainder consisted of temporary borrowings.

The bonds, of course, were almost all floated before August—that is, before the war; and since then, no doubt, there has been a great curtailment or postponement of projected municipal improvements. Otherwise we might have had a total for the year that would not need to blush if compared with the national debt. Nearly all expenditures were for useful purposes. How economically the money was applied is another question.

Comparative Troubles

WE ARE full of affliction and complaints. Our salary is too low, our rent too high. Somebody of less merit gets a better job. Our investment has gone wrong. Our children are disobedient and extravagant. The street cars are slow and crowded. The wheat crop has failed. Cholera gets the hogs.

Every now and then, however, we get the real measure of these tribulations. This neighbor is not worrying much about salary or rent, because the doctors have told him he must soon die of cancer. That neighbor finds no fault in his child, because it lies dead. The poor ventilation of our house seems quite tolerable in contrast with that other house where snow beats through the cracks and there is neither fuel nor food.

Before such comparisons we are dumb and contented for a day or a week. So in our national life: how manifold and poignant are the causes of complaint—until we look across at those places in Europe where death, wounds and beggary are the common lot!

Then—well, we shall complain as often and as bitterly as ever; but we shall whistle Hail Columbia! under our breath while doing it.

Workingwomen

MINNESOTA last year adopted a minimum wage law for women, providing for the organization of wage boards containing representatives selected respectively by employers and employees. Not only did Twin City employees fail to select their representatives, but the commission could not induce enough of them to serve on the boards to make up the quota contemplated by the law. Thus, of the ten nominal employees on the mercantile board only two were workingwomen in the usual sense. Two were welfare workers and the other six were clubwomen.

"The refusal of the girls to go on the boards," says Father Ryan, in The Survey, "seemed to be due partly to unwillingness to face the dilemma of incurring the displeasure of their employers or betraying the interests of their fellow employees, and partly to general timidity, diffidence and lack of interest and energy. One of the two working girls on the mercantile board voted against an adequate minimum wage, and the single employee on the manufacturing board was absent when the wage recommendations were voted."

Usually it is only under severest economic pressure that American workingwomen will take organized and class-conscious action; because it is only under severe economic pressure that they consciously classify themselves as wage-earners. Otherwise they think much more of getting married than of their future status as workers.

It may be added that the wage boards fixed minimum wages for workingwomen, ranging from eight to nine dollars a week; and a trial court held the law unconstitutional.

Ungraded Milk

A REPORT on the dairy situation by the Illinois Bankers' Association shows, from various expert investigations in different parts of the country, that the wholesale price of milk about equals the cost of production. If a dairyman makes any profit it is because his herd is decidedly above the average.

Probably a third of all the milch cows in the country fail to pay for their feed and keep. Another third about meets expenses. The remaining and superior third shows a profit. It is true the producer gets less than half the retail price, and great waste in the present system of distributing milk in cities might be eliminated.

There is much difference in milk, however, which the consumer generally fails to recognize. You do not say to the butcher: "Give me two pounds of meat!" But you do say to the milkman: "Give me two quarts of milk!" And you pay him the same price, whether the article corresponds to fine porterhouse steak or to a dubious shank roast. In some localities a relatively small amount of certified milk of the best quality is sold, fetching about twice the price of the ordinary article.

On the whole, the producer sells his milk at cost and an indifferent article brings the same price as the best. That is not a good condition, either for producer or consumer. Milk should be graded, with a premium on the better grade.

Unenforceable Tax Laws

IN THE Chicago Daily News we find a statement, by the chairman of the board that has the last word in assessments, pointing out that if the state's revenue laws were enforced every one of the nine hundred thousand savings accounts in Chicago banks, averaging less than two hundred and fifty dollars each, would be taxed for an amount equal to about two-thirds of the interest earned thereon; that every washerwoman's tub and wringer, every seamstress' sewing machine, and every day-laborer's bed and cookstove would be taxed. To state the terms of the law is to say that it is unenforceable; and no intelligent member of the community has the least expectation that it will be enforced.

The situation has endured many years. Tons of ink have been spilled in explaining its absurdities; yet it stands—a monument to political incompetence. The Constitution is in the way. The legislature is in the way. For about half the states in the Union, constitutions and legislatures are the chief hindrances to intelligent social progress.

A Lesson to the Cotton Belt

IN BIG cotton states that single crop comes to considerably more than half the value of all other agricultural products. The disadvantages of so great dependence on a single product are illustrated with the sharpest emphasis this year; but they have been illustrated before, when cotton has been too cheap to yield any profit to the grower, or when the boll weevil has ravaged the plant over large districts. Well-informed Southerners have even said that this cotton crisis would prove a blessing in disguise if it brought greater diversity of crops in the big cotton states.

However, ignorant negro labor, on which agriculture largely depends in some parts of the South, is an obstacle to diversifying the crops. That labor has been taught to raise cotton. To teach it diversified farming would be no light task. There are other factors undoubtedly, but this factor of ignorant, unresponsive negro labor is one of the anchors that holds the South to cotton.

Of course any community anywhere is tied hand and foot to its labor. In agriculture or manufacturing it can go no farther than its labor goes. A Southern community that denies education to negroes, while depending on negro labor, fastens a ball and chain to its own foot.

A DAY WITH LORD ROBERTS

A Charming Garden Near the Late Lord Roberts' House in Surrey

By IRVIN S. COBB

IT IS rather probable, I think, that I was one of the last men of my trade to see the late Lord Roberts and talk with him for any appreciable length of time. Just four weeks ago—that is to say, just four weeks before the date of writing this article—in company, with Lord Northcliffe and John T. McCutcheon, I spent the day at Lord Roberts' home in Surrey.

McCutcheon and I learned then—not from our host but from other sources that ever since the Indian troops had landed on European soil he had been filled with a desire to go over to France and once more see his Sikhs and his Ghurkas marching under the flag of their empire and his. We learned, also, that the members of his family and those nearest to him were doing all that was in their power to dissuade him from this intent. They feared the effects of a trip to the front on a man who had on September thirtieth celebrated his eighty-second birthday.

"Every morning"—so our informant told us—"His Lordship, after reading the papers, declares his intention of crossing the Channel forthwith. Then there ensues a domestic campaign of argument to induce him to put the trip off. By noontime a compromise has been effected. He doesn't abandon his ambition, but he consents to postpone his start. So he runs up to London to confer with Kitchener regarding the conduct of the war, or he spends the rest of the day answering in person the countless letters that pour in on him as a result of his personal appeal to the British public to donate riding saddles and other necessary equipment for the new army, of which there was a shortage at the beginning of hostilities.

"He is doing a volume of work that would tax the strength of a man in the prime of life; and his people think, very naturally, that is enough and more than enough for him to do. But there is no telling when he will make up his mind to go to France; and when he does finally make it up I predict there will be no stopping him."

So he did make up his mind at last, and there was no stopping him. Last Sunday I read in the papers the dispatch from Field Marshal Sir John French, commanding the Expeditionary Forces on the Continent, to Earl Kitchener announcing the death of Earl Roberts, on the night previous, from pneumonia contracted in the open field. To-day's papers all carry accounts of the funeral.

I read that the king attended the service in person, that admirals and field marshals were the pallbearers, and that the body will rest in St. Paul's, with the remains of Wellington, Nelson, Napier and Wolseley—congenial and fitting companionship for the greatest fighter of his generation. But one may safely venture that what would have pleased Lord Roberts most, in all the pomp and circumstance of his burial, was that detachments of his beloved Indians marched and rode in the cortège, wearing the uniforms of British soldiers.

The Boys in Hospital at Ascot Race Course

ORIGINALLY I did not mean to write anything for publication regarding our visit to Lord Roberts. I did not go to his home to interview him formally, though I was told he would interpose no objection to being quoted publicly on any of the subjects he was pleased to discuss. I did go there as his guest, to break bread with him at his table, and to have a look at his house which, as regards its contents, is certainly one of the most wonderful houses in the world. Since he is dead, however, perhaps a story of the man as he was in the very last days of his life may not be amiss, especially as it will be read largely by Americans who, next only to his countrymen, entertained for Lord Roberts the liveliest affection and the profoundest admiration.

The three of us motored down from London; and, aside from the visit to Englemere, the Roberts' place, the trip was most distinctly worth while on other accounts. We rode through the most beautiful pastoral country in England, which means the most beautiful pastoral country to be found anywhere; and we saw the new volunteers drilling in many places among London's everlasting suburbs.

On the way we stopped for an hour or so at Lord Northcliffe's manor house—Sutton Place—which was built by Henry the Eighth's man of affairs, Sir Richard Weston, and which, exteriorly, looks to-day much as it looked when it was first set up in 1523–25. It is said to be probably the earliest and assuredly the best example extant of a Tudor mansion, built wholly as a dwelling and without thought of defense.

The wonderful moldings of the outer walls, after nearly four hundred years of exposure, remain almost as perfect as when they were put in place. With hardly an exception the windows are the same that Sir Richard Weston took from a still older house to put into his fine new home; and artistic architectic souls have been known to go practically delirious with admiration when they considered the arches of the doorways and the colors of the ancient, weathered tiles of the roof.

Concerning the inside of Sutton Place, I mention one detail only—the Long Gallery, which is one hundred and fifty-two feet long. Sir Richard's only son and heir, who had been a playmate of King Henry, was by that same king accused of treasonable conduct in connection with the trial of Anne Boleyn; and, being found guilty, he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

In spite of this the Weston family continued, it seemed, to enjoy the royal favor. Two years after her accession Queen Elizabeth visited Sutton Place and stayed three days; and danced, it is said, in the Long Gallery. Historically this is by no means all that is to be said for the estate. Edward the Confessor had a hunting lodge about a quarter of a mile from the present house, and an old well near by is still known as St. Edward's Well.

Incidentally—though you could not call it an incident—our day included a call at a hospital for wounded and invalided soldiers at the Ascot Race Course, scarcely two miles from Lord Roberts' home. The refreshment booths and the other rooms at the back and underside of the five-shilling stand had been thrown together, except the barber's shop, which was being converted into an operating chamber; and, what with its tiled walls and high sloped ceiling and glass front, the place made a first-rate hospital.

It contained beds for fifty men; but on this day there were less than twenty sick and crippled Tommies convalescing here. They had been brought out of France, out of wet and cold and filth, with hurried dressings on their hurts; and now they were in this bright, sweet, wholesome place, with soft beds under them and clean linen on their bodies, and flowers and dainties on the tables that stood alongside them, with the gentlefolk of the neighborhood to mind them as volunteer nurses.

There were professional nurses, of course; but, under them, the younger women of the wealthy families of this corner of Surrey were serving; and mighty pretty they all looked, too, in their crisp blue-and-white uniforms, with their arm badges and their caps, and their big aprons buttoned round their slim, athletic young bodies. I judge there were about three amateur nurses to each patient. Yet you could not rightly call them amateurs either; each of them had taken a course in nursing, it seemed, and was amply competent to perform most of the duties a regular nurse must know.

Lady Aileen Roberts was with us during our tour of the hospital. As a daily visitor and patroness she spent much of her time here and knew most of the inmates by name. She halted alongside one bed to ask its occupant how he felt. He had been brought back from the front suffering from pneumonia.

He was an Irishman. Before he answered her he cast a quick look about the long hall. Afternoon tea was just being served consisting, besides tea, of homemade strawberry jam and lettuce sandwiches made of crisp fresh bread, with plenty of butter; and certain elderly ladies had just arrived, bringing with them, among other contributions, sheaves of flowers, and a dogcart loaded with hothouse fruit and a dozen loaves of plumcake, which last were still hot from the oven and which radiated a mouth-watering aroma as a footman bore them in behind his mistress. He looked at all these and sniffed; and a grin split his face and an Irish twinkle came into his eyes.

"Thank you, me lady, for askin'," he said; "but I'm very much afeared I'm gettin' well fast."

East Indian Architecture in Surrey

THERE was another man—an infantryman with his right arm broken in two places—who had been wounded in the fighting along the river Aisne, and had been tended in Paris at the hospital maintained by American women on American money before he was sent back home for the final period of mending. It was a wonderfully fine hospital, he told us, and he had been most tenderly treated by the good American ladies.

"It was the finest place I ever was in," he added—"except this one here. I've just been writing to me old mother that I've been took care of by the noblest ladies in the whole world—some here and some over there in Paris. I've been luckier than most of our chaps."

I had recently come from certain base hospitals and certain field hospitals in Germany, and the contrast between them and this race-track nursing home struck me hard. They were efficient in those overcrowded German hospitals and good to the wounded men, and gave them nourishing food; but there were no flowers there and no special dishes, and the little touches that only a woman knows how to bestow were lacking.

As a matter of fact, I guess they are lacking everywhere in the War Zone; that they are only to be found in such favored spots as the five-bob stand at Ascot Track, where illness is a luxury, and recuperation a long-drawn pleasure. I could understand why the Irishman did not want to recover too rapidly.

We found Lord Roberts' place of Englemere in the midst of a small, beautifully kept estate just beyond the town of Ascot. It was not nearly so large a place or so handsome as Lord Northcliffe's, at Sutton Place, but it had its distinctions too.

Originally, I imagine, it must have been one of those four-square, unimaginative-looking British manor houses; but when the late proprietor came into possession of it he remodeled it, with verandas and a sloped roof, to be as nearly as possible of the type of East Indian residences. There were terraces about it on three sides and below the terraces flower gardens and shrubbery; and, mounted on the terraces at spaced intervals, were cannon, dumbly menacing the peaceful landscape with their iron snouts.

They were of many patterns, these cannons. Between them they bridged half a century and more of development and improvement in the production of field artillery; and

(Continued on Page 26)

A Victrola for C

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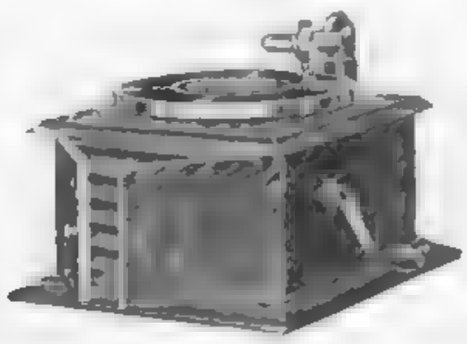
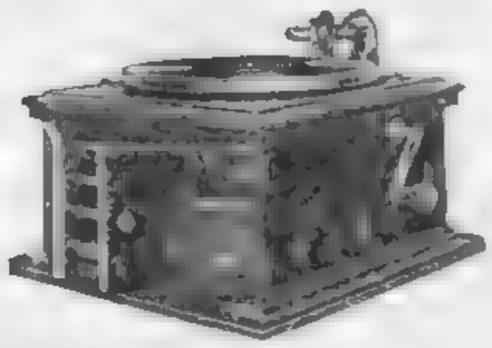


Victrola IV, $15
Oak



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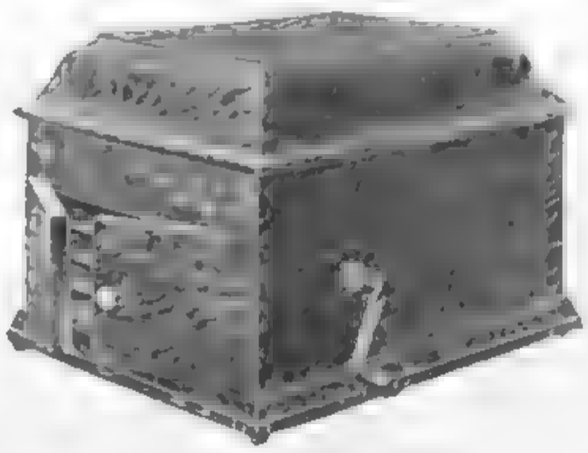
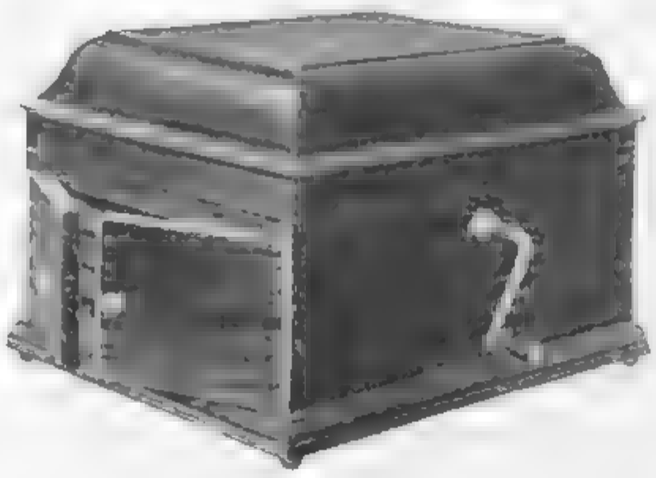


Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



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A DAY WITH LORD ROBERTS

(Continued from Page 23)

each of them had figured in a campaign in which their owner played his part.

Others told us Lord Roberts valued his guns above all the items of the wonderful collection of trophies and relics that made such a marvelous military storehouse of his home. It was easy to understand why he should love them when one recalled that in 1851, the year after Kitchener was born, Lord Roberts, then a stripling subaltern, became a second lieutenant in a battery of Bengal Artillery. There was another reason, too, and a deeper one.

One smallish, black-painted, homely fieldpiece was placed apart from the others, with tall flowering bushes hiding it on three sides. The shrubbery made into a sort of little shrine for the gun, which stood, with its wheels pressing into the grass, in the center of the green inclosure; in fact, it was a shrine. It was in defense of this gun that Lord Roberts' only son gave his life at Colenso, in the South African War.

This morning I read in the Associated Press dispatches that on the carriage of this same gun the body of Lord Roberts was borne in yesterday's funeral procession through London, from Charing Cross to St. Paul's.

Stepping into the big entrance hall of Englemere we were ushered into a veritable museum. There were fine paintings on the wall, among them a spirited picture of the charge of Roberts' native troops on the mountainside stronghold of Peiwar Kotal, in the Afghan War of 1878, when their commander won his K. C. B., and England woke to the fact that an incarnate genius of battle had been bred in the East.

Facing us as we entered was Sargent's famous life-size portrait of our host, showing him in the red coat and jack boots of a field marshal, with his decorations on his breast. It is through reproductions of this portrait that Lord Roberts' likeness lives in the memory of most Americans.

The Hero of Kandahar

Between the pictures were arms and yet more arms and armor, ancient and modern—swords, knives, shields, guns, helmets, casques—interspersed with crossed battle-flags, each with its honorable record; and below the pictures were cases containing gold and silver caskets presented by nations, cities and corporations. And, to top all, about the room, just under the ceiling, ran friezes of heads and horns of African and Asiatic beasts.

McCutcheon, who has done a deal of big-game shooting in his time, said that certain of the antelope heads were the finest he had ever seen. For all its bristling mural array the hall, with its big open fireplace and its wide-armed hospitable easy chairs, was livable and comfortable. It was not long enough or wide enough to be barnlike, and it was not so small as to seem overcrowded by its decorations and furnishings.

Through a doorway alongside the staircase appeared a small man, a very small man—a man not over five feet two or three inches in height—who was dressed in brown tweeds, with the brown gaiters an English country gentleman affects buttoned over his brown shoes. His feet were tiny, like a woman's, and his hands were very small. He had a clear, healthy, wrinkly red skin—I thought of a frost-puckered sound red apple when I saw his face; very white hair and plenty of it; a thick white mustache; a pair of small, kindly blue-gray eyes which age had not much dimmed, with radiations of fine, deep lines about them; and a brisk, alert manner.

There was that air about him which, for lack of a better word, we sometimes call dapper. One could readily conceive of him as being precise in his habits and painstaking in small details. To me, then, he did not suggest the soldier. At the first instant of meeting I could not convince myself that this was Field Marshal Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, in Ireland, the greatest campaigner Britain has had since the day of that other Irishman, Wellington, and one of the greatest she has ever produced.

But I could very easily understand why the common soldiers called him Bobs. Common soldiers, like other folks, bestow affectionate nicknames on only those persons for whom they entertain affectionate regard. It was humanly impossible that Kitchener should have a saucy nickname. It was humanly impossible for Roberts to escape having one.

Once the talk was well launched, there came a change in my first, instantaneous appraisal of the man; for he was a soldier all over—you could tell that now—and a soldier who loved to talk about his trade. To hear him speak was like piecing up the tally of past centuries. Somehow I had always thought of the Sepoy Mutiny as an event buffed with antiquity—a thing that occurred too far back in history to have living memories draped on it; but here stood a little, soft-mannered, mild-voiced gentleman who had been at the Siege of Delhi, and at Bulandshahr, and at Khudagang; who, in actual, first-hand reminiscence, closed up the gap between the musty past of Lucknow and Cawnpore and the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the present October twenty-odd, nineteen hundred and fourteen; who spoke of Kabul and Kandahar as though they were facts in a campaign that ended only yesterday; who was the son of a man who began his military service in India in 1803.

Later in that day I saw a portrait of his father, who was General Sir Abraham Roberts, himself a doughty fighter, and a splendid-looking old man, too, unless his likeness flattered him. These two, between them, had served the British crown in India and the East for upward of a hundred years, consecutively and unbrokenly. It was almost as fascinating to hear Lord Roberts describing the conditions with which his father had dealt as to hear him describing the conditions with which he had dealt in the same lands.

Yet I would not be understood as saying that, in what he said, Lord Roberts fell into the mental posture of one who, having finished the active affairs of life, lives only in the memories of what has gone before. His attitude was not that of the chronicler solely; rather was it that of the energetic, planning, speculative, constructive being who values his experiences for the uses to which he may put them in weighing up the business of the immediate day and instant.

He did not look his eighty-two years, nor did he think in the terms of eighty-two years, or speak in them either. His bodily aspect said hale and hearty seventy-five; his words were very much more youthful even than that. They proclaimed the spirit of a man in the full vigor of his intellectual prime.

It was about half an hour before luncheon would be served, and we spent that half hour in a tour of the house, which, upstairs and down, was a mine of treasures, where the lover of military and historic souvenirs might have spent a happy and congenial month. Without knowing much about those matters I imagine that Lord Roberts' collection of trophies from the East—particularly from Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Tibet and Hindustan—must have been one of the most complete and comprehensive extant.

The Jezails and Tulwars

It ranged, as I recall, from heathen gods of indescribable hideousness to tapestries and jewel cases of indescribable beauty. But, being what he was, he appeared to value more highly than anything else his store of firearms and edged weapons. On one stretch of wall space alone, alongside the great staircase, there must have been ranged and racked five hundred deadly things of curious Oriental workmanship—spears, lances, daggers, maces, war clubs, jeweled axes, darts, crossbows, sabers, scimitars, stabbing knives, jezails with deer skulls for stocks, blunderbusses with mouths like those of professional politicians; matchlocks, flintlocks, creeses, horse pistols, tulwars, and the short, broad, twisting sword that is the favorite tool of the Ghurka—all duplicated again and again in varying sizes and contrasting patterns.

And with these were cressets; headstalls; coats of mail; breastplates; backplates; shields—oh, all the furniture and fittings of Indian and Afghan and Burmese warfare; every unholy creation that Eastern ingenuity had ever devised for letting holes into and lives out of men.

Next only to his guns and knives this peaceful-appearing octogenarian treasured a row of flaring, glaring placards lettered over with block type, which looked out from heavy frames in his upper hallway. These were headings from newspaper extras, dealing with his victories in South Africa—contents bills, the English call them. London papers strike them off and furnish them to news venders, who, not being allowed to shout their wares, hold aloft the printed bulletins of the latest news.

There was one bill of a rather more artistic effect than the others, if the word artistic may properly be applied to such an object. It had been issued by the Daily News. It bore a background of the Union Jack done in the proper colors; and on the stripes of the design was the legend:

OUR FLAG AT PRETORIA!

Seeing it Lord Northcliffe smiled. "I wrote that bill myself," he said; "and, if I am not mistaken, I designed the arrangement of the background. I was rather proud of it, I remember."

"I am still proud of it," said Lord Roberts promptly, with a little twinkling squint in his eyes.

The summons for luncheon came; and as Lord Roberts led the way down the stairs I marveled to see how briskly and yet surely his almost absurdly small feet pattered on the steps. Eighty-two. He did not seem to have the weight of fifty years tugging at his heels, let alone eighty-odd!

At luncheon there were present, besides the three of our party, only Lord and Lady Roberts, their two daughters, and a young nephew who on the next day expected to enter Sandhurst as a cadet and would, granting him luck and the war length, be at the front as a second lieutenant, seeing active service, before peace came. He was a silent, dignified lad of seventeen.

Those Nippy, Cheerful Ghurkas

It was natural that a man who had spent most of his life in India should have curried chicken, with rice and chutney sauce, on his luncheon table. I noticed His Lordship rather favored this dish above the others that were served. Also, on the walls of the dining room were pictures suggestive of our host's service in India—notably paintings of two Ghurkas who, it seemed, had been Lord Roberts' favorite soldiers.

"Natural fighting men," he said, speaking of the originals of the paintings. "Indeed, I never saw a Ghurka who was not a natural-born fighting man. Ghurkas love a battle as most men love a feast. They run to it; and when they get at close quarters and bring those twisted knives of theirs into play they are terrible men to face, even though practically all of them are little men.

"Among my Ghurkas I used to pass for a reasonably tall man," he added with a little laugh; "so you may judge that they are reasonably short in stature, as a rule. The Sikhs are splendid, tall, erect fellows, and first-rate fighting men as well; but I confess my favorites among our Indian troops were always those little nippy, cheerful Ghurkas."

We told him then—McCutcheon and I—that the Germans believed the Indian troops would never stand the rigors of a European winter; that the cold weather would cause them to sicken and die like flies. He smiled again at that.

"Our German adversaries should consult their geographies," he said. "A people who are so intent on widening their colonial horizons should be better acquainted with the races that they expect to conquer and subjugate. A little reading on the subject would teach the Germans that most of the Indian troops who are now in France are not of Hindu blood, but of Tatar breed. They come from the tops of the tallest mountains in Asia—the Himalayas—and the winter climate to which they are accustomed would make a European winter seem, in comparison, a gentle and a balmy spring.

"I have seen times in my mountain campaignings when an orderly had to come to my tent and hold a lighted candle under the inkwell as I wrote my orders and reports, to keep the cold from congealing the ink; but our Ghurka soldiers were padding about outdoors as comfortable and happy as you please. The Ghurka is not afraid of cold nor of a bullet, nor, least of all, of a bayonet. Those are things on which he thrives."

Naturally most of the talk about the big round luncheon table was of war—not necessarily of the war now raging, though

that, of course, was discussed from time to time; but of wars in general.

Lord Roberts showed a particular animation and interest in speaking of our Civil War. He displayed an intimate knowledge of the campaigns of 1861–65 and of the leaders on both sides; and when he learned that McCutcheon was the son of a Union soldier and that I was the son of a Confederate soldier, he began plumping questions at us which I, when my turn would come, found it embarrassing to answer inasmuch as he had a better acquaintance with the things regarding which he asked than I ever hope to have.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have never been in the States. I have visited Canada and I wish I had visited your country. I have often regretted that I failed to take advantage of my opportunity to tour the United States. I would give a good deal to be able to say that I had gone over the country where the chief operations of your great war took place and the spots where the principal battles were fought. America produced some magnificent soldiers in those four years—and the greatest of them, to my way of thinking, was Jackson—Stonewall Jackson.

"In my opinion Stonewall Jackson was one of the greatest natural military geniuses the world ever saw. I will go even further than that—as a campaigner in the field he never had a superior. In some respects I doubt whether he ever had an equal."

Here some one of us was moved to repeat the story told of Jackson, that he read only two books in the latter years of his life—the Bible and the Campaigns of Napoleon.

Fighting on Sunday

"Not so bad a choice—if a man had to confine his library to only two books," said Lord Roberts, who himself, as we knew, was of a deeply religious nature; "an admirable choice for a soldier, at any rate. Any soldier might learn much by studying the Campaigns of Napoleon, and Napoleon might have learned a good deal, too, by studying the Campaigns of Jackson, had the order of the times in which the two men lived been reversed."

Lord Northcliffe remembered he had somewhere read that Jackson preferred to fight his battles on Sunday, because, believing, as he did, that he was doing the Lord's work in smiting the North, he regarded the Lord's Day as fittest for the smiting.

"I'm afraid the rule has not held good for other men," commented Lord Roberts. "I recall that, once in my younger days in India, I was sent into a fight on Sunday and we got most soundly drubbed. Since then I have always been an advocate of the theory that the best day on which to win a battle is the day on which you can win it. But, speaking of Jackson, I wish one of you younger men would tell me more about him. Cannot one of you recall some personal intimate story about him? I should like to know more of his human side."

So we told him what we could remember of Jackson's manifold peculiarities, and he did not seem to tire of listening. Later in the day Lord Northcliffe told us that Lord Roberts had been instrumental in introducing the History of Jackson's Campaigns as a textbook into the English Military College at Sandhurst; and that when students from Sandhurst came to see him, as they frequently did, he was much given to quizzing them on their knowledge of the subject.

During the course of the afternoon, in passing through the library of the house, I came on a steel engraving of the Southerner, placed against the wall where it faced Lord Roberts when he sat at his desk.

In this same room—the library—was a framed and autographed photograph of the German Kaiser. There had been a much larger likeness of the Kaiser—a gift from himself to Lord Roberts on the occasion of one of his visits to Englemere—which swung in the dining room; but it was there no longer. We saw the brass chains that had held it, dangling against an empty space at one end of the long room.

However, in his conversation Lord Roberts did not speak harshly of the Kaiser or of any other present enemy of England. When he spoke of the causes of the war, and of its effects and its possible consequences to the nations engaged in it and to the world at large, he spoke, of course, from the British standpoint; but there was no venom in what he said—only earnestness and a desire that his side should triumph speedily and conclusively.

Like Lord Kitchener, whom I was to meet in that same week, he wanted to know facts about the German equipment and the German spirit, and, most of all, about the German transportation system and the German commissariat. Apparently he had gathered, from a long distance, the same idea of the German military machine that McCutcheon and I had acquired as a result of our personal observations of that machine actually in operation afield—in short, that it was tremendously effective and enormously complete, and that its chief fault was its rigidness—its lack of flexibility and elasticity.

Lord Roberts nodded affirmingly when we jointly stated this as our common opinion.

"Trust the Germans to do a thing thoroughly and painstakingly," he said. "And, knowing them as I do, I have no doubt that when they permitted you two gentlemen to go to their battle front, and witness their operations, they were thorough in showing you what they wanted you to see. Am I not right?"

This naturally brought us round to the subject of war correspondents and their interrupted functions in the present war; and I made so bold as to ask him whether he entertained the same distaste for men of our profession that had lately been manifested in the high quarters of more than one country.

"I have always liked the journalists," he said. "Personally I always liked to have them with me in my campaigns. Often they were of real service to me and to my army and to my country; and I hope I was occasionally able to do some proper service for them.

"I cannot recall any instances when a reputable journalist deceived me, or took advantage of me, or betrayed any confidence I had imposed in him.

"Never but once did I have a serious misunderstanding with a journalist. That was in South Africa. I took steps to abate his activities, and thereafter I had no trouble with the press or the accredited representatives of the press."

I judge we were at table an hour. My watch told me it was a full hour, but it did not seem to me nearly so long a time. When we rose Lord Roberts stepped briskly from his side of the table to the side where Lady Roberts sat, assisted her from her chair and gave her his arm with simple gallantry. The rest of us stood aside as the two old people passed out. She was quite infirm, and their progress, therefore, was very, very slow. I noted how, at the door, he waved aside a servant who would have aided him, and guided her carefully across the threshold.

Thereafter, on two occasions when she moved from one part of the house to another, he paid her the same exquisite attention. Each time he, watching her, had anticipated her desire and was at her side before she could offer to rise. He expressed in his actions, in his constant, eager regard for her comfort, that same thing which certain poets, notably Robert Burns and our own James Whitcomb Riley, have expressed in verse.

Voices in the Wilderness

Seeing him thus engaged we had an intimate view of the Lord Roberts who was not the soldier, but the man who had family prayers each night and morning in his home; who went to church of a Sunday; who was loved by his neighbors now as his soldiers had loved him in other days; who spoke no hasty evil of any man, even though that man was his enemy and the enemy of his country. Surely a great name was not the only heritage Lord Roberts left to the British people!

Somewhat later, at the moment of our parting, he unwittingly and unconsciously gave us an even deeper insight into his inner self.

We were at the door. It struck McCutcheon and myself simultaneously, I think—perhaps it was telepathy, or whatever the instinct is that makes two men think the same thing at the same moment—that here, in Roberts and Northcliffe, were the two men who for years past had risked unpopularity and derision to preach, in season and out—one from the platform and in his writings, the other through his chain of great newspapers—the inevitability of a war with Germany and the need that Great Britain should be in a better and a stronger state of preparedness against the day of its bursting.

If ever two men had qualified for the jobs of president and secretary of the International I-Told-You-So Club, these were the two men.

One of us—I forget which one now—spoke up and said:

"Well, Lord Roberts, if England had only listened to you during these last few years she would not now be getting ready to fight after the fighting has begun—she would have been ready beforehand!"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I was right when I predicted that Germany meant to make war on us—and I am sorry I was right."

We left him standing in his doorway, a quaintly small figure of a hale old man—indeed, almost a grotesquely small figure of a man—in his wrinkled brown suit and his neat brown gaiters—altogether, at that moment, a most unmilitary figure.

Yet, even so, the lines of Kipling's verses came back to me. You remember the poem where Kipling said:

See that little red-faced man?
That's Bobs.
Rides the tallest horse he can,
Does Bobs.
If it bucks and kicks and rears
'E will sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears,
Will Bobs.

If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs.
If a gun has slipped its trace,
'Ook on Bobs.
'E's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat;
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

I reckon he must have been all of that—was Bobs.

Hearts Mended

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, one of the most distinguished surgeons in the world, particularly noted for his pioneer work in delicate and obscure problems of surgery, and now managing a French military hospital at Lyons, has recently announced his hope that the knife will some day cure many kinds of heart disease. He looks forward to the time when the surgeon will sew patches on a man's heart to stop leaks, will cut pieces out of the heart that hinder its pumping, and in general rebuild hearts by means of scissors, knives, needles and flaps of muscle.

Like all prudent scientists, he makes no promise that it will be done to-morrow, but, on the other hand, gives evidence which ought to justify his hope of eventual success. So many heart diseases are due to faulty valves and similar troubles that if his prediction comes true a vast number of lives can be saved.

The problem now is so to perfect the technical details of the operation that the patient shall not die before it is completed. He has succeeded in establishing many factors of safety, and more are in sight. It has been found that the heart can usually be stopped for nearly three minutes while an operation is being performed, and that usually it will start again without massage.

Before such operations on men can be undertaken as a regular thing, methods must be developed to make the starting of the heart absolutely certain, or definite rules established for deciding which classes of heart trouble may be attacked safely and which had better be left as they are.

Practical rules for an operation—the exact procedure at every step—are called the technic. So exacting are surgeons becoming over the technic of any particular kind of operation that a noted Brooklyn surgeon recently advocated, before the American Medical Association, the adoption by surgeons of the Taylor system of efficiency—motion studies—which has been applied so widely in industry.

He advocated not only fixing the exact sequence of every step of an operation but determining as a standard that at just such a point instrument number forty-two should be taken up by the surgeon, four seconds allowed for some particular detail of operating, each hand to be used exactly as the rules provided; the instrument then to be laid down exactly at a certain place and instrument number forty-three taken up in reverse position—and so on, with every motion predetermined.

Even with a perfected technic, only a master craftsman, with wonderfully skilled fingers, would attempt to patch hearts.

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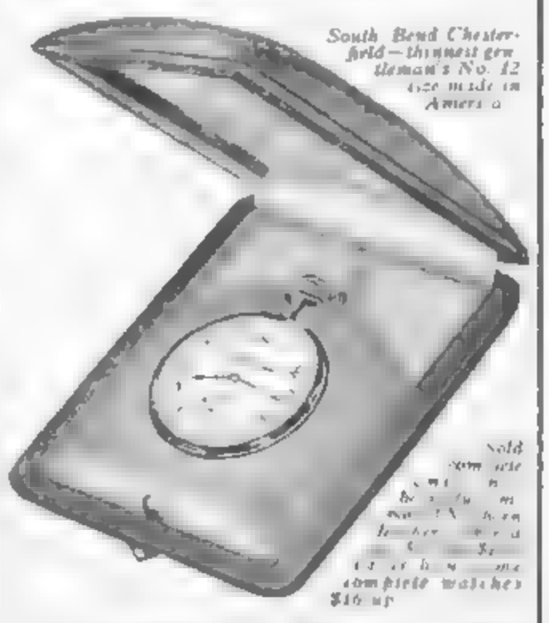

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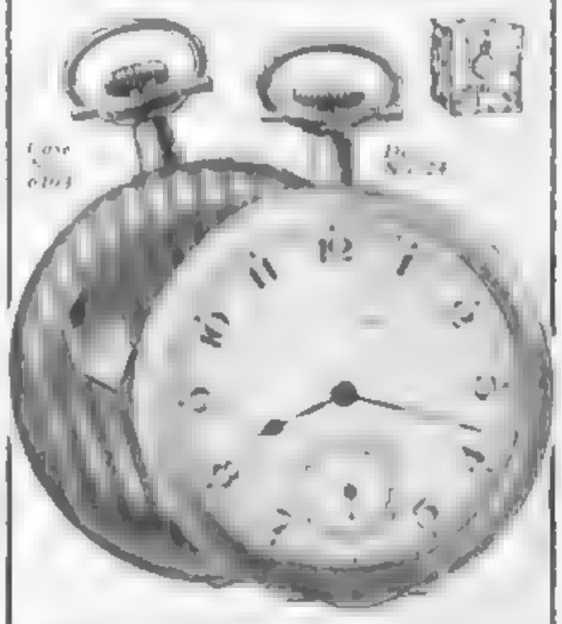

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San Diego Panama California Exposition

"Oh! España, cómo mi joven corazón
por ti latía en tiempos pasados."
Longfellow

"How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore."
—*Longfellow.*

California's Great Exposition
Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal
California's Christmas Gift

IT is a big idea in gifts, and rather unusual, but one in which all the peoples of the world may participate; one which comes to a full realization on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve and lasts until another New Year's Eve in 1916.

The greater part of the United States and Canada—and, if you insist, the northern hemisphere of the old world—is buried today under snow and ice, or soon will be. The song birds are gone, the flowers are gone, and the balmy days are gone.

But on the Pacific Coast near old Mexico lies a city where the birds are singing, where roses are in bloom and the oranges are ripe, where snow never comes in and where it is always June. This is San Diego, the Mecca of those who wish comfort, health and happiness—it is the land where one truly lives.

To this land came Spanish sailors and Spanish soldiers and Spanish settlers in the centuries which have passed, and from their life sprang the traditions which still rule, their arts and architecture and romance. And in that Spanish atmosphere of mission and cathedral, of quiet patio and gay fiesta, has been built San Diego's Exposition Beautiful.

Five hundred miles to the north lies San Francisco, where, during the greater part of 1915, will be held another Exposition, also celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal, presenting to the world many features differing from the Exposition Beautiful—the two supplementing one another. When California celebrates, the Golden State's enthusiasm requires two outlets.

On up the coast and across the Rockies, in the deserts and forests, on the plains and in the valleys that fill the West, there are other sights which make all other lands commonplace.

This is the West of your country

It is a West in which you find a civilization that pre-dates that of prehistoric Egypt, a country far excelling those of the Mediterranean; it is the Great West of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Painted Desert, the Great Trees; the Great West that is old, yet young, filled with the wonders of the world and with the romance of centuries. It is the West that you should see, and 1915 is the time for you to see it, when California with her two Expositions offers you the opportunity and special rates.

Throughout 1915 the San Diego Exposition Beautiful will be open, offering a gorgeous landscape of unchanging verdure, set with the flashing crimson and gold and purple of the Southwest coast, offering a dreamy renaissance of Old Spain, with caballero and troubadour and señorita dwelling in the quaint balconies and plazas and patios of this magic city, with the canyons winding about the mesa, on which the Exposition stands, down to the sea a mile beyond, back to the lofty Sierras and the low hills of Mexico

This is California's gift for 1915 for all the year. It cannot quite be delivered to your door Christmas morning, but your nearest ticket agent will tell you all about it.

See that your ticket in 1915 reads San Diego

Opens January First

1915—All the Year

WHEN THE GERMANS CAME

(Concluded from Page 18

strong as those of a warring saint. He was the product which seventy years had made of a man, out of religion, virtue and good food. He was quite willing to tell his story; but he told it with a modesty that required the supplementing of information I had received from other sources.

The weather was very warm on the second day of September. He was here in this room where we were sitting. Across the square, on the other side of the cathedral, some French soldiers were drinking wine before a café. Suddenly he saw them spring up, discharge their guns and fly. The square was filled with powder smoke. When that lifted he saw that it was filled with Germans. They had not seen the French soldiers, but they had heard the guns and they picked up French bullets from the ground. Then they looked up at the tower of the cathedral, believing the shots had been fired from there by civilians.

"An officer came in here. He was very angry," the priest went on. "He said they would do to Senlis what they had done to Louvain—raze it to the ground. He would not believe that the shots had been fired by French soldiers. I told him I had the key to the tower of the cathedral. I offered to go up with him and prove that there had been no civilians in it and that no ammunition was kept there. I went, with six pistols held about my head. One would have been enough," he added whimsically, as a critic might complain of too many adjectives in a sentence.

He was able to convince the officer; but the general was not convinced. He had ordered the burning of the town, and the flames were already glowing red against the green leaves of the beech trees. At last the officer told him to wait there in his house, and if nothing happened before midnight he might know that the town would not be destroyed.

So he waited, with all his doors open, while the Germans poured in—cavalry, artillery, column after column of infantry, all yelling with the rage of victory—a terrible sight to the helpless priest. But he does not seem to have been terrified. He received the frightened women and children who fled to him for shelter from their burning homes.

Night came on, a red darkness over the town, filled with the uproar of soldiers and the cries of women and children. Still he sat before his window, watching the cathedral, waiting to see it rise from its foundations and fall back in flames. He loved his people as a priest, but that cathedral he loved as a mother loves her child.

At ten o'clock he went into his garden, which is nearer the cathedral. He saw the "silent motor" enter the square and stop at the foot of the tower. He understood what that meant. Every German brigade is followed by this ambulance of death, an automobile filled with incendiary bombs. It moves very slowly on that account, and very silently, like Death creeping in.

He saw the men busy with something there at the bottom of the tower. Then he heard one say to the other: "It's finished; let us go quickly." And the silent motor moved quickly out of the square.

The priest ran into his house, gathered the women and children about him and took them farther back into the town, where he thought they would be safe from the explosion. But he could not remain with them. He was thinking of his cathedral, of the bombs laid beneath the tower. So he came back to the square, which was empty—not a German in sight. He thought the tower looked at him, called to him. He trembled, he was "most cowardly afraid," yet he went across to her, that Mary Mother pile of stone. He got down on his hands and knees and looked for the bombs.

"Father, if you had found them what would you have done?" I exclaimed.

He lowered his eyes and remained silent for a moment.

"I was most awfully afraid, but if I had found them I should have been obliged to take them in my hands and carry them away."

And he would have done it. No one who sees him can doubt that.

"But there were no bombs there? Do you think you could have dreamed you saw the silent motor?" I asked. The good father shrugged his shoulders.

The next day he offered himself to the German commander and was accepted as hostage for the good conduct of the people, so the remainder of the town was saved. This is why Senlis looks as if a tornado of flames had swept through the center of it, without touching so much as a flower on either side.

The rain was still falling drop by drop through the darkness when I boarded the train for Paris. I shall always remember Senlis beneath a gray winter sky, with the rain falling like tears upon her ruins. I thought I was to have the carriage to myself; but just as we were moving out of the station a very grim-looking Frenchman, wearing the uniform of an officer, came along, looking into the carriages. It may have been my overwrought nerves, but my heart sank when he immediately opened the door and flung himself in. When one is a foreigner in a war-maddened country grievously afflicted with spies it is not reassuring to ride for hours in a railway compartment opposite a man whose expression, no less than his uniform, proclaimed the ruling spirit of the hour.

I took out a little paper volume of Joseph Conrad's short stories and affected to read. The officer threw his overcoat on his knees and affected to sleep. I did not read and he did not sleep. Every time I looked cautiously over the top of the book I perceived a black-eyed man observing me through the narrow slits between his upper and lower eyelids. At a station somewhere on the road he went out, but when the train started he was back in his place. At the next station another officer in uniform entered the carriage. Not a word was spoken between that place and Paris. I could not have felt more guilty if I had committed high treason, though I knew I had spent the day innocently. I was in flight long before the train stopped at the Gare du Nord. I stumbled in my effort to get out ahead of them. And I was still aware of their presence immediately behind me when I climbed into the first taxi I saw.

When I reached my room in the hotel the window on the opposite side of the court was dark for the first time since I have been here. But now there is a tall French officer quartered in the house. He never seems to be out of it. Doubtless he is some orderly connected with a Red Cross ambulance, but to my imagination, excited by so many strange and terrible dangers, this man seems awfully personal.

SEEING BY WIRE

TELEVISION, or seeing by wire from a distance—long the dream of inventors, and sure, when it comes, to be a modern wonder more stirring than the telephone or wireless—has been brought in the last few months fairly near to practical operation. Almost any day now one may expect to hear of a machine that crudely yet successfully will see from a distance. It is entirely possible to build such a roughly working apparatus now if there were combined in the one machine the best points of all the experimental devices that have recently been produced. Two exhibitions of very crude television were given recently—one before a British learned society by Dr. A. M. Low, and the other before the Academy of Science, in Paris, by a French scientist. A third inventor displayed before the Royal Society, in London, a device that almost solved one of the most difficult problems—the original recording of the scene to be transmitted by wire.

From these laboratory experiments it is a long step to showing the world's championship baseball games on moving-picture screens in every city of the United States while the games are in progress. Nevertheless, the step may be taken before many more championship series are played.

The French machine, constructed by Georges Rignoux, a brilliant young physicist of La Rochelle, follows the same general principles that have been tried in most of the television devices since inventors began to work on the problem, many years ago. He has succeeded in sending pictures of letters of the alphabet by wire.

A letter placed before the receiver of his machine instantly appears on a screen at the receiving end, in the next room or miles away; and, no matter how rapidly the letters are changed, if not too rapid for the eye, the screen shows the change.

Rignoux uses a camera with the usual lens to record the scene he wishes to send, the letter A for instance. In the back of the camera, instead of a film or plate, are sixty-four cells—eight rows of eight each. Each of these cells is made very sensitive to light by means of selenium. The amount of electricity that will pass through a bit of selenium varies according to the amount of light thrown on it; so each of the sixty-four cells is in a separate circuit.

When the camera points to the letter A the black form of the letter shades some of the cells, while other cells catch the light from the white paper on which the A is printed. Every one of the sixty-four cells then reports, by means of its separate current of electricity, whether it received a black impression or a white impression.

The picture, in other words, has been divided into sixty-four points. If the light value of each of these sixty-four points is reproduced on a screen at the other end of the wire, each point in its right place, there will appear on the screen a letter A, made of a number of dots instead of solid lines.

Any half-tone illustration in a magazine or newspaper will show how the dots can be made to make a picture. Examination of a newspaper half-tone will show something like four thousand of these dots to a square inch, the dots varying in blackness. This part of Rignoux's machine follows the usual method. Doctor Low's camera is much the same.

Next, it is necessary to telegraph to the receiving station the light value of each of these sixty-four dots. It could be done easily by having sixty-four sets of wires, but that would mean the whole effort would be impracticable whenever an attempt was made to send a large and clear picture, which is evident from the fact that newspaper pictures use four thousand dots to a square inch. Rignoux, however, has devised a collector which takes a report on each of the sixty-four cells in turn, and sends it to the receiving station so rapidly that all sixty-four are sent without confusion many times a second; and only two wires are used.

At the receiving station there is a screen, in darkness, on which is thrown, from a set of mirrors, a succession of light beams. Each light beam goes to its own special place on the screen, each being controlled by one of the sixty-four cells in the camera at the other end of the wire. All sixty-four points are flashed on the screen so rapidly that each has several flashes a second.

By the phenomenon of retention of vision, on which moving pictures are based, all sixty-four points seem to be receiving light at the same time instead of one by one, in turn; so the screen shows, by dark dots and light dots, just what the camera is seeing at that same instant.

Rignoux has been devoting most of his attention to the perfection of his collecting device and to the throwing of light beams on the screen; so he has not tried to send half lights, but simply light dots and dark dots. Doctor Low's cells send half lights reasonably well; but another British scientist, L. H. Walter, has found a way to do it very well.

What is more, he seems to have found a way to concentrate a great number of these cells in a small space. By his method four thousand dots to a square inch ought to be possible. Instead of using selenium he has made up cells of chemicals and metal which are vastly more sensitive than selenium to changes of light intensity.

Furthermore, instead of a separate cell for each dot he uses one multiple cell which will report the light intensity of each dot on its surface.

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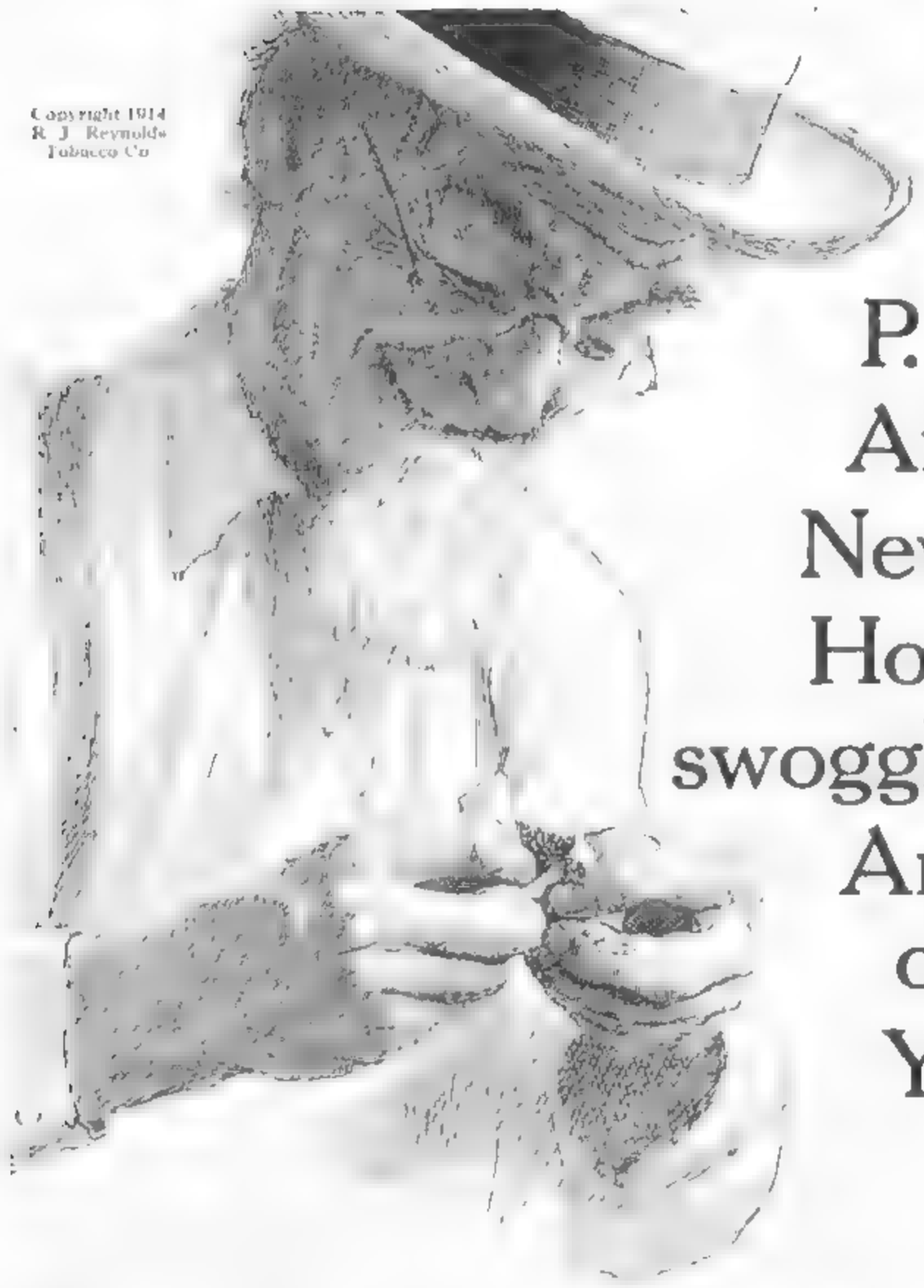

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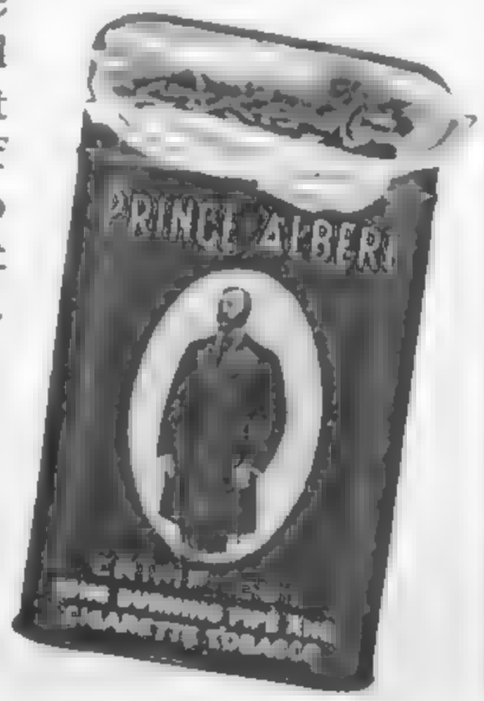

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HER FLING

(Concluded from Page 7)

wasn't so much the clothes, though they're undignified for a lady of mother's age. It's all—the rest! My position in this house is unbearable." She began to cry in a half-hearted way.

"Martha!" spoke her father sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

Martha, her head on the end of the sofa, forced a small wail and did not answer.

"She means," spoke Evelyn Garden gravely, "that she can't bear to have me of importance in my own house."

Garden grinned suddenly.

"It wasn't so before—we came to this horrid Compton," said Martha. "She—she always used to sit upstairs and sew laces on things—for me. And the parties were all—for me. And—and she wore dark dresses, and—and didn't talk much; and—and I had the gay times, as a -as a girl ought. Now it's dif-different. Why, she has prettier clothes than I ——"

"We spend the same money, Martha," put in Mrs. Garden.

"Oh, I don't care! She ought to see that mine are prettier; her taste is better—she's older!" the girl snapped. And then: "I came back expecting at-attention; and she has every man in town on her string. And Jim Carr—t-two people told me today he was in love with her!"

Martha had scored now. Mrs. Garden stood silent, as still as marble, by the roses—Jim Carr's roses.

"I—I can't live in such an unnatural way—my own mother taking all the b-brightness out of my life! I'm going to—going to marry Mr. Amory."

Garden swung about toward that not too graceful heap on the sofa.

"Marry Mr. Amory! You're mad, Martha! He's thirty years older than you."

"I—I don't care! He loves me very—very wonderfully." She was poking at her eyes with her handkerchief. The sensation she had made was doing her good. "And he's as rich as Crœsus."

Evelyn turned to her husband; her hands went out in a gesture. John Garden's head was bent as though by weight; his eyes burned as he stared at his daughter.

"Do you love Mr. Amory, Martha?" Martha began to whimper again. "Do you?" he repeated.

"Don't—don't be so hard, father," she complained. "Of course I love him—some. I shouldn't think of marrying him if—if I didn't love him, should I? But ——" A full stop.

"But what, Martha?" John Garden's voice was quiet.

"But—I don't love him—quite so much —— Oh, it's hard to say it! It's cruel of you to make me say it." Martha was enjoying herself immensely, tears and cruelty included.

"Say it, Martha."

"I don't love him so much as Mr. Letterblair."

"Letterblair?"

"Mr. Amory's secretary."

"Does he want to marry you too?"

"Yes." Martha permitted herself a coy smile.

"And you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Martha; and glanced up to see the effect.

Evelyn Garden swept across the room; she knelt with her arms about her big daughter.

"Martha, my little girl, if you love him and he's worth it—marry him! Why should you think you have to sacrifice your heart? Why should you do such a horrible thing as to marry an old man for money?"

"Mother!" Martha drew away with offended dignity. "I wouldn't marry him for money. I love him—quite a little."

Martha got up gloomily.

"It's you who can't understand, I think, mother. I shall have to decide alone, as you won't help me. Most girls have a mother's advice to lean on; but I'll have to act by myself. It's very lonely for me; but I hope at least you'll take time to help me with my trousseau," she added reproachfully. "That's likely to be important if I marry Mr. Amory."

She was gone. Evelyn sat on the sofa, her head in her hands, her body fallen into lax lines. Her husband stared at her.

"It must be my fault," she said at last. "Yet I tried. And I've failed. I've made some horrid mistake with her. It's my fault."

"It's not your fault." Garden spoke impatiently. "She's not got it in her—that's all. Some people are built so—limited. She's a good girl, I suppose. We both adore her, of course; and so ——"

Evelyn flashed up at him.

"I don't adore her, John! It's hideous, but I don't. Of course I remember how she was my darling little baby, and how I adored her then; but ——" A pause. "Ever since she was twelve she has patronized me and looked down on me; and now—now, when she sees I'm able to take a small place of my own, she resents it. She's—jealous of me!"

"I suppose you mean"—Garden's voice was dry and hard—"what she said about Carr." A silence. "Is that true, Evelyn?" No answer. A longer silence; then: "Ah!" Another silence. "It is true. Are you in love with him also?"

Then something unexpected happened. Swiftly, like a flash of light, she flew to him; his head was in her arms; she was kissing the top of it, where the gray hairs were thick in the dark thatch.

"John! No! Nobody but you. Didn't you know it? You don't care much; you think I'm dull; you've lost interest. But I've never—I never will!"

By now she was on his knee, her arms were about his neck, and there was a haze and an upheaval and a glory round John Garden that seemed to stop the world. No more words then; but she hid her face on his stiff white collar and held tight to all of him possible. He tried to speak, and had to try again.

"Evelyn! Darling!" was what he said. His voice broke on that tender statement. "When Martha said that about Carr I felt I was done. Without you! Without your love! Why, you're the foundation of my life!"

She lifted her head. "I won't be foundation any more—just foundation."

"Well, then, you're all of it. You exquisite thing! You angel! You silly! Don't you know how wonderful I think you?"

"Then," said Evelyn Garden, "tell me so. Tell me every fifteen minutes."

John Garden did not smile.

"I think I might manage that," he considered.

Then Evelyn stood in front of him and talked.

"John," she said, "I knew you'd like me more if other people approved of me—yes, that's so! And I cared. I wanted your love, not your tolerance. That was all I'd had for years. I was a mummy. Of course you merely did your duty by me. And then Jim Carr saw me one day when I happened to seem—young. And he liked me. And it astonished me, and made me think. I began to want pleasure, personal existence. He did that for me—waked me. And I'll always be thankful to him and care for him."

"You should," said John Garden.

"I knew you'd say it." She spoke gratefully. "And you can afford generosity, John, because it's not as I care for you. But I'd had long, deadening years, when often it seemed as though nothing was worth while. I wasn't of much importance to anybody—you, even. No, dear; I wasn't. What, John?"

The man had thrown out his arms on the table and his head fell on them. She bent over him, listening.

"Selfish brute? You're not! You just didn't see. But now I count—don't I, John? And I'm going to live harder and harder—not all frivolity, like these three months; that was just"—she laughed—"my fling. I'm going to live and do things—worth-while things. And you're going to think me worth while—aren't you, John? And tell me so—tell me that you love me? Every fifteen minutes?"

It was almost twenty-four hours later when Garden stood at the foot of his own staircase and looked up at the slender figure that descended to him leisurely from step to step. She wore a pink dress—the pink dress; not the aggressive pink of peppermint candy which Martha would have chosen, but a color that might be dissolved June roses, with a gold-brown October leaf melted in, and cobwebs crusted on it of silver and gold—a poem in clothes was what she wore. He caught her hand as she came smiling, and bent and kissed it.

"It's only fourteen minutes," he said; "but I can't wait—I love you!"

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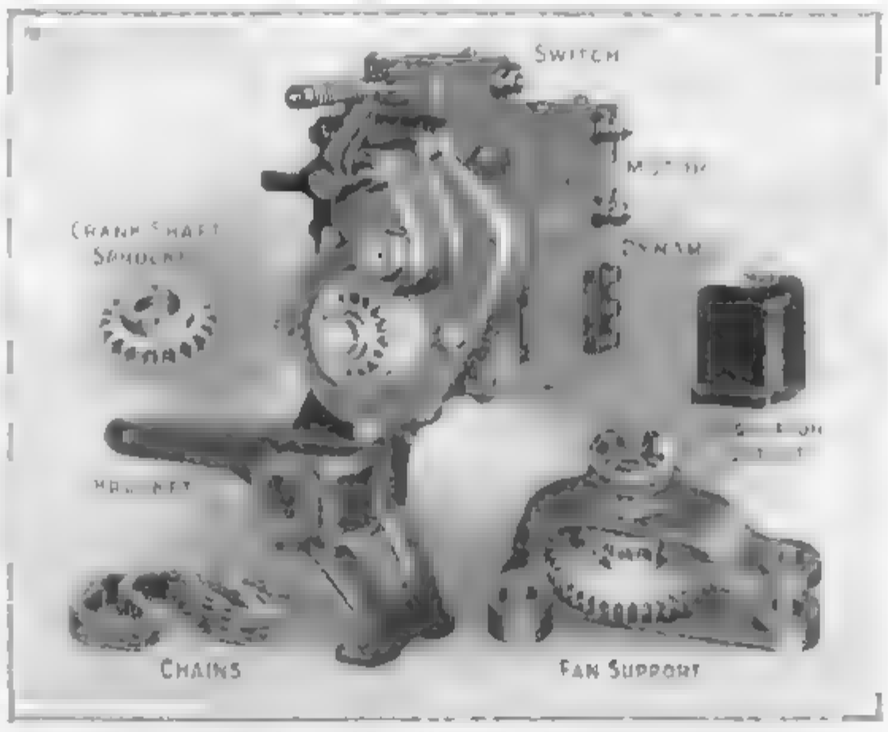
The system for Ford cars includes dynamo, starting motor, 6-volt battery, battery box, indicator for dash, switches and all necessary connections and wiring.

Dynamo is driven by silent chain from crank shaft. Starting motor also engages crank shaft by means of silent chain. Both units are light in weight.

Compactness

Both units are housed in a compact manner. They fit snugly at the left-hand side of the engine.



The entire system is self-contained beneath the hood.

Power

The Gray & Davis starting motor is very powerful. Cranks the engine in the coldest weather. Starts even if cylinders have stopped on dead center. Overcomes back-firing, pre-ignition and the "stalled" engine.

Simplicity

The only attention necessary is occasional lubrication and the addition of distilled water to the battery every two weeks.

DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta, Ga., Foyea-Austell Company	Indianapolis, Ind., Gibson Automobile Co.	Providence, R. I., Dutee Wilcox Flint
Boston, Mass., Mitchell & Smith, Inc.	Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City Auto Supply Co.	Richmond, Va., Kaehler Motor Car Company
Buffalo, N. Y., Jas. G. Barclay, Inc.	Los Angeles, Cal., Chanslor & Lyon Company	Rochester, N. Y., Barclay-Brown Co., Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Erwin Greer & Company	Louisville, Ky., Roy F. Warner Company	San Antonio, Tex., Fisk Company of Texas
Cincinnati, O., Coughlin & Davis, Inc.	Memphis, Tenn., Lilly Carriage Company	San Francisco, Cal., Chanslor & Lyon Company
Columbus, O., Rogers Supply & Tire Co.	New Orleans, La., Interstate Electric Co.	Seattle, Wash., Chanslor & Lyon Company
Dallas, Tex., Fisk Company of Texas	Oakland, Cal., Chanslor & Lyon Company	St. Louis, Mo., Phœnix Auto Supply Co.
Denver, Colo., Auto Equipment Co	Omaha, Neb., Powell Supply Company	St. Paul, Minn., Electric Mfg. Company
Detroit, Mich., F. E. Holmes	Philadelphia, Pa., J. H. McCullough & Son	Toledo, Ohio, Roberts-Toledo Auto Co.
Fresno, Cal., Chanslor & Lyon Company	Pittsburgh, Pa., Jos. Woodwell Co.	Washington, D. C., Miller Bros. Auto & Supply House
Houston, Tex., Fisk Company of Texas	Portland, Ore., Chanslor & Lyon Company	Wellington, N. Z., Colonial Motor Company

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., Boston, Mass.

This System will be exhibited at New York and Chicago Auto Shows.

What Cigarette is always spoken of as "*Distinctively Individual*"?

In what Cigarette are tobaccos mild yet full-bodied, delicate and aromatic, perfectly-balanced—all blended into one "*Distinctive Individuality*" that charms and satisfies?

What Cigarette embodies tobaccos from Cavalla and Xanthi, from Smyrna and Samsoun into the Original Turkish-Blend?

What Cigarette is put into a simple package without costly frills and furbelows, so you get 20 that are real pleasures and for 15 cents?

What Cigarette pleases more smokers, five to one, than any other 15-cent cigarette?

Made by

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS

(Concluded from Page 16)

streaked it for second. The ball hit five feet in front of the bag, bounced between the first baseman's legs and kept on down the foul line. Con, who was off to a flying start, reached third without any trouble.

"Hey, Hooley!" he yells. "You'd be a good catcher if you didn't throw in so many runs!"

The next batter hit a line drive to the shortstop, who knocked it down and threw to Hooley to cut Con off at the plate. Con came home with a jumping slide that knocked the ball out of Hooley's hands, and old Wallace used some terrible language—terrible!

The game tightened up after the fourth, and those two runs, which we owed to Con's racket with Hooley, were lonesome on the scoreboard. Up to the ninth inning it had the look of a shut-out. Hooley's outfit came up for their last crack at the ball, sullen and savage, with Hooley himself coaching at first.

The first man popped up and the second man struck out. All over the place people began to work their way toward the exits. They thought it was over.

"Let's have the next one!" yells Con, lively as a cricket. "Let's have the next one and then we'll all go home!"

The next one was Rabbit Bradley, a fair hitter and a streak on the bases. The Rabbit beat out an infield single— he took an awful crack at one but hit it on top. The crowd sent up a few scattering yells and stopped drifting, to see what was coming next. Demon Davy Hartford didn't keep us waiting long. The first ball looked good to him and he singled, sending the Rabbit to second.

Then the fans began to root in real earnest. George Lee was next at bat, and George is the Ty Cobb of our league—the leading hitter and base stealer.

Old Oscar took a good long think before he began pitching to Lee, and while he waited the crowd roared till the very ground seemed to shake. It was their first chance to do any cheering and they made the most of it.

One ball! . . . Two balls!

"Aw, let him hit it! You're afraid to let him hit it!"

"Put that ball over the plate!"

Oscar has heard plenty of crowds. He cinched up his belt a notch, tied one shoe, and stalled along till the umpire warned him. Then he cut the outside corner with a curve, and George didn't go after it. Two and one!

Oscar waited again and it was his fast ball this time. George threw up his arms and jumped away from the plate, and up went the umpire's left hand. Three and one!

Again the wait in between. There was so much noise you couldn't have heard yourself think. Oscar rubbed some dirt on his hands and dusted it off on his shirt. Once more the fast ball, but this one was so wide that George dropped his bat and started to first before the umpire called it.

Three on; two down; two runs needed to tie and three to win. It still looked easy to us; but every ball player knows that there is no such thing as a cinch, especially when the winning run is already on the bases.

Hooley, back of first, had been making signs with both hands, and Mike Doherty came up, swinging as many bats as he could get hold of. Mike was Hooley's pinch hitter and a tough customer.

Oscar went at him with curves, because Mike murders a fast ball; and the count proceeded. One ball! One strike! Two balls! Two and two, and then three and two!

"Now it's got to be over!" croaks Hooley. "He's got to groove this one, boys! All ready with the big start!"

It seemed about a week and a half before Oscar took his position to deliver that last ball. Twice he shook his head on the catcher's signs, and when his arm finally did swing back the three runners were off like sprinters leaving their marks. Three and two, and two out—there wasn't a thing in the world for them to wait for.

The ball came straight down the groove, a strike all the way; and Mike stepped into it, swinging with everything between spikes and shoulders. Cr-r-rash! The crowd gave one terrific yell that died to nothing all at once—the yell that we always look for when a ball is hit in a pinch—the yell that is part hope that the hit will go safe and part fear that it won't.

Over at short Jack Belcher took one step and scooped the ball off the ground. It was a sizzling wallop and Mike hadn't any more than got started for first before Belcher straightened up with it in his glove. There wasn't anything to hurry him and Jack took his time on the throw—it was one that had to go straight.

He made a perfect peg; and Con, his foot on the bag, reached out to take it, waist-high and aimed straight at him. You could just see Dexter's pennant hopes smothering to death in that flat, black right-handed mitt!

And then, while Con was reaching for the ball and every Dexter bug on the premises was conceding it to him, it came two short, sharp blasts of a bicycle whistle!

If I ever said that I doubted the traumatic neurosis thing I take it all back. Con Fulgarney jumped halfway to second base, and the ball, just missing him, went on to the bleachers. Before anybody could get to it, the three runners had scored and we were licked.

And before the crowd shut 'em out of my sight I got one glimpse of Wallace Hooley stuffing something into his hip pocket and grinning, in spite of the fact that Con Fulgarney was trying to choke him to death.

Afterward, in the clubhouse, we had quite a session. Con was hiding in a locker and trying to explain through the cracks about his nervous system; and Jimmy, with a telegraph pole of a bat, was daring him to come out and explain it to his face.

"Don't do that!" I says. "The poor boy ain't to blame."

"What do you mean he ain't to blame?" yells Jimmy. "If he'll come out here I'll make him think he is! Didn't he get out of the way of that ball and let three runs score? Why ain't he to blame?"

"Because," I says, "he's got traumatic neurosis, and he jumps forty feet every time he hears a whistle. That's one of the symptoms, Jim—and old Hooley had a whistle! I could have told you if you'd asked me."

And then I had to knock Jimmy down and sit on him till he got over his excitement.

Now you know why I say Con Fulgarney won't last very long in the big league. Some day they will hear about Hooley and his bicycle whistle, and they will make Con jump clear into a Class D League, where he belongs. A regular first baseman has got to be healthy—believe me!

GOOD OLD DOC LIGMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

"I am used to this, my dear boys. What is one more trip to a country doctor who has bumped over the roads for forty years at all times o' night? A countryman will grin and bear his ache as long as it's daylight; then he will get scared in the night and send for a doctor. And an old doctor must never admit to anybody that he is tired or sleepy or sick. He'd lose caste in the country. I hope I'm laying up treasures in heaven—I certainly am not doing so on earth."

"I always supposed there was good money in an old-established country practice," said Marston.

"There is a lot of money in mine, but I can't get it out," confessed Doctor Ligmore whimsically. "The poor folks never pay and the others stand a country doctor off until he sues—and I'm no hand for law."

As though Marston had given him a text, he preached on this topic hour after hour. And daily he dwelt on it after they had been installed in his cottage on the edge of Newry Village. He was not resentful—he did not whine; but when he found time to sit with them in their attic room or late at night in his little office, with curtains drawn and windows shut tight, where the mingled scents of medicaments flavored the stifle of the rank tobacco smoke, he meekly unfolded to them the disappointments in a country doctor's life.

He had dreamed of a competence, of travel, of study in foreign parts. Then he showed them names of debtors on his dog-eared call book and told the hard-luck stories of the unfortunate homes. He did not boast of his self-sacrifice or his forbearance.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Solve the Problem of Useful Gifts for Men

This partial list, selected from the wide variety of Colgate Gifts for all the family, will make your shopping easier.

Why not follow the example of thousands at the holiday season last year—be a "SPUG," join the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving.

Colgate's Shaving Stick It brings shaving comfort by its plentiful soft-ening lather which needs no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers and leaves no smart or burn. It is "The Magic Wand of Shaving."

Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder The Powder that Shortens the Shave. A little sprinkled on the wet brush makes the same delightful Colgate lather—quickly, easily, economically. Many prefer this method.

Colgate's Perfected Shaving Cream Two or three tubes will make a man "shaving-happy" for a whole year.

Colgate's Talc Powder Many men like to use a talc powder after shaving. There is no talc more favored than Colgate's by both men and women. It is the real boric powder that is not only delightful to use but is antiseptic as well. Such a wide choice of delicate perfumes that any user's preference may be suited. Colgate's Talc is also prepared unscented.

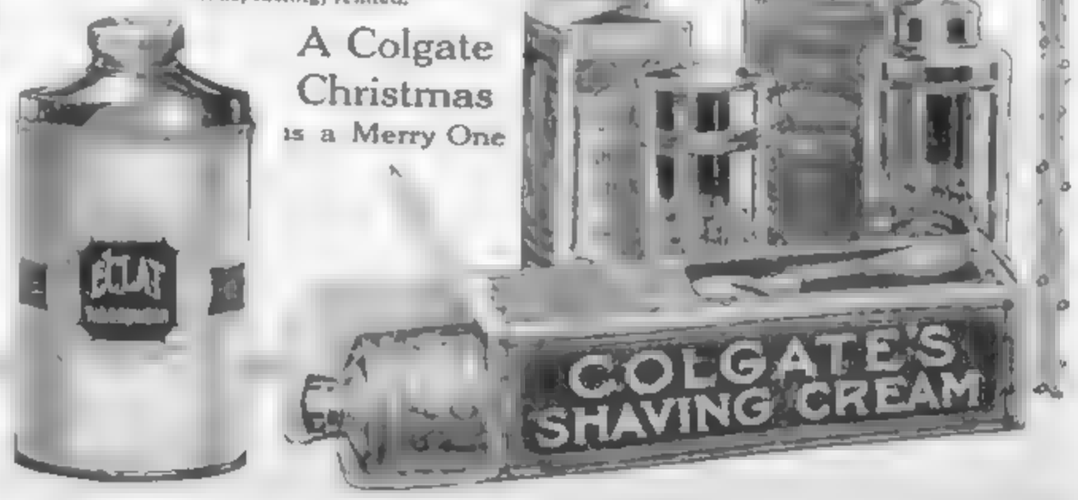
Colgate's Lilac Imperial—A toilet water much liked by men.

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—Luxurious and lasting.

This year most all of us are considering more seriously the question of economy. Buy *useful* Colgate Gifts instead of "gimcracks."

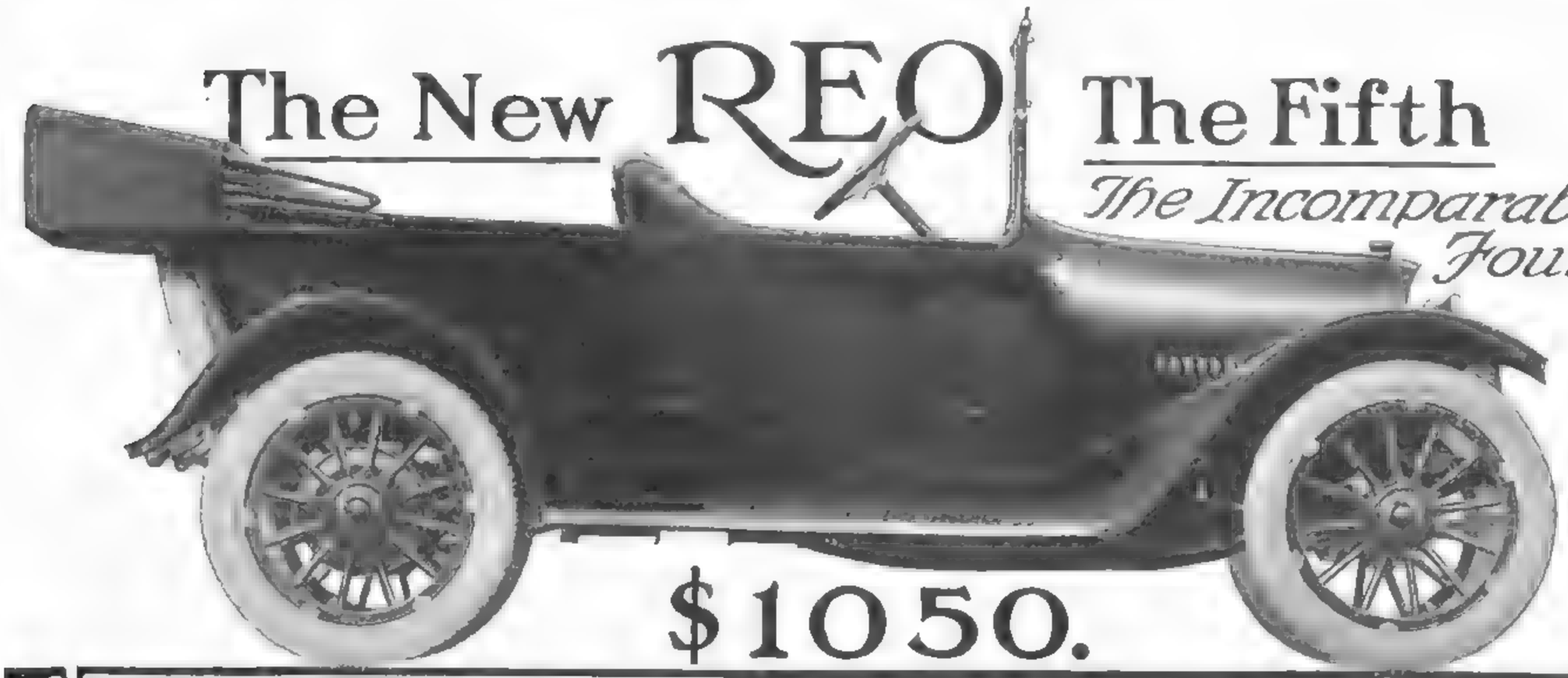
Your dealer has Colgate's Comforts for Christmas—all moderate in price and high in quality.

COLGATE & CO., NEW YORK
Established 1806
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.



The New REO The Fifth

The Incomparable Four



$1050.

The New Reo The Fifth—The "Four"

WHAT NEED WE ADD to that you already know of this great car? For of course you do know. If you have not owned one, you have many friends who do. And they have doubtless told you in more extravagant terms than we would care to use.

MORE THAN 40,000 of these cars are today in hands of users. 12,000 were sold last season

AND AS PROVING the popularity of this model we need only say that on November 10th the last touring car left the Reo factory. And that for thirty days at least there has not been, so far as we know, a Reo the Fifth on any dealer's sales-floor anywhere.

THE PROOF OF QUALITY in any product is "will it sell in the off season?" Autumn is supposed to be the off season for motor cars Not for Reo cars though—we have never known a time when, even with our splendid factory facilities, we were able to make enough Reos to supply the demand

WE HAVE JUST INCREASED our plant nearly 50 per cent—necessary to produce the new "Six." And we hope to be able to more nearly supply our dealers this year than formerly

AS WE HAVE NO AMBITION, however, to be maker of the most automobiles, but of the best. We do not expect, ever, to supply all the demand for Reo cars. That would be our idea of—well, the reverse of success

TO MAKE THEM EVER BETTER—so much better that, always, the demand will beckon the supply—that is our aim.

FOUR YEARS AGO we announced that, after more than 23 years of experimenting—testing—proving, we had produced a chassis that we believed was finality in all essentials of design. And we said so.

SOME FRIENDLY RIVALS laughed at that statement—said that changes would continue to come with the seasons—as they always had

NEVERTHELESS WE WERE CERTAIN in our own minds that, in the three-unit power plant and in other features that have become known as peculiarly Reo, we had established principles that would not change—so long at least as the principles of gas engines remained as they were.

IMPROVEMENTS? Refinements? Of course—but only in minor details. The world moves and of course we expect to move with it.

BUT IN THE FUNDAMENTALS of a self-propelled pleasure car, we were convinced we were right. Events have only served to confirm us in that belief

FROM SEASON TO SEASON we have made such improvements as the progress of the science has made possible. And as our facilities have increased and our purchasing ability become greater, we have from time to time reduced the price of Reo cars at the same time that we have increased the quality and the size.

IN THE CASE OF THIS "FOUR" we have been able to do two things we had considered impossible—we have made a bigger, and at the same time we have made a still better, car

"HOW WAS THAT POSSIBLE?" you ask. We'll tell you:—

THE MOTOR PROVED to have more power than was necessary—more than was really desirable for the weight of the car. Refinements, recently made, increased that power still more.

SO WE FOUND we could add three and one-half very desirable inches to the length of the car, give the buyer a more luxurious equipage, and yet have a car of ample power

THAT DIFFERENCE in length—and we made it wider at the same time—makes all the difference in the world in the capacity and the comfort of the car

OTHER NOTICEABLE improvements—in a car which formerly seemed almost perfection—are

IMPROVED UPHOLSTERING—higher backs to seats.

IMPROVED WINDSHIELD support—with braces running from cowl to body sill

POCKETS in all doors.

INSTRUMENTS mounted flush on instrument board.

HOOD FASTENERS—new and improved type. Stay put—and unfasten readily when you want them to.

ENTIRELY NEW TOP—a real one-man top. Can actually be put up or down by one man—after long use as well as when new

WINDSHIELD—Oval molding and pressed steel construction throughout

RADIATOR—New method of securing to frame—more flexible—prevents strains on roughest roads. More cooling capacity.

WHEEL BASE—increased 3"—now 115

NOBBY TREAD TIRES on rear wheels and extra wide, oversize, demountable rims

SPRINGS—Improved method of lubrication for spring shackles

STREAMLINE HUB-CAPS—an exclusive Reo feature

ANTI-RATTLER on brakes, and anti-rattling support.

IMPROVED STARTING mechanism—no sliding contacts and resistance

NEW HEADLIGHTS with hingeless anti-rattling doors and outside focus attachment

NEW DESIGN FENDERS—crown type, closer fitting under pan.

NEW METHOD of supporting ignition coil. New design universal joint for generator

NEW CYLINDER DESIGN—independent exhaust ports. Injector type exhaust manifold. New low-pressure muffler

NEW THREE PIECE piston rings, giving greater power and acceleration.

IMPROVED VALVE operation mechanism—larger surfaces, ball joints, self-lubricating.

NEW ONE PIECE cam shaft—larger bearings—and hardened and ground.

ADDED FRICTION SURFACE to clutch. New operating mechanism calling for less foot pressure. Improved thrust bearings.

EQUIPMENT—One-man top. Flush instruments; highest priced d'Arsoval type ammeter and usual tools and accessories.

DELIVERIES BEGIN December 15th. Your local dealer will be able to show you and to take your order for this matchless car on or about that date.

Reo Purchasing Power Made

A Condition That Was An Insurmountable Obstacle To Some Proved To Be Reo's Golden Opportunity

WE PROMPTLY TOOK and are giving you—full advantage of it.

READ CAREFULLY—It's the Silver Lining to the War-Cloud.

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE that the Reo Motor Car Company is financially one of the strongest Automobile concerns in the world.

OR WEREN'T YOU?—We had supposed that knowledge was common property. Anyway, you can easily ascertain the truth of the assertion.

WE WOULDN'T MENTION IT HERE, never have before—but it is necessary to state the fact in order to explain something that is otherwise unexplainable—the wonderful values we are able to give in the two Reo models shown and priced above.

FOR "WONDERFUL VALUES" is the only term that expresses it. Think of it! The New Reo the Fifth—that incomparable four, improved at many points and a larger car than its immediate predecessor—and at $125.00 less than last season.

AND THE SENSATIONAL REO SIX—a Six designed and made the Reo way and with the Reo guarantee, at the amazing price of $1385!

THAT CALLS FOR EXPLANATION, for neither you nor anybody else dreamed it would ever be possible to produce such cars at such prices.

SO SURE WERE WE OURSELVES of that, we went so far as to state in an advertisement a year ago "no maker ever can—not even Reo ever can—give greater value than this"—speaking then of Reo the Fifth at $1175.

YOU RECALL THE STATEMENT doubtless—so when you saw the price, $1050, quoted above—and realized also that this latest Reo the Fifth is a larger and an improved car, you wondered.

WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER—and it's mightily interesting:

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR has created two sets of conditions—contradictory in some respects.

FOR EXAMPLE, while we know that Six Hundred Millions of dollars go into American banks every thirty days—a guarantee of prosperity and of a market for automobiles in the coming months—at the same time you know that the banks are most conservative about loaning it out. And that is as it should be. Safety First.

AND SO YOU KNOW—if you stop to think about it—that many manufacturers, of automobiles and of other commodities, who were financially sound but who lacked a large surplus of cash, found it impossible to borrow during the past few months. These were necessarily limited in their buying and production capacity to their own funds.

AND THAT WAS WHERE REO, with its enviable financial position—having the money and in cash, and controlled, not by absentee shareholders but by the men who daily direct the Reo destinies—was able to avail itself of the condition that then existed.

TO BUY WHEN OTHERS WERE EAGER TO SELL—and when there was practically no competition in the buying market.

TO MAKE MORE CARS at a time when most makers must perforce curtail—and to have them ready for our dealers and customers when the demand will be heaviest.

NO ONE COULD HAVE FORESEEN the condition that had arisen. The best authorities on world affairs did not anticipate the war. At the time when we

The REO SIX

The Six of Sixty Superiorities

$1385.

These Wonderful Values Possible

said, "This is the best value it will ever be possible for us to give," we had in mind, of course, the normal conditions that then existed. Those conditions changed overnight.

WHY, A FEW MONTHS AGO if a manufacturer wanted a few thousand tons of steel, of a special kind, he had to go to the mills, say please—and wait his turn.

THEN THE WAR—The doubt, the uncertainty—stagnation for a time.

THEN IF IT BECAME KNOWN there was an order for steel in sight we found, figuratively speaking, representatives of twenty steel mills camping on the steps of a morning, waiting to say please to the purchasing agent!

THAT CONDITION was of the moment only—but it existed. And only because we were alert and able to take instant advantage of it are we now able to give you the unprecedented—the unexpected—the unhoped-for values we announce in this ad.

WE HAD THE CASH—our own, to use on the instant without let or hindrance from anyone. We could declare another dividend—or invest it to vastly greater advantage in the future of Reo. We chose the latter course.

SO WE BOUGHT, and, paying the cash when cash was at a premium, bought right. Bought better than we had ever hoped—secured quality at prices theretofore impossible. From tires to electric starters—steel to leather—and hair—and paint.

THE WAR IS BENEFICIAL to those American manufacturers who, like Reo, are alert to take advantage of it.

AND SO WE HAVE NO APOLOGIES to make even to those friends to whom we sold 12,000 Reos last season. Nor for a statement that we made in the best of faith—and must now contradict in the same good faith.

FOR IN GIVING OUR CUSTOMERS the full benefit of the Reo purchasing power, instead of retaining the former price and taking the additional profit ourselves we are only carrying out that policy which, adhered to from the first, has placed the Reo Motor Car Company in the splendid position it occupies today.

SPEAKING OF POLICY—let us correct an impression that we know is abroad.

OUR FRIENDS CRITICIZE US at times for what they call our "ultra-conservatism."

ABOUT THE ONLY COMPLAINT we ever hear from Reo dealers is that we are too modest in setting forth the merits of the Reo product.

WELL, PERHAPS THAT IS TRUE—if adherence to the strict truth in our ads; if a determination not to be carried away by the mania for mere quantities; if we prefer to produce less cars that we may be first in quality—if these be indications of "ultra-conservatism"—why, then we plead guilty.

BUT OUR FRIENDLY CRITICS must concede that that Conservative Reo policy has produced tremendous results. Note the statement in the third paragraph of this ad.

WE DON'T CALL IT that, however. We call it conservatism militant. Aggressive conservatism. Alert conservatism. Being sure—absolutely sure—we are right, then going ahead unfalteringly—irresistibly.

DOESN'T THE VERY FACT that we were financially able to and did take advantage of a condition that we knew was transitory; and the further fact that, having bought better, we instantly offered the better values to Reo buyers—doesn't that look like "militant" rather than "ultra" conservatism?

WE THINK SO—and so we leave the case in your hands.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

The "Six" of "Sixty Superiorities"

THIS "SIX" IS SENSATIONAL not because it is a "six"—but because it is a Reo "Six"

FOR REO WAS NOT one of the first to embrace the "Six" idea. Reo is one of the last.

REO WILL NEVER BE one of the first to adopt any innovation. For our policy has ever been to sell not ideas but automobiles. Dependable automobiles.

AND YOU WILL ALWAYS find Reo "trailing" to just that extent. We will never be one of those to "take a chance"—with our customers' money.

NOT UNTIL EVERY uncertain or unknown quantity has become a certainty will any new type of car or motor or axle or part be offered with the Reo name plate.

SO YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE—as you have in the past—that in buying a Reo you are investing in no experiment.

THIS SIX IS THE RIPEST RESULT of Reo engineering experience. The very fact that we make and offer it to you is evidence that the "Six" idea has now passed the realm of uncertainty.

THE "SIXTY"—

(1) FLAT TUBE RADIATOR—won't leak through freezing. Flat tubes expand—don't fracture under pressure of frost.

(2) RADIATOR DESIGN—the sloping, curved visor and graceful contour give class to the entire car.

(3) STREAMLINE HUB CAPS—original with Reo. Will be widely copied.

(4) EXTRA HEAVY, one-piece, forged front axle—50 per cent oversize.

(5) TIMKEN BEARINGS (4) in front hubs.

(6) REO CYLINDER DESIGN—guarantees straight cylinders, uniformity of water jackets—no distorted cylinders—no scored pistons.

(7) SAFETY FIRST—and sure—oiling system.

(8) THREE PIECE piston rings—more power—quicker acceleration.

(9) FIFTY PER CENT oversize crank shaft.

(10) EXTRA HEAVY cam shaft—extra large cams. One reason for silence and uniformity of power in this Reo.

(11) ECCENTRIC FAN belt adjustment.

(12) SPIRAL HALF-TIME gears.

(13) VALVE ACTION—roller lifters.

(14) OVERHEAD INTAKE VALVE—not exhaust. Another reason for greater power and silence.

(15) FIBRE ROLLER tappets on intake—another "silence" feature.

(16) VALVE ENCLOSURE—silences, and keeps them silent—see next paragraph.

(17) BREATHER TUBE exhausts in valve enclosure—keeps parts bathed in oil spray, and—

(18) NO OIL SPRAYED on outside of motor by breather-tube.

(19) TWO FLEXIBLE JOINTS between motor drive and generator.

(20) ADJUSTABLE main crank shaft bearings.

(21) DUAL—injector type—exhaust manifold.

(22) WATER HEATED INTAKE manifold.

(23) REO STEERING gear. Not a "talking point," but a driving convenience much prized by Reo owners.

(24) DRY DISC CLUTCH—no tendency to drag.

(25) THREE UNIT power plant.

(26) FOUR universal joints.

(27) BRAKE AND CLUTCH control system—only one hand lever.

(28) REO one-rod control—simplest ever devised.

(29) REO GEAR shift—direct connected lever—you feel the gears as if your fingers touched them.

(30) REO patented locking device—impossible for two gears to mesh at once.

(31) HYATT bearings in transmission.

(32) "INDEX" PLATE surrounding control rod.

(33) FULL FLOATING rear axle.

(34) COMBINATION Hyatt Hi-duty and Timken bearings in rear axle.

(35) NEW TYPE torque-arm. See the Book.

(36) WORM BEVEL driving gears.

(37) CANTILEVER rear springs.

(38) RIGID attachment of cantilever springs to axle.

(39) REMY electric starter and lighting.

(40) STARTER hook up—exclusively Reo. Worm drive. No shifting gears—no overrunning ratchets.

(41) STARTER LEVER—handy, but unobtrusive.

(42) TIRE PUMP attached to main driving shaft.

(43) DIMMING attachment to headlights.

(44) PILOT light and tail light connected in series.

(45) SPECIAL tail-light switch.

(46) PRACTICALLY one-piece pressed steel cowl.

(47) 6½ INCH WIDER tonneau, 122" wheelbase.

(48) 50 PER CENT OVERSIZE in all vital parts.

(49) REO ACCURACY—REO CARE—Reo inspection everywhere. Parts ground to absolute exactness.

(50) 190-ODD STEEL FORGINGS.

(51) REAL LEATHER upholstering—we've never found any substitute that was "just as good."

(52) REAL HAIR—retains its spring.

(53) REAL RUBBER and Sea Island cotton in tires.

(54) VENTILATING, rain-vision, clear-vision windshield.

(55) WINDSHIELD and top support—have to study in detail to fully appreciate.

(56) GENUINE one-man top.

(57) LIGHTER weight in proportion to power.

(58) EVERY PART—radiator-cap to tail light—Reo made and Reo guaranteed.

(59) MOST ACCESSIBLE car in the world. We will prove it to you.

(60) FINALLY—and most important to you, the Reo name-plate—signifies that the Reo guarantee, with all it stands for in integrity and financial stability, goes with the car.

DELIVERIES: Will begin about January 1st. Only way to be sure of getting yours early is to order now. See your local dealer.

How I Helped My Husband To Make More Money

The simple but amazing stories of how wives showed the way to their husbands which lifted them from clerkships to being their own bosses; how incomes were changed from $10, $12 and $15 a week to $5000, $6000 and $8000 a year.

How did these wives do it? Here they themselves tell

From a $10-a-Week Clerkship To $5000 a Year

An Express Agent Who Became a Merchant

A Year Ago $10 a Week—Now a Boss With Savings

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

instructions to my agent have been simple and definite. We have never haggled. Your name was known to me eight years ago, when you served us in St. Petersburg and served us well. You have done the same thing now and you have behaved with rare intelligence. Within the course of an hour I shall transfer ten thousand francs to the account of François Frenhofer at the English bank here."

The eyes of the man seemed suddenly like pinpricks of fire.

"Monsieur is a prince," he murmured. "And now for the further details. If monsieur would run the risk I would suggest that he accompany me to the office of this man Schwann."

Hunterleys made no immediate reply. He was walking up and down the narrow apartment. A brilliant idea had taken possession of him. The more he thought of it the more feasible it became.

"Frenhofer," he said at last, "I have a scheme of my own. You are sure that Mr. Grex has never seen this yacht?"

"He has never set eyes upon it, monsieur, save to try and single it out with his field-glasses from the balcony of the villa."

"And he is to board it to-night?"

"At ten o'clock to-night, monsieur, it is to lie off the Villa Mimosa. A pinnace is to fetch Mr. Grex and his friends on board from the private landing stage of the Villa Mimosa."

Hunterleys nodded thoughtfully.

"Frenhofer," he explained, "my scheme is this: A friend of mine has a yacht in the harbor. I believe that he would lend it to me. Why should we not substitute it for the yacht your master imagines that he is hiring? If so, all difficulties as to placing whom I desire on board and secreting them are over."

"It is a great scheme," Frenhofer assented; "but supposing my master should choose to telephone some small detail to the office of the man Schwann?"

"You must hire the yacht of Schwann, just as you were instructed," Hunterleys pointed out. "You must give orders, though, that it is not to leave the harbor until telephoned for. Then it will be the yacht I shall borrow that will lie off the Villa Mimosa to-night."

"It is admirable," Frenhofer declared. "The more one thinks of it the more one appreciates. This yacht of Schwann's—the Christabel he calls it—was fitted out by a millionaire. My master will be surprised at nothing in the way of luxury."

"Tell me again," Hunterleys asked, "at what hour it is to be lying off the Villa Mimosa."

"At ten o'clock," Frenhofer replied. "A pinnace is to be at the landing stage of the villa at that time. Mr. Grex, Monsieur Douaille, Herr Selingman and Mr. Draconmeyer will come on board."

"Very good! Now go on your errand to the man Schwann. You had better meet me here later in the afternoon—say at four o'clock—and let me know that all is in order. I will bring you some particulars about my friend's boat, so that you will know how to answer any questions your master may put to you."

"It is admirable," Frenhofer agreed.

Hunterleys walked through the streets back to Ciro's restaurant filled with a new exhilaration. His eyes were bright, his brain was working all the time. The members of the luncheon party at the next table were still in the midst of their meal. Mr. Simpson was smoking a cigarette with his coffee. Hunterleys resumed his place and ordered coffee for himself.

"I have been to see a poor friend who met with an accident last night," he announced, speaking as clearly as possible. "I fear that he is very ill. That was his sister who fetched me away."

Mr. Simpson nodded sympathetically. Their conversation for a few minutes was desultory. Then Hunterleys asked for the bill and rose.

"I will take you round to the club and get your *carte*," he suggested. "Afterward we can spend the afternoon as you choose."

The two men strolled out of the place. It was not until after they had left the arcade and were actually in the street that Hunterleys gripped his companion's arm.

"Simpson," he declared, "the fates have been kind to us. Douaille has a bit of the nerves. He will go no more to the Villa Mimosa. Seeking about for the safest meeting place Grex has given us a chance. The only one of his servants who belongs to us is commissioned to hire a yacht on which they meet to-night."

"A yacht," Mr. Simpson repeated emptily.

"I have a friend," Hunterleys continued, "an American. I am convinced that he will lend me his yacht, which is lying in the harbor here. We are going to try to exchange the two yachts. If we succeed I shall have the run of the boat. The crew will be at our command, and I shall get to that conference myself somehow or other."

Mr. Simpson felt himself left behind. He could only stare at his companion.

"Tell me, Sir Henry," he begged almost pathetically, "have I walked into an artificial world? Do you mean to tell me seriously that you, a member of Parliament, an ex-minister, are engaged upon a scheme to get the Grand Duke Augustus and Douaille and Selingman on board a yacht, and that you are going to be there, concealed, turned into a spy? I can't keep up with it. As fiction it seems to me to be in the clouds. As truth, why, my understanding turns and mocks me. You are talking fairy tales."

Hunterleys smiled tolerantly.

"The man in the street knows very little of the real happenings in life," he pronounced. "The truth has a queer way sometimes of spreading itself out into the realms of fiction. Come across here with me to the hotel. I have got to move heaven and earth to find my friend."

"Do with me as you like," Mr. Simpson sighed resignedly. "In a plain political discussion, or an argument with Monsieur Douaille—well, I am ready to bear my part. But this sort of thing lifts me off my feet. I can only trot along at your heels."

They entered the Hôtel de Paris. Hunterleys made a few breathless inquiries. Nothing was known of Mr. Richard Lane. The Englishman came back frowning to the steps of the hotel.

"If he is up playing golf at La Turbie," Hunterleys muttered, "we shall barely have time."

A reception clerk tapped him on the shoulder. He turned abruptly.

"I have just made an inquiry of the floor waiter," the clerk announced. "He believes that Mr. Lane is still in his room."

Hunterleys thanked the man and hurried to the lift. In a few moments he was knocking at the door of Lane's room. His heart gave a great jump as a familiar voice bade him enter. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Richard, in light blue pyjamas, sat up in bed and looked at his visitor with a huge yawn.

"Say, old chap, are you in a hurry or anything?" he demanded.

"Do you know the time?" Hunterleys asked.

"No idea," the other replied. "The valet called me at eight. I told him I'd shoot him if he disturbed me again."

"It's nearly three o'clock!" Hunterleys declared impressively.

"Can't help it," Richard yawned, throwing off the bedclothes and sitting on the edge of the bed. "I am young and delicate and I need my rest. Seriously, Hunterleys," he added, "you take a chap out and make him drive you at sixty miles an hour all through the night, you keep him at it till nearly six in the morning, and you seem to think it a tragedy to find him in bed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Hang it, I've had only nine hours' sleep!"

"I don't care how long you've had," Hunterleys rejoined. "I am only too thankful to find you. Now listen. Is your brain working? Can you talk seriously?"

"I guess so."

"You remember our talk last night?"

"Every word of it."

"The time has come," Hunterleys continued—"your time, I mean. You said that if you could take a hand you'd do it. I am here to beg for your help."

"You needn't waste your breath doing that," Richard answered firmly. "I'm your man. Go on."

"Listen," Hunterleys proceeded. "Is your yacht in commission?"

"Ready to sail at ten minutes' notice," the young man assured him emphatically, "victualed and coaled to the eyelids. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of abducting Fedora to-day or to-morrow."

"You'll have to postpone that," Hunterleys told him. "I want to borrow the yacht."

"She's yours," Richard Lane assented promptly. "I'll give you a note to the captain."

"Look here, I want you to understand this clearly," Hunterleys went on. "If you lend me the Minnehaha—well, you commit yourself a bit. You see it's like this: I've one man of my own in Grex's household. He came to me this morning. Monsieur Douaille objects to cross again the threshold of the Villa Mimosa. He fears the English newspapers. There has been a long discussion as to the next meeting place. Grex suggested a yacht. To that they all agreed. There is a man named Schwann down in Monaco who has a yacht for hire. Mr. Grex knows about it and he has sent the man I spoke of into Monaco this afternoon to hire it. They are all going to embark at ten o'clock to-night. They are going to hold their meeting in the cabin."

Lane whistled softly. He was wide awake now.

"Go on," he murmured. "Go on. Say, this is great!"

"I want your yacht," Hunterleys explained, "to take the place of the other. I want it to be off the Villa Mimosa at ten o'clock to-night, your pinnace to be at the landing stage of the villa to bring Mr. Grex and his friends on board. I want you to haul down your American flag, keep your American sailors out of sight, cover up the Stars and Stripes in your cabin, have only your foreign stewards on show. Schwann's yacht is a costly one. No one will know the difference. You must get up now and show me over the boat. I have to scheme, somehow or other, how we can hide ourselves on it so that I can overhear the end of this plot."

The face of Richard Lane was like the face of an ingenuous boy who sees suddenly a paradise of sport stretched out before him. His mouth was open, his eyes gleaming.

"Gee, but this is glorious!" he exclaimed. "I'm with you all the way. Why, it's wonderful, man! It's a chapter from the Arabian Nights over again!"

He leaped to his feet and rang the bell furiously. Then he rushed to the telephone.

"Blue serge clothes," he ordered the valet. "Get my bath ready."

"Any breakfast, monsieur?"

"Oh, breakfast be hanged! No, wait a moment. Get me some coffee and a roll. I'll take it while I dress. Hurry up! . . . Yes, is that the inquiry office? This is Mr. Lane. Send round to my chauffeur at the garage at once and tell him that I want the car at the door in a quarter of an hour. Right-o! . . . Sit down, Hunterleys. Smoke or do whatever you want to. We'll be off to the yacht in no time."

Hunterleys clapped the young giant on the shoulder as he rushed through to the bathroom.

"You're a brick, Richard," he declared. "I'll wait for you down in the hall. I've a pal there."

"I'll be down in twenty minutes or earlier," Lane promised. "What a lark!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

No Secret Stations

THE new direction finder for the wireless telegraph, which will indicate the direction from which any set of wireless signals is coming and will, under some circumstances, show how far away the source of the signals is, has had one novel use in the European war. The Italian authorities had reason to believe that from somewhere in Rome or adjacent territory information on diplomatic and military affairs was being sent by wireless every night to one of the warring powers.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless, happened to be in Rome, and the government requested him to try to locate the secret wireless station. He located the station the first night he tried, using the new direction finder. A wireless instrument had been installed on the grounds of a brotherhood within the city limits of Rome. Because such a station was a menace to Italian neutrality the government promptly raided the place and destroyed the entire installation.

By the use of the same direction finder the British authorities have already located three high-power wireless stations in the British Islands; and presumably they promptly closed them, though details of these operations have not passed the censor.

THE EBB TIDE

(Concluded from Page 4)

electing a man or carrying a state. They can keep on doing it.

Ideas are bigger than ballots; and a cause is greater than any election, whether it wins or loses at that election. What the recent election revealed was not reaction, but confusion and indecision in progress; and when a purpose falters it is conservatism. Indeed, there is nothing—no force, no vital political or social purpose—that may be called reaction or conservatism. Conservatism is the absence of purpose, as cold is the absence of heat; and when the purpose of the American people languished, faltered, halted—or whatever it did this year—the result was a conservative reaction.

The situation leaves a million and a quarter enthusiastic, optimistic, politically improvident ladies and gentlemen whistling cheerfully down the wind in a distinctly Micawberian attitude—waiting for something to turn up. That they will hang together and wait there can be little doubt. They are crusaders, and a temporary defeat does not stop them or dampen their enthusiasm. They had no desire for office; they seem to care little even about winning for the sake of winning. Their platform planks are coming into general acceptance. Even among the victorious reactionaries there is an elaborate pretense of going right to work to be progressive, and no one talks of repealing the considerable volume of progressive legislation that the biennium has written.

Except, perhaps, the recall of judicial decisions, which was merely an expression of the popular fear of the growing power of the courts, all the demands of the Progressives in 1912 are generally accepted by the two old parties.

And that is the whole trouble with the Progressive Party—its issues have been accepted or stolen or imitated; and, while whistling down the wind with Mr. Micawber, the party is looking not so much for events to turn up as for a new issue.

True, we declare that men like Cannon and Penrose and Curtis and McKinley and McDermott, and the pirates who walked the plank in 1912, who now are safe aboard with their hands on the wheel and the rigging, are not the kind of men to be trusted with the Progressive idea. Yet they were elected, for the most part, on platforms that were a fairly correct though rather feeble imitation of the Progressive platform. And it is difficult to establish a party on the temperaments of men.

As to Government Ownership

The Progressives need to have their principles, which are fundamental, stated in terms of new issues. Many of us feel that the Progressive platform of 1912, which seemed radical at the time it was put forth, fails to attack privilege with sufficient force to-day. There is a considerable demand in the party for a plank declaring for the government ownership of railroads. Among others in the party there is a demand that the party shall stand for national prohibition.

The government ownership advocates are, for the most part, Eastern Progressives. The prohibitionists generally live in the West; in fact, in most of the Western States this year the Progressives declared for national prohibition. In the West and South prohibition is a live issue. It attracts the very kind of people who make up the voting strength of the Progressive Party in those Western States; hence they have declared for it in their state platforms.

A prohibition plank in the Progressive National Platform, however, would bar the party from any hope in the East and among the industrial voters for several years. And prohibition is a plank that may be easily stolen by the Republicans and the Democrats in the various states where prohibition is popular.

Government ownership of railroads, and of all means of transportation and communication, is not a plank that may be lifted into other platforms or imitated or taken by states. It is fundamental in its difference from the creeds of the other parties; but to adopt government ownership as a Progressive tenet might change rather extensively the character of the Progressive following.

The discussion of possible issues illustrates the danger of the Micawberian attitude; for history declares that issues make parties—not parties, issues. Yet the Republican Party, founded on the slavery question, took up Unionism and worked out a creed that has for its keystone a strong centralized government. Government ownership is the logical advance from a belief in conservation.

All discussion of future issues or future events, in their relation to the life or death of the Progressive Party, is futile—or worse. In the first place, nothing is so footless as prophecy; and, in the second place, if the Progressive movement in its party expression means anything at all, it means that the group of a million middle-class voters, who are allied in a party, are allied not to get offices and win victories at the polls, but to work unselfishly and purposefully for whatever statement of the Progressive principles coming events may require.

For the last two years events have stated those principles in the terms of conservation: Mothers' pensions; workingmen's compensation laws; shorter hours of service for workers; factory and tenement inspection; strong central control of the national commerce, and a more direct control of our law-making and law-administering machinery.

How to-morrow will state the fundamental Progressive principles is unimportant. The things needed to give the Progressive Party a future are intelligent courage, unselfish faith, and the common sense of the man with a vision, who holds its realization more important than his own success, or even more important than his own martyrdom.

The Negro Still an Issue

Therefore, of course, no clear, unqualified answer may be made now to the question about the future of the Progressive Party. It is as uncertain as that of the Republican Party. Only the Democratic Party is certain. It must be the party of critical conservatism. The Solid South has bound it to its historic place, and there is no likelihood of a break in the South. The negro is an issue there still; and by voting the race issue the South is, of course, hurting the white man more than the negro.

Yet even the Democratic Party is having its mild spasm of doubt; Bryan and Wilson still seem to control and put a semblance of constructive progress in the party of state rights and a revenue tariff.

It is no wonder that the backwash of reaction and conservatism has left confusion, faltering and paralysis, due to partyism, in the country.

No one can say just when the waning Progressive purpose began to make the tide of reaction that flowed in at the recent election.

Perhaps it was seven years ago, after the bankers' panic; for the Progressive wave had been rising for about seven years before that time, and remained full and strong on the surface of things during the Taft Administration.

Yet the advisers of President Taft could feel what the "forward-looking men" could not feel—the undercurrent of reaction. He tried to ride the wave of reaction and was spilled.

During the past three years the tide has been running out strongly, in spite of the acceptance of many Progressive ideas by the state legislatures. President Wilson doubtless feels this reaction stronger than we feel it, who are not at the storm center; but if he tries to ride it—if he paddles to safety by compromise—he, also, will spill. It is only men with honestly conservative minds who can ride the backwash wave; and their success will be short, for they cannot ride the incoming tide.

These tides in politics and business, and in all social activities, represent the growing and waning of popular attention. The crowd's mind is a child's mind—it cannot concentrate its attention long on one object; but through all the tides that wash the shores of time, where the child is playing, always it holds fast to the good and stores it up for the race. Nothing vital is ever lost.

Men come and go; movements rise and fall. The people forget faces—they forget slogans—they forget parties and the issues of the day; but always, from the slow, resistless current of life that streams by this vale of tears, we take the good and let the worthless pass.

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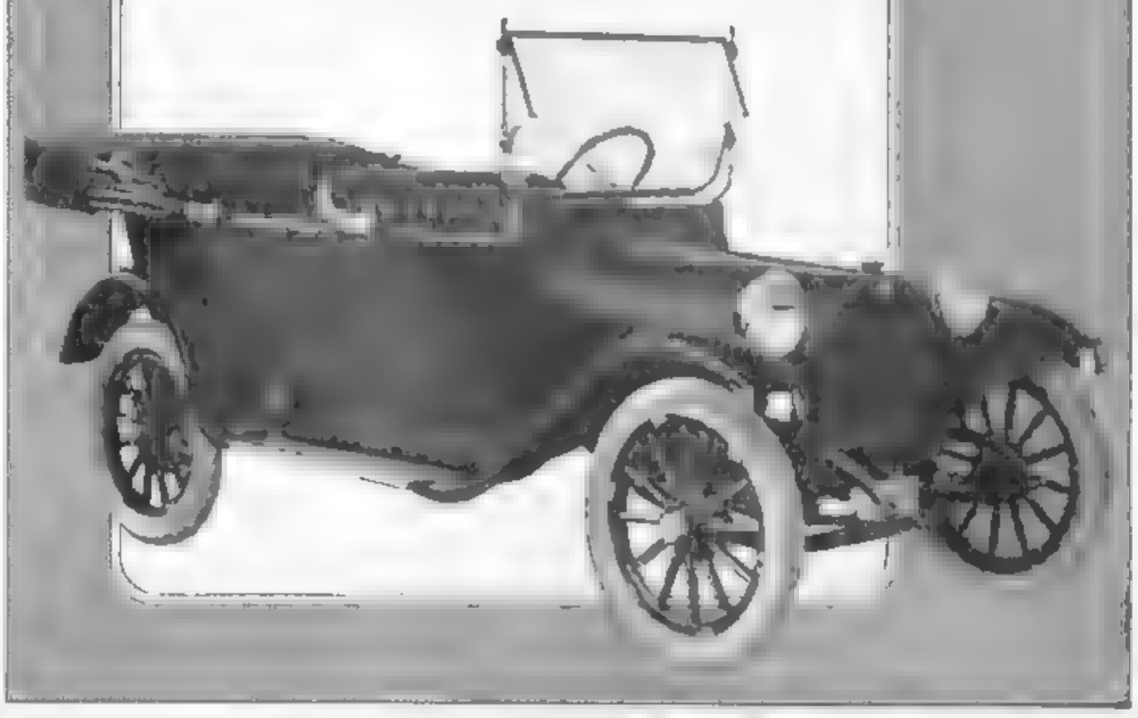

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"MA'AM," said Shorty gently when he had knocked on the widow's tent pole, "the obsequies is now about to commence. Owin' to the damage done to the deceased, me an' my partner finds it imperative to plant him with what might seem to the chief mourner like somethin' in the natur' of undue haste; but it's our best jedgment, ma'am, that it'd better be done. Might you care to be present as the grave closes over yore loved one, ma'am?"

To his signal relief her answer was a hysterical "No, thank you!" So he hastened back to Dan and together they finished the obsequies with neatness and dispatch. By the time they got back to camp they had recovered their spirits to such a degree that they decided to shift the burden of his demise to the late lamented himself. They argued that if he had only stayed where he was he would have been all right.

"Him jumpin' out in front of it that way," declared Long Shorty, "it looks to me like mebbe he was a mite dee-lirious with thirst an' a-contemplatin' suicide."

Dan had observed a desert water bag filled with water swinging at the side of the car; nevertheless, he indorsed these sentiments heartily.

"I suppose it ain't no use a-huntin' up that bowlder we rolled, to see which side she turned up?" suggested Long Shorty.

Now, Dan was the loser to date, in consequence of which he could not, with honor, appear to accede too eagerly to the philanthropic proposal. If it ruined him he could not appear to be a welcher; so he halted abruptly and glared at Long Shorty.

"Wa'al, hardly!" he snapped. "Just becuz the stone hits this stranger ain't no reason as I can see why we got to 'low it's cocked dice an' call the bets off."

"Suit yourself," Long Shorty answered; and they returned to examine the rock.

It lay clean side up, and Long Shorty Ferguson was the sole proprietor of the Big Strike—when they should discover it.

"I hope this ain't a-goin' to make no difference between us, Dan'l," Long Shorty suggested, a little regretfully.

"If you can control yourself, Long Shorty, I guess I can," replied Dan Purdy meekly. "Which bein' the case, let's harvest our whiskers an' wash up."

They returned to the camp, where Dan stepped to the tent flap and peered cautiously in. The widow, exhausted from her recent tragic adventure as Mr. Purdy presumed, but in reality lulled to oblivion by Mr. Ferguson's great cure-all, slumbered soundly; so Dan tiptoed in and stole his own bag and his partner's. A tiny mirror and shaving outfit were brought forth and the hirsute harvest commenced.

Satisfied at last that they were halfway presentable, the two partners next examined the baggage of their guest and discovered a small forest-ranger's tent with a folding camp cot and a wool pad. This outfit they set up and prepared for the widow, after which they cooked supper, ate it and sat round in stony silence, spitting tobacco juice into the fire and watching the moon rise over the Charlestons. And presently their guest stirred and came forth.

She was a thin, angular person possessed of few physical charms. The natural severity of her face was accentuated by the manner in which she drew her hair back at the sides and fastened it in an old-fashioned French roll in the rear. A faint color glowed in her cheeks; her dark eyes were as bright as shoe buttons and as cool as an absinthe frappé. Long Shorty decided that if their unbidden guest had been born a man she would have been a banker or a faro dealer.

Dan had some fresh water in the coffee pot and he now set the pot on the fire.

"Mebbe, ma'am," he said respectfully, "you might have so far recovered your sperrits as to feel like tyin' into some fodder? A cup o' coffee an' a mutton chop an' a stack o' flapjacks would about hit the bull's-eye, I reckon."

"And don't you go to squattin' an' snortin' at Dan'l's flapjacks, ma'am," Long Shorty cautioned her, "becuz they're about six pounds lighter'n they look."

After supper the widow appeared to have recovered her spirits. She showed a disposition to talk. Dan and Long Shorty were quick to encourage conversation, feeling that it would tend to keep her mind from straying to the tragedy of the forenoon; so they plunged into the conversation with an animation that was ordinarily foreign to their natures, for, as we have already endeavored to explain, there is something about the vastness, the solemn silence, of the desert that is not conducive to conversation among those who dwell in it. Something of the desert's own grim, inscrutable personality is developed in her children; and Dan and Long Shorty, whose natures had long since become attuned to the surrounding country, often went days at a time without speaking to each other except when absolutely necessary.

Nevertheless their companionship was perfect, for subconsciously they respected each other's moods and divined each other's thoughts to such an extent that never were they to any extent unsociable in their taciturnity. Unlike the widow, conversation with them was not a ruling passion; consequently her high, precise tones were not long in creating a discord in the perfect harmony of that desert camp.

Mostly she asked questions. She delved into their past from the cradle up to the moment when the rolling bowlder had gathered her mate into the bosom of Abraham. She made it her business to ascertain their business—what they were doing there; who sent them; how much money they were making, and the nature of their personal ambitions. She asked if they believed in suffrage for women, and they, fearful of offending her, lied and said they were; whereupon it developed that she subscribed to an opinion that woman's sphere should be limited to the home, and berated them for a pair of mollycoddles. In defense of their lie Long Shorty and Dan were forced to lock horns with her in an argument on suffrage and were routed ignominiously. She noticed that two buttons were off Long Shorty's shirt and said she would sew them on in the morning.

Time and again the partners strove to head her off, hoping she would relate something of interest to them—what she was doing in the desert, where she had come from and why; but they were singularly poor hands at evincing curiosity, no matter how curious they were, and it was impossible for them to shatter their code to the extent of a blunt request for an explanation.

The talk flowed on so pleasantly that presently even the widow became aware of the incongruity of her action and hastened to mend her fences.

"I sincerely trust," she said, "that if I appear to have already forgotten the terrible tragedy of this forenoon it is due entirely to a philosophical mind, which bids me make the best of every situation, no matter how depressing. I hope you will not ascribe my action to natural hardness of heart. My present attitude is a heritage from my ancestors, and no Beeby can escape it. My great-great-grandmother was a first cousin to Molly Pitcher."

"Don't know as I ever heerd o' the lady," Long Shorty ventured to remark.

"Her husband was a gunner in General Washington's army during the War of the Revolution. At the battle of Monmouth, Gunner Pitcher was killed; but his wife, Molly, who was with him, seized the rammer and served the gun in his stead. She was commended by General Washington for her bravery and was made a sergeant."

Dan and Long Shorty exchanged glances that were eloquently expressive of tolerance and amusement, and the widow rattled on.

At length Long Shorty said:

"Might I ask, Mrs. Beeby, if you be expectin' friends to come a-lookin' for you after you're missed from home?"

She shook her head sadly.

"I have no friends in California, Mr. Ferguson, unless I count yourself and Mr. Purdy. You are, indeed, friends in need."

"How about the late lamented? What was left of him looked like a he-man that had growed up in country with the hair on it. Ain't he got no folks in California or Nevadu?"

"I did not know his people, Mr. Ferguson. We had known each other but a short time."

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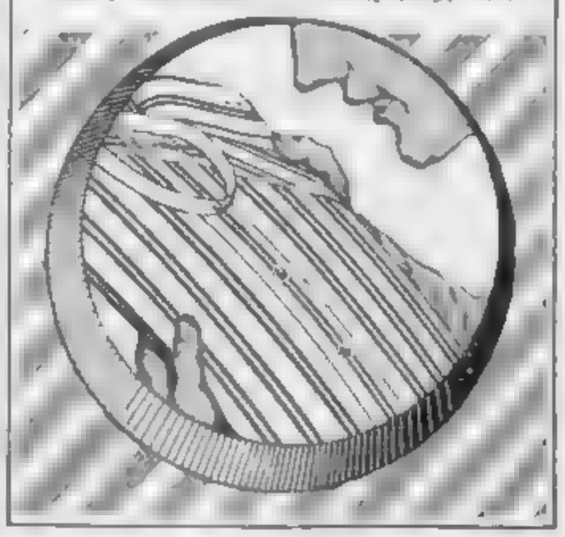

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"Wa-al," Dan interrupted, "as his widder you're entitled to all his worldly goods; so let's probate his estate." And he produced the few dollars in silver, the pocketknife, the folding comb and the plug of tobacco he had found on the body. The widow commenced to sniffle and demand information as to what she was to do, left all alone in this terrible desert; and Dan explained patiently that time alone could tell the story. He was about to enter into a wealth of detail as to why this should be; but Long Shorty interrupted:

"Ma'am," he soothed, "you'd better turn in and git some sleep, an' in the mornin' we'll decide what's to be done."

She thanked them and with a sobby goodnight took the candle Long Shorty had dug up out of their stores and retired.

Until nearly midnight Dan and Long Shorty sat facing each other in absolute silence across the cheerful sagebrush fire. They were utterly talked out. Presently, however, Long Shorty got up and walked out into the desert a little distance. By no word, glance or signal had he indicated to Dan Purdy that he desired a conference; yet Dan rose immediately and followed.

"Dan'l," Long Shorty began, when they were out of possible hearing of the widow, "somethin's got to be done." By a discreet silence Mr. Purdy admitted that it was even so. Long Shorty continued: "Dan'l, yore sense o' fair play compels you to admit that in widderin' this here widder me an' you've got to bear an equal burden o' blame."

Dan nodded.

"There ain't no question about that, Charles Wilfred—only I'm a-thinkin' that, after sharin' all we've had equally for twenty year, it sorter looks like this here widder's the one thing we ain't a-goin' to be able to share. I'm willin' to admit she's a problem, an' half o' that problem's mine; but when it comes to drawin' the dividin' line an' a-carin' for this aged canary I got to admit, Charles Wilfred, I'm a-fannin' the air an' a-beggin' for help."

"That's logic, Dan'l. It shore looks to me like the only thing left for me an' you to do is to toss a dollar to see who'll shoot her an' git her off our hands. We've beefed her husband an' left her alone in the world, without money an' nary a soul to turn to. We can't git shet o' her until somebody comes an' takes her away—an' nobody's comin'!"

Long Shorty smote his aching brow.

"Yes," he supplemented Dan's wail; "an' me an' you can't leave this country to pervide for her. Even if one of us was to go out with her, we ain't got nary critter for her to ride an' pack water for the trip, an' with them toothpick shoes of her'n she might just as well be wearin' hobbles. Dan'l, we're just nachelly marooned with this screamin' cockatoo till April."

Ensued a long silence. Finally it was broken by Long Shorty.

"Mebbe she'll ease up on her talk before then," he ventured, hoping against hope. "She's wearin' on a man's nerves; but still, as the feller says, a new broom sweeps clean, an' I got a notion, Dan'l, she just plumb talked herself down to bedrock tonight an' won't have nothin' left to talk about to-morrer."

"I don't give a damn what she does tomorrer, becuz I'm goin' a-prospectin' up on that hill," Dan blazed profanely. "It's a-thinkin' o' to-morrer night that makes me scairt. Still, the talk ain't the wust, by no means; though I'll bet a forty-dollar hat if you was to go pannin' for conversation on that female forty year from now she'll assay a thousand words to the ounce. What's gravelin' me, Charles Wilfred, is the fact that she's a respectable widder woman; an' you know just as well as me that it ain't in the book for a respectable widder woman to spend two months in camp with two unwedded old sourdoughs like me an' you without losin' her reputation. It's all right if she's got a chaperony," he ended shrilly; "but who in hell wants to be a chaperony?"

"Chaperony or no chaperony," Long Shorty protested virtuously, "she's plumb safe with me."

"It ain't that. She's safe with me too; but there's an old sayin' that a feller might as well have the name as the game. Give a dog a bad name an' it's the same as tin-cannin' him."

"Wa-al, I ain't objectin', if you feel that way. You don't have to 'pologize to me——"

"Tarnation take her! I don't want her any more'n you do."

"Wa-al, then, what're you drivin' at?"

Dan Purdy wet his lips, glanced around in pathetic desperation and voiced the awful issue as it appeared to him:

"It's up to one of us to marry her—if she'll have us," he said.

Had Long Shorty been bee-stung he could not have started more violently. He called to his instant aid all coons and catamounts, came close to his partner, and in the bright moonlight stared at him.

"Yes, sir," that desert Puritan went on relentlessly; "for the sake o' the widder's reputation it's up to us to offer our hand an' heart. We'd sooner be snake-bitten, but we got to give her a chance to say No."

"Why've we got to?" Long Shorty blustered defiantly.

"Becuz we're the responsible parties, Charles Wilfred. Pers'nally I'm free to confess I'm wild an' full o' fleas; but I can put my hand on my heart an' say this much, Charles Wilfred: When it comes to climbin' up the golden stairs, there ain't no angel goin' to stick his head out the door an' say, 'Pull yore freight, Dan'l Richard Purdy! While you was on earth you helled round an' cost a good woman her reputation. You killed her husband an' chucked her out on the cold world without carin' a white chip whether she bogged down or not. Now git!'"

It was the final, unanswerable argument. Too well Long Shorty saw its telling force; too well he realized that his implacable doctrine of personal responsibility had tracked him to his ruin. True, indeed, here was a situation he had helped to create—a situation that must be met and grappled with as with a deadly enemy; but he was human and feebly he sought to evade the issue.

"Dan'l," he pleaded, "this here's an accident, an' no man's responsible for accidents. It's the act o' God, Dan'l. We got to check the bet up to the Almighty, who marks the sparrer's fall. Suppose she does stay on—it'll be right hard on us; but then me an' you weren't raised in the lap o' luxury, as the feller says, an' I guess we might manage to stand her, Dan'l. If we treat her like a lady what kick has she got comin'? An', besides, who's goin' to find it out?"

"Everybody, Charles Wilfred! They're bound to. When that Boston engineer comes down in April him an' his gang'll find her, an' you know how a lot o' roughneck Cousin Jacks'll talk an' how fast talk spreads. Ten year from now folks'll be p'intin' at that pore woman an' whisperin' an' nudgin' each other; an' mebbe one o' them'll say, innercent-like: 'There's the old heifer that spent the winter down in the Amargosa Valley with Dan Purdy an' Long Shorty Ferguson!' Why, Charles Wilfred, we'd just nachelly have to leave the country or kill half a dozen men to put a stop to the plaguin' we'd be subject to."

Long Shorty surrendered. He scratched his ear meditatively and glanced out across the moonlit desert to the stranded automobile standing in the sage-lined trail.

"I wisht to Jiminy I could run that there contraption!" he sighed. "Under ordinary conditions I'd as lief let a sidewinder quile up in my lap as ride in one o' the durned things; but to get shet o' that widder I'd tackle anything."

"So," Dan Purdy rambled on implacably, "it's up to us to be men or mice or bob-tailed rats. Still, in order to lend a touch o' elegance to our courtin', we can't be in too big a hurry to propose, which the same's tarnation bad taste with the rigger mortars hardly set in on her late husband. I'm for standin' her as best we can for a month, Charles Wilfred; an' mebbe by that time what looks like a affliction to-night may turn out to be a blessin' in disguise. Right now I'll admit I'd a heap rather take pizen than wed that widder woman; but, as the feller says, Time works wonders. Mebbe the prospect won't seem so awful when we get right down to the scratch. As the feller says, Every cloud has a silver linin'."

"Mine's German silver, Dan'l. I ain't got no heart for matrimony; but I never was a man to pass the buck, an' yore program seems fittin'. We'll court her together, a fair field an' no favor. If she goes to light I'll jump for a box to set her on. If she starts for a drink o' water you turn a handspring a-gittin' it for her. We're bound to have mebbe an inch o' rain before the winter's over, an' that'll bring out the six-weeks grass, with some flowers, mebbe, down along the Amargosa. We'll take turns bringin' her in a posy; an' then about the time she gits to wonderin' who's who an' what's what ——"

"We'll roll another rock to see who asks her first," interrupted Dan.

Long Shorty extended his hand. In silence they shook. In silence they returned to camp—and so, like Mr. Pepys, to bed.

As they lay there in the dark tent cogitating over the problem that confronted them Long Shorty heard Dan stiffen in his blankets and raise himself on his elbow, as one who listens for a repetition of some faint, portentous sound piercing the silent reaches of the night. So Long Shorty listened also, and presently he heard it too—a steady, rhythmic sound remotely resembling the exhaust of a distant gasoline hoist. He shivered.

"The widder's sawin' wood," he whispered hoarsely.

"An' strikin' knots in every cut," replied Mr. Purdy.

By reason of the fact that his luck had been running unusually strong of late, Long Shorty elected to convince himself that, whatever happened, he, at least, would be safe from that gentle snoring; so he essayed a little banter.

"The bride," he droned, as though reading from the trite account of a society wedding, "wore a magnificent travelin' dress o' flour-sackin' an' carried a bouquet o' Spanish bayonet an' niggerhead cactus. Mr. Charles Wilfred Ferguson, the well-known minin' man, give the bride away to his old pardner, Mr. Dan'l Richard Purdy. Immediately follerin' the ceremony a delightful luncheon, consistin' o' sowbelly, sourdough an' airtight fruit, was served at the home o' the groom. Mr. an' Mrs. Purdy'll spend their honeymoon at Furnace Creek Ranch ——"

"Charles Wilfred," thundered Mr. Purdy in a terrible voice, "I thought you said you wanted we should have peace in camp!"

Long Shorty chuckled and subsided into his blankets; and presently, save for the exhaust from the uvula of the female incubus, silence brooded over that certain piece or parcel of real estate known as the Johnny Mine.

Dan and Long Shorty were up at daylight, according to the habit of their species, and cooked breakfast in frigid silence. The widow did not appear for breakfast until nearly nine o'clock, and both Dan and Long Shorty made a mental note of her leisurely habit and charged it against her account.

The moment she emerged from her tent the two partners instantly abandoned hope. Her very first query demonstrated all too clearly to them that she was wound up for a day of conversation.

She opened the inquisition with a request to know how they had passed the night. Had they slept well? She was so glad. Did snakes ever invade one's tent at night? Certainly! How very foolish of her not to know that the snakes had all hibernated! Did they hear that dreadful howling and yapping going on at intervals during the night? Good gracious! Mercy sakes alive! Coyotes! You don't say! And you didn't hear that racket? Oh, come now, Mr. Purdy, surely you're joking. Is that so, indeed, Mr. Ferguson? You cannot go to sleep unless the coyotes howl? Why? Oh, you're so used to them! I see! But there were at least a hundred of them—two! Mis-ter Fer-guson! Only two? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

"If you'll hold down camp," said Long Shorty, unable longer to bear her cachinnation, "me an' my pardner'll take a pasear up the hill an' do some work on a prospect we're interested in."

"Pray do not permit my presence to interfere with your work," she chirped graciously. "I see a great many things here to occupy my time until your return. I presume I am quite safe."

"I don't see nothin' or nobody to bother you, ma'am," Dan Purdy growled; and together they started up the hill and in due course reached the mesa.

"Dan'l," said Long Shorty, "there ain't no sense in me an' you both rackin' our souls for a month a-wonderin' who's goin' to be the lucky man. Let's roll a rock right now an' have it over with."

Dan was more than agreeable; so they pried up another huge bowlder, rolled it to the northern face of the hill to avoid possible damage to the abandoned automobile at the foot of the slope down which they had previously rolled the other bowlders, and sent it on its way. After marking where it came to rest, at Dan's suggestion they decided to remain on top of the hill and prospect during the day. On their way to camp for supper they would visit the bowlder and decide their fate.

They went chipping and prospecting round on the mesa, and presently Long Shorty picked up a piece of float. Fifty feet farther along toward the mouth of the cañon Dan Purdy found a nugget of pure gold. It was worth in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars, and instantly the widow and the Johnny Mine were forgotten. They stood staring at each other.

"It's the Big Strike, Charles Wilfred!" Dan panted. "She's up the cañon a spell, an' we'll find her as shore as I owe you half of it!"

Long Shorty's glance wavered and sought the tips of his miner's boots.

"Dan'l," he said in a low, strained voice, "there ain't a-goin' to be no fun in findin' it if you ain't in on the deal."

"Can't be helped, Charles Wilfred. A bargain's a bargain, an' I never was no tin-horn gambler. Somethin' keeps a-whisperin' to me we're a-goin' to find her, Charles Wilfred; but I ain't bellyachin'. I'm yore pardner still, Charles Wilfred, an' I'm a-goin' to help you find the Big Strike if she's here."

"Dan'l," Long Shorty replied a little tremulously, "me an' you'd never ought to 'a' gambled thataway. Gamblin' between pardners like me an' you have been is a sin an' a 'bomination in the sight o' the Lord. 'Tain't right, nohow; an' I ain't a-goin' to stand for it. All bets is off. I'd ruther have my pardner than all the gold in the country. You know as well as me, Dan'l, life ain't in havin' the dratted stuff, but in a-lookin' for it an' findin' it."

"It's a open question, Long Shorty," Mr. Purdy replied gently, "whether I'd 'a' been minded to express similar sentiments if the shoe was on the other foot. Sich bein' the case, the bets ride as they lay. Come along, ye danged old fool, an' let's look for the ledge this nugget come from."

"But how about the widder?" shrilled Long Shorty. He was on the verge of tears. "Dan'l, you're takin' a awful resk. You've lost yore interest in the Big Strike; an' I've got a hunch you'll find, when we look at that there rock we just rolled, that she landed my side up, an' you're just nachelly elected to propose to the widder."

"That ain't no sign I'm a-goin' to marry her, Charles Wilfred."

"No, it ain't no sign. It's just what the feller calls a moral certainty. Dan'l Richard Purdy, did you ever hear of a widder refusin'? They just nachelly jump at the first offer; an' if you was to lose yore half o' the Big Strike an' win the widder ——"

Long Shorty choked up. To him the result was too horrible to contemplate. Dan took him affectionately by the arm and shook him.

"We're a pair o' prospectors, Long Shorty," he said, "not a couple o' durn' fools. Come along!"

So they proceeded up the slope of the mesa toward the mouth of the cañon; and the farther up they progressed the thicker they found the float, until presently, well up the side of the cañon, a reef of white quartz thrust upward a foot through the red, eroded soil.

"It's grass-root stuff!" panted Dan Purdy, and together they dashed up the little slope; together their prospecting picks fell on the quartz ledge; together they picked up the fragments of rock thus dislodged; together their microscopes came forth; together they examined the samples; together they looked up—each at the other.

"Wa-al, Dan'l," said Mr. Ferguson, "we've found her at last; an' she's a humdinger!"

"Yes," Dan replied evenly. "She only runs about three thousand dollars to the ton! The vein's only thirteen feet wide! She's only the biggest thing a man could wish for; an' I'm pleased for your sake, Charles Wilfred. I am, for a fact!" And he thrust out his generous old hand.

"I'm a dawg," Long Shorty burst out passionately; "a dirty, low, mangy old pup. To hell with it! If I can't share it with you I don't want it. I won't even stake it out."

He was overcome and Dan saw that further conversation would be productive of tears; so he waited until Long Shorty should be more composed before he resumed.

"This ain't no way to do business, Long Shorty," he said soothingly. "You say you ain't a-goin' to bother stakin' this claim for yourself. Wa-al, now, suppose you win the widder! You'll have won her fair, gamblin' with your old Dan-pardner, the same as you won his half interest in this here strike. You ain't a-goin' to welsh if you win the widder, be you, Charles Wilfred?"

Long Shorty shook his head.

"Wa-al, then, lemme tell you somethin', pardner," Dan continued. "Right now we know where we stand about the Big Strike; but, when it comes to the widder, just who's

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"The chief value of competitive bids, Mr. Briggs, is to find out which is the poorest printer. The printer who has the hardest work to get business usually makes the lowest bid."

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a-goin' to hell the cat is some news we got a-comin'. Ain't that good logic?"

Long Shorty admitted it was.

"All right," Dan continued; "then let's run our lines an' put up our monuments, an stake half a dozen claims. When we break the news o' this strike up in Goldfield, or over in the Owens Valley, there'll be a stampede in here; an' you know, Charles Wilfred, there's been more money made in minin'-camp real estate than's been made in mines. We'll lay out the town site off there to the north o' the Johnny Mine an' you can gimme the town site for mine. Meantime let's get busy an' stake this here strike in both our names ——"

"Oh, Dan'l, ol' pardner," Long Shorty exclaimed gratefully; "then all bets is off!"

"Nary bit! Remember, we ain't looked at that stone we rolled this mornin'. After we've looked at it I'll like as not have a proposition to unload."

Long Shorty, hopeful that it would be one to which both could with entire honor subscribe, made no further protest. By nightfall they had run their lines, erected their monuments, and prepared to stake the entire hill in their own names and those of every dependable friend they could think of.

They planned to record their locations at their own expense in the land office at Independence, the county seat of Inyo County; then, without divulging the news of their rich strike, they would prepare deeds to those claims they had staked in the names of their friends, pay the said friends one dollar for the said claims, and after receiving and recording the deeds the mining laws would be circumvented, as is the custom, and all the locations would be the property of Dan and Long Shorty.

They would then consolidate, incorporate, sell sufficient stock to operate the property, and—— But the imagination of the average desert rat never ranges beyond that. Sufficient unto the day is his concept of life.

The names Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson gave to their claims were reminiscent of recent personalities, animals and events. There was the Dead Sheep Claim, the White Mule Claim, the Gentle Annie Claim, the Lost Tenderfoot Claim, Big Strike, and, last of all, the Beeby Fraction. Dan Purdy suggested the name in sheer desperation at his inability to think of anything else and not out of compliment to Mrs. Beeby.

Just before dark they returned to camp, dog-dirty and hungry enough to eat a chuckwalla. By mutual albeit unspoken consent they agreed to leave the fateful bowlder and its fateful secret until morning.

The widow, clad in a new, clean, starched chambray dress, had dinner cooked and waiting for them. During their absence she had completely overhauled the camp, polished pots and pans, inventoried and arranged their grub supply, and assailed the carcass of the mountain sheep, from which she had cut a rib roast.

It had been many months since Dan and Long Shorty sat down to a better meal. Usually they drank their canned tomatoes out of the original package, but to-night the widow had the tomatoes boiled and thickened with cracker meal. Also, she had canned soup, which, with roast mountain sheep, roast brown potatoes, pan gravy, hot cakes and real coffee, soothed and comforted Dan and Long Shorty to a considerable degree. From her own stock of provisions she had supplied a can of pineapple for dessert.

She was unaffectedly glad to see them. Both reflected that the Beeby nature must be powerful, indeed, to permit her to conquer her grief and adapt herself to circumstances which were obviously enough quite new to her. Her strength of character and evident capability and industry quite won their grudging admiration; and when, with the keen intuition of woman, which precludes speech while the male is feeding, she gave her agile tongue a rest, hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, commenced to well up in Dan Purdy's tufted bosom until he made the frightful discovery that no longer were he and Long Shorty the captains of their own camp!

Following the housekeeping habits of all males, neither Dan nor Long Shorty had ever washed a dish or rinsed out a pot after a meal. It was their practice to leave their kitchen and dining-room equipment soiled until the necessity for using it again was apparent, when regretfully they would give it a lick and a promise and let it go at that. Both gentlemen were wont to brag that a little clean dirt never hurt anybody.

Following, therefore, the habit of a lifetime, Mr. Purdy, after inquiring whether anybody wanted any more coffee and being answered in the negative, elected to empty the pot of the remaining coffee and grounds. In doing this he followed the line of least resistance. Without rising from his seat at the packing box that did duty as a dining table, Mr. Purdy seized the coffeepot and hurled its contents as far from him as he could—which was not very far. Then he carelessly tossed the pot aside, to lie in the sand until the next morning's breakfast, when he or Long Shorty might or might not rinse it out.

To his great embarrassment the widow rose, picked up the pot, washed it at the waterhole, wiped it and hung it on a convenient sagebush.

"I can't abide shiftlessness," she explained severely, and Dan and Long Shorty had their lesson

That night after the widow had retired Mr. Purdy walked out into the desert and Mr. Ferguson followed.

"Wa-al, Dan'l, she's shore a sergeant, like that Molly relative o' hern," began Long Shorty sympathetically. "I noticed her a-takin' liberties with our coffeepot. I tell you what, Dan'l, if we don't train that widder in the way she should go she'll be runnin' our camp for us. Did you notice she set out a pair o' tin cans with some warm water in 'em?"

"Yes, I did, Charles Wilfred. Whatever did she do that for?"

"Finger bowls," replied Mr. Ferguson hoarsely. "Finger bowls!"

"No!" breathed Mr. Purdy softly.

Fell on them one of their frequent long, restful silences.

Then, from Long Shorty:

"Wa-al, Dan'l, you got to admit she cooked a good meal." Long Shorty was striving to be fair to the last. "You got to admit she's a rustler. If you wed the widder, Dan'l, you're a-goin' to get an A-Number-One housekeeper an' no mistake."

"Who in blue blazes wants a housekeeper when half the time he ain't even got a tent to live in?" Dan roared wrathfully. "Not that I'm like the old dawg that can't learn new tricks, but just becuz I'm too old to care to learn 'em. I spent a week in Reno oncet, seein' the sights that time you was laid up with typhoid fever at the Miners' Hospital in Toquina City. You'll remember we had a stake at the time and I helled round in sassiety a little along o' some o' them high-toned de-vorsays; an' I want to tell you, Charles Wilfred, some of 'em was shore lulu-birds! A-lookin' at them de-vorsays then, I used to wonder what tarnation kind o' he-lizards they married that couldn't be happy with 'em—they all looked that sweet an' purty! But I know now, you bet! They just nachelly talked an' interfered with their husbands."

"Dan'l," said Mr. Ferguson, disregarding this hark back to happier days, "do you still figger we ought to wait a month before poppin' the question to the widder?"

"Why, yes," Dan replied, a little mystified. "Whether we pop the question now or a month from now, we got her on our hands just the same. Me an' you, Long Shorty, we give our word to stay here till the first of April, an' we can't send her away, even if she declines our hands. Married or single, Long Shorty, we're elected to live with this talkin' widder until help comes."

"Yes; but a married man has his rights," Long Shorty declared ominously. "Once me or you gits tied up to this widder, we're in a position to give orders; an' the first order'll be: 'Speak when you're spoken to!' Silence in camp would help a heap."

Dan reflected long and seriously.

"Wa-al," he admitted finally, "one of us has got to make a quick run out, widder or no widder, to file the location notices on the Big Strike. It's takin' some resk, but mebbe we won't be found out by the Syndicate; an', anyhow, I've got a notion there won't be no claim jumpin', now that the first o' the year is passed an' the assessment work done by us. The one that goes out to file the locations can git a marriage license at Independence, hire a preacher an' bring him back in one o' them otter-mo-biles. They're dangerous, but people do say you can travel as high as a hundred miles a day in the desert in one of 'em."

Long Shorty nodded.

"I was thinkin', Dan'l, mebbe it ain't such a bad notion to propose to the widder to-morrer mornin'. A-forcin' our hands thataway an' trustin' to luck, I've got a notion that mebbe, on account o' not knowin' us more'n long enough to git a

(Continued on Page 44)

Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce

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Oscar

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(Signed) Oscar
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(Continued from Page 42)

noddin' acquaintance, she ups and declines our hands. After that we've done our dooty an' the widder's reputation ain't no concern o' ours."

"That's a right good idee, Charles Wilfred," Dan declared heartily. "As soon as we see what that rollin' stone has to say in the mornin', we'll go to it an' know the wust at oncet."

This decision was productive of considerable optimism in both Dan and Long Shorty, and even the widow's snores failed to disturb their rest that night.

Immediately after breakfast they hastened out into the desert to consult the granite arbiter of their fate. It lay soiled side up; and, inasmuch as Long Shorty had staked his luck on the clean side, the horrible truth was borne in on him that he was to have the dubious privilege of proposing to the widow. He was quite overcome. He sat down on the accursed bowlder and held his throbbing head in his horny hands.

"Dan'l," he groaned, "this fool gamblin' has plumb ruined our lives! You're out your half-interest in the Big Strike an' I own it all. On t'other hand, you're a free man—an' I got to take on a new pardner!"

Dan Purdy laid his hand affectionately on Long Shorty's shoulder.

"Charles Wilfred," he said solemnly, "I told you yesterd'y I might have a proposition to unload after seein' what luck the rollin' stone brought us. For an' in consideration of a half-interest in the Big Strike I'm a-willin' to assume your resk an' ask the widder first."

Long Shorty stared at him incredulously.

"Why are you willin' to do this thing, Dan'l?" he asked presently.

"Becuz I ain't a-lookin' to change pardners at this late date, Charles Wilfred. If I win her she'll have to accept separate maintenance; an' me an' you—we'll be out in the desert just the same. An' that's the only way I can accept a half-interest—by assumin' your resk."

Long Shorty knew his Dan-pardner. He realized that here, at last, was the only solution to the tragedy that would encompass them should the widow decide to accept the first offer made, and he rose and held out his hand.

"It's worth tryin'," he said, and together they returned to the camp.

Long Shorty, tremendously excited and consumed with curiosity, crawled into their tent under the canvas at the rear and lay there silent, quivering, eager, while Dan approached the widow's tent. She was seated on her camp cot, sewing a button on Long Shorty's shirt, and looked up with her aggravating, simpering smile. Dan removed his hat and bowed like an aged squinch owl.

"Mrs. Beeby, ma'am," he began, "me an' my pardner's been a-discussin' o' your case; an' both of us allow as how you, bein' a lone widder woman without no friends in this country, an' so far as we know without visible means o' support—dependin' on the cold charity o' this world for help an' sympathy—is in what the feller calls a mighty mean fix."

She bowed her head and nodded briefly while Dan went on to explain to her in detail exactly how matters stood with himself and Long Shorty, and their inability to aid her to return to her people, despite their entire willingness so to do.

"Owin' to circumstances over which you ain't got no control nohow," he added, coming to his desperate peroration, "you find yourself, Mrs. Beeby, holed up here with two old desert rats that's got to plead guilty to every crime in the book 'cept murder, theft an' tarnishin' the good name of a woman. It occurs to me that you're in what the feller calls a mighty ambeeguous position, an' that the best you git out o' the deal is a reputation for loose conduct. Them's plain words, ma'am; but this ain't no time for backrasin' the bet on our hand."

"I fully realize the delicacy and unconventionality of my position, Mr. Purdy," the widow faltered; "but I trust the Beeby nature will enable me to live down any scandal——"

"Ma'am," Dan interrupted, "I ain't no hell on looks; but if the honest heart an' corn-kivered hands of a plain prospector with a half-interest in a group o' claims that's going to be worth millions would be any inducement to help you avoid the waggin' tongue o' scandal, you're welcome to Dan'l Richard Purdy. In plain English I'm askin' you to marry me—an' damn 'em all!"

At his earnest speech Mrs. Beeby cast down her eyes and a rosy flush mantled her scrawny neck and face. Then she raised her glance timorously, simpered, and in a perfect agony of ecstasy replied:

"Oh-h-h-h, Mis-ter Pur-dy!"

"That's the proposition, ma'am. Take it or leave it. If you take it I hit the trail for the county seat to-night, an' inside o' ten days I'll be back here with a marriage license an' a preacher an' a weddin' ring. I'm a hellbender oncet I'm started!"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Purdy! Really, I hadn't the slightest idea——"

"You've got it now, ma'am. No further room for speculation. I've made up my mind. How about you?"

She rose and stepped timidly toward him. He backed away, slightly apprehensive, as she emerged from her tent. Whereupon she paused, blushed furiously and favored him with a coy glance, intimating that he might open his arms and claim his own; but he did not understand this, and her reticence annoyed him. He thought she was but striving to blunt the edge of her refusal.

"Wa-al, we won't say anything more about it," he began joyously. "I see I made a mistake; an' I asks yore pardon, ma'am——"

"Darling!" she cried.

It was a shrill little note of pure delight. She sprang at Mr. Purdy; her bony arms went round his neck; she strained him to her flat breast. All was over!

"Keno!" groaned Mr. Ferguson, and came forth from the tent to tender his shameless congratulations.

When Dan could disengage himself from the embrace of his fiancée he sealed the compact in characteristic fashion—he took the widow's hand, pumped it awkwardly, and said simply:

"All right, then, Mrs. Beeby. It's a go!"

"Call me Arabella, Daniel," she pleaded.

"All right, Arabella!" Dan replied dully.

He ignored a flagrant invitation to seal the compact in something more conventional than a mere handshake and excused himself on the ground of having to make out the location papers for their claims, cache them in the monuments on the hill, and prepare duplicates for filing in the Land Office. He was not desirous of tarrying to taste of the Dead Sea fruits of victory; so he turned his back on her and entered the tent with Long Shorty, where together they filled in the blank forms of their locations. As they were about to depart for the Big Strike some hint of the proprieties managed to percolate through Dan's agitated ego and he turned to his fiancée.

"Wa-al, Arabella darlin'," he called to her, "I s'pose you're a-goin' to have a nice engagement dinner cooked when me an' Long Shorty comes rompin' in to-night?" Then *sotto voce* to Long Shorty: "Ain't I the most amazin' old hypocrite you ever heard tell of?"

Arabella's plain features lit up with a smile that was singularly wistful. She blew him a kiss and said:

"You wait and see, Danny boy!"

Mr. Purdy moaned in his wretchedness and commenced the ascent of the hill. Long Shorty followed. Within the hour they had completed the caching of their location notices in the monuments; and they spent the remainder of the day prospecting up the cañon, for Mr. Purdy lacked the courage to return to the scene of his triumph, and Long Shorty, intuitively realizing that now, of all times, Dan Purdy required the comforting presence of his partner, resolutely refused to desert him.

"I s'pose she'll be expectin' a true lover's kiss when I git back," Mr. Purdy complained drearily. "Whatever would you do if you was in my place, Charles Wilfred?"

"I'd let the tail go with the hide, Dan'l. I'd kiss her! Might as well play the game like a sport, now she's accepted you."

Mr. Purdy sighed ponderously. Nevertheless, he accepted Long Shorty's advice; and on their return to camp for dinner, when the widow approached him shyly he tilted her chin and implanted a light kiss on her cheek. Her bright little dark eyes beamed love and adoration, and Mr. Purdy wondered whether the Almighty did not reserve a special hell for such as he.

The widow had prepared another excellent dinner, to which our heroes did ample justice. Immediately after the meal Dan prepared for his journey out to civilization, though he had some little difficulty in overcoming the widow's objection to a start at night. However, since it would be moonlight practically all night and Dan could make faster time than during the day, her consent was finally won. Dan packed some

food in a canvas bag, filled two canteens with water, shook hands with Long Shorty, took a hurried, embarrassed and pseudo-affectionate farewell of Arabella, and departed into the soft hush of the desert night.

As the crow flies he had approximately eighty miles to travel; but he had to cross the Funeral Range, Death Valley, the Panamints, and the rolling hills between them and the Coso Range, down the Cosos, and up Owens River Valley to Independence, and this necessitated long detours that would almost double the distance. It was a journey that would have appalled many men; but to Dan Purdy, who knew his private estates so well, it was less than nothing.

Back at the camp by the waterhole that night the widow listened, blushing pleasurably, to the reiterated and wholly insincere congratulations of Long Shorty Ferguson. He related many anecdotes calculated to impress her with the sterling character of his partner and spoke alluringly of their joint fortune on the hill. He fondly hoped she might return his confidences, now that she was one of the family, so to speak; but for all his craft in leading questions she retired to her tent that night without so much as divulging her maiden name. Long Shorty sought his own virtuous couch feeling very lonely and disheartened and cursing the day a cruel fate had foisted her on them.

Now that Dan was irrevocably engaged, Long Shorty deemed it the part of propriety to stay round camp and keep the widow company during his partner's absence. As a result he was all but driven insane by her seemingly inexhaustible line of conversation, until at last, on the third day, unable longer to endure her, he climbed the hill to the Big Strike for a little peace and pleasurable prospecting.

Here, during the course of his operations, he happened to glance down into the Valley of the Amargosa, and in a vista of brown desert, miles away among the Charleston Buttes, his attention was caught by a little white cloud of dust moving rapidly across it and coming toward him. It required no great amount of cogitation on Long Shorty's part to convince himself that visitors in an automobile would shortly arrive.

For about five minutes he stood there on the hill, his hand, after the fashion of the desert rat, shading his eyes from below instead of above. He was thinking hard; and suddenly, as the reward of his labors, the Great Idea popped into his simple old brain.

Necessity is the mother of invention, as we have once before remarked, and, given an ally in the shape of the feeblest of forlorn hopes, Long Shorty Ferguson was not the man to surrender without striking one mighty blow for Dan Purdy's freedom; for Long Shorty loved his partner as never brother loved brother, and, all the handshake agreements on earth to the contrary notwithstanding, he would not stand idly by and see that honest heart offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of duty.

Also, he was alone with the devil now, free from human espionage and the steadying effects of Dan's puritanical presence; wherefore it is small wonder that honor and duty and chivalry to woman fled the Ferguson brain.

His triumphant Ya-hoo! rent the empyrean; his disgraceful old sombrero went sailing skyward.

"Dan'l," he murmured, "if them folks in that there otter-mo-bile is half human I'll save you yit!"

He met them a mile out in the desert—two men in a huge, chain-driven ninety-horse-power roadster, breaking a trail through the clinging sage and sand. Ensued half an hour of very earnest conversation; and then the big roadster stayed where Long Shorty had halted it, while that arch conspirator betook himself to the camp. As he went he expressed his entire satisfaction with the universe in a joyous rendition of a border ballad more popular than proper.

Along toward sunset of the eighth day following Dan Purdy's departure afoot for the county seat that candidate for hymeneal hara-kiri returned to the locus of his labors in an automobile. He was accompanied by the shepherd of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Independence, a sturdy gentleman, native to the soil and one to whom a trip into the Death Valley country meant no more than a journey to Los Angeles. With the exception of the five-hundred-dollar nugget which Mr. Purdy had given him in advance for his professional services all the world was rocks and dirt to this parson; and he was here now in a hired automobile, a little dusty and skin-cracked, but willing and bubbling with enthusiasm for the task before him.

Long Shorty was roasting a sage hen over the camp fire when Dan Purdy chugged into camp with the parson. He looked up calmly.

"Howdy, parson?" he saluted. "I'm right glad to see you. Peel yore overcoat an' wash up, an' by that time this here sage hen'll be done an' you can tie into her." And without paying the slightest attention to Dan he resumed his air of watchful waiting over the rapidly browning carcass of the fowl in question.

Mr. Purdy descended stiffly and walked over to the fire.

"Well, Long Shorty," he saluted, "you all talked out?"

"I be most rekivered by now, Dan'l. I been alone goin' on four days."

"Why, wherever's the widder?"

Long Shorty turned the sage hen carefully, jabbed it with a fork to test its condition—and said nothing; wherefore Mr. Purdy realized that any further discussion was inapropos. The parson, however, was impatient to meet the bride, and the total absence of the party of the second part piqued his curiosity to such an extent that presently he ventured to inquire into the matter.

"Parson," replied Long Shorty, "you're askin' me whatever becomes o' the lady Dan brings you out here to jine to him in holy wedlock." He turned the sage hen slowly and jabbed it once more before continuing: "Parson, as a ree-ligious man, I take it you're tolerably familiar with the ways o' the Almighty. Did you ever know Him to tell you somethin' you wanted particular to find out? If you did you'd better ask Him about this here bride o' Dan'l's. All I can say is that Arabella lit out o' here in an otter-mo-bile an' she ain't a-comin' back. Whatever's become of Arabella the good Lord only knows. He won't tell an' I don't give a hoot! Better git yore mind an' your mouth on to this sage hen, parson; an' as you an' Dan'l must be wore out after ridin' this far we'll hit the bunk early, so's you can git up early. When you leave to go back Dan'l 'll give you another nugget, the inference bein' that for an' in consideration o' the same you plumb forget you ever heerd o' Dan'l and his engagement."

"I believe I comprehend," the parson said solemnly. "Fork over a section of that sage hen, Long Shorty."

The volleying of the open cut-out on the parson's car as he headed back to his flock in Independence was still plainly audible when Dan Purdy turned to Long Shorty for an explanation.

"Whatever have you done with my bride, Long Shorty?" he demanded eagerly; whereupon Long Shorty sat down and commenced the longest speech of his entire career.

"Widder!" he snarled scathingly. "Widder! Huh! Dan'l, that female ain't no widder. No, sir! None whatever! She's an old maid!" Mr. Purdy quailed and winked rapidly, as though somebody had struck at him. Long Shorty went ruthlessly on. "She's more'n an old maid. She's the Boston Syndicate!"

"Great sufferin' bull snakes!" Mr. Purdy gasped weakly. "Me engaged to wed the Boston Syndicate! 'Tain't possible."

"'Tis possible. More'n that, it's a fact. If you'd wedded that lady, Dan'l, you'd have controlled seventy-five per cent o' the stock in the Johnny Mine; an' since me an' you did the assessment work on it, you know the least that means is a million dollars alone, besides her other property. Yes, sir, Dan'l; that Beeby female is worth nigh on to three million blue chips, with all the ore in sight an' blocked out. Tyin' up to her shorely beats prospectin' all to glory! Just think, Dan'l, how clost you come to payin' yourself your own wages for your winter's work! Yes, sir. Arabella's shore pay dirt from the grass roots; but, as the feller says, all is not gold that glitters; so I took it on myself to git shet of her."

"Gawd bless you for that, old pardner!" Dan breathed fervently. "What next?"

"Wa-al, it seems this young feller that represents the Boston Syndicate and sends me an' you down here to do the assessment work gits a notion that he'd better get shet o' the minority interest or he's liable to lose his job. They're a-pawin' the earth an' bellerin' for his resignation; so he thinks

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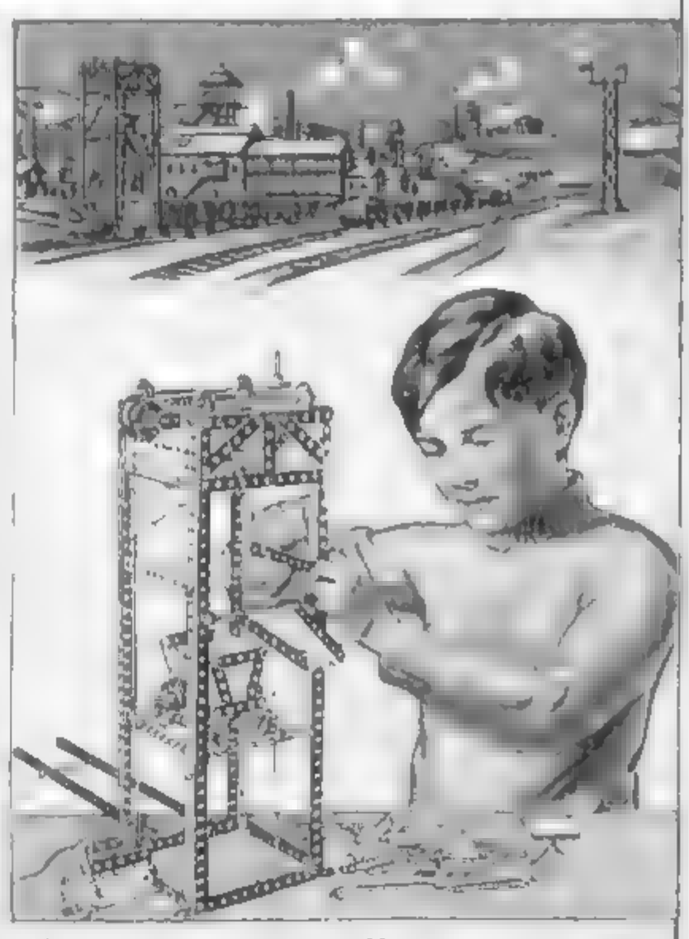

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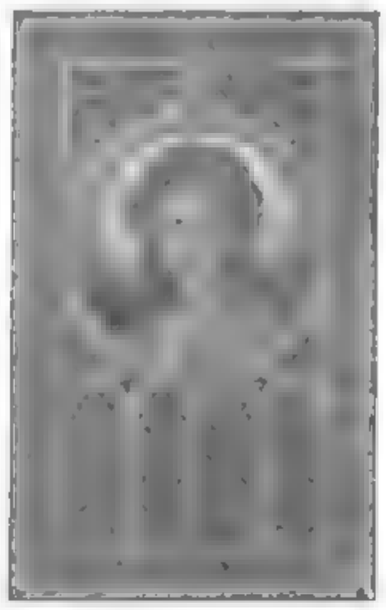

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he'll go back to Boston an' line up this rich Miss Arabella Beeby to buy out the kickers an' git control. Arabella's his aunt. She's just turned the forty post, everythin' bid an' nothin' offered—an' her just plumb crazy to git married. It don't look to Arabella like she's goin' to rest easy in her grave with O. M. chiseled on her tombstone; an' she's plumb set on grabbin' off some kind of a man before the prunin' knife o' Time cuts her down, as the feller says. But, aside from these here yearnin's for a mate, Arabella's there like a bank president when it comes to business affairs; so when this boss of ours spreads his hand she 'lows as how it might be well for her to take a trip West and mebbe kill two birds with the same stone. She hears as how women's scarce in the desert an' men plentiful, an' figgers as how mebbe she stands a fightin' chance; besides which, she 'lows she ain't goin' to drop no hundred thousand dollars down the Johnny shaft until she has a look at it herself.

"Wa'al, Dan'l, she don't confide none whatever to her nevvy—just tells him she'll think it over, an' the minute he leaves her house she's a-streakin' it for the railroad station; an' in the course o' time she lights in Goldfield, with her otter-mo-bile in the express car an' her private chuffer in the tourist coach. Right away she begins prospectin' for p'inters on the best way to git down into the Amargosa Valley. Some good-natured feller gives her the gentle hint as how it's safest for her to leave her Boston chuffer behind an' hire a native that knows the trails an' waterholes—which she does; an' that's the duffer we eliminates with that rolling rock.

"Wa-al, Dan'l, three days after you've left I'm up on the mesa projectin' round when I spot an otter-mo-bile down among the buttes a-comin' my way to beat four of a kind; and in a second I have a vision o' that bogus widder a-streakin' back to Goldfield, leavin' me an' you in peace. So I goes down an' meets that otter-mo-bile a mile outside o' camp.

"Dan'l, it's the syndicate engineer an' Arabella's Boston chuffer! It seems when our boss gits back to Goldfield he finds his maiden aunt's name on the hotel register; later he meets her chuffer in the Casey Bar an' the secret's out. O' course, him knowin' me an' you're down at the Johnny, he don't worry none about the mine gittin' a black eye when the ol' gal comes prospectin' round for information, but as time wears on an' Arabella's overdue on the return trip the boss gits anxious; so he takes his own otter-mo-bile an' her chuffer an' comes poundin' down here to see whatever's become o' his aged relative. They git news of her at Furnace Creek an' are a-follerin' her when I halts 'em an' gits the whole story.

"'You seen anything o' my Aunt Arabella, Long Shorty?' he says.

"'Seen anything o' her!' I says. 'Boss, I've seen too much o' her.'

"'Wa-al,' he says, 'sing the song or tell the story.' An' I unloaded.

"He like to 'a' died laughin'. Seems as if he seen somethin' funny in it; but after a while he braced up an' said it was a durn' shame to see you deceived thataway. An' I 'lowed as how if he'd stand in we'd fix up a little rannikiboo on the bride an' git you a absolute divorce. He was agreeable; so I unfolds my scheme an' he puts the finishing touches on it, until she shore looms up like a work of art!

"After we've gone over the details an' got 'em all squared round in our heads, I mosey along back to camp. I'm there mebbe half an hour, a-chinnin' with the widder on a lowgrade proposition she calls the doctrine o' determinism, an' labor an' capital, an' somethin' else that she calls sabotage—though I never eat none of it myself—when the boss an' the chuffer come rackin' along in the otter-mo-bile. Arabella, she hears 'em comin' before they're in sight; an' a-fearful o' her reputation, bein' seen there alone with me, she lets out a squawk an' does a high dive for her tent, a-tyin' the flaps tight after her.

"The boss pulls up right in front of Arabella's tent.

"'Wa-al,' he says, plenty loud, 'if here ain't my ol' friend an' faithful employee, Long Shorty Ferguson!' An' I stepped up an' we shook hands. 'Long Shorty,' he says, 'whatever got into you that you let Dan Purdy git away from camp an' lose himself?'

"'He were for goin' out on some pers'nal business, boss,' I says, 'an' six men an' a boy couldn't hold him! Wherever did you meet the old skunk?'

"'Long Shorty,' he says, very quiet, an' a-layin' one hand sympathetic-like acrosst my shoulder for the benefit of Aunt Arabella, who's a-peerin' at him from the slit between the tent flaps, 'I've got some awful bad news for you about yore pardner!'

"I could hear Arabella a-swallerin' that, but I don't let on none whatever. I just says, excited-like:

"'Why, whatever's the matter o' Dan'l? When he left here he was that happy an' cheerful it'd done yore eyes good to look at him. The Boston Syndicate ain't gone bust owin' me an' Dan'l our wages, be it?'

"'Worse'n that, Long Shorty!' he says. 'Worse'n that! Ol' Dan'l's went an' cashed in his chips an' set back from the game forever. You ain't a-goin' to see yore ol' pardner no more, Long Shorty. We planted Dan'l at Furnace Creek last night.'

"'You don't mean to tell me Dan'l's a goner!' I says, low an' horrified, an' a-grabbin' on to the side o' the otter-mo-bile for support. 'Pore ol' Dan'l!' I says, commencin' to cry. 'He were the only pardner I ever had!' An' I gits out my bandanna an' blows my nose like a mu-el smellin' Injuns.

"'Yes,' he says; 'ol' Dan'l's went before. Brace up now, Long Shorty, an' take it like a man. Seems like Dan he comes a-staggerin' into Furnace Creek Ranch on the evenin' o' the eighteenth, just a-burnin' up with fever an' out o' his head. The folks at Furnace Creek gets him into bed an' feeds him a quart bottle o' whisky an' quinine, an' bathes his hoofs in hot mustard water, an' does everythin' in reason for him; but it sorter seems like he's too far gone. In spite o' everythin', pore Dan'l develops pneumony in both lungs an' kicks the bucket yesterd'y mornin'. We happen along about an hour before his sperrit takes its flight; an' when he hears I'm at the ranch he sends for me an' tells me to give you what wages he's got a-comin' from the Johnny people. Seems, too, as if he had a last message he was a-honin' to send to somebody he loved—his sister, I guess. He give it to me, with instructions to give it to you, Long Shorty; an' you was to carry it whar it belonged.'

"Wa-al, Dan'l, it seems like the widder's fuse has about burned down to the fulminatin' cap by this time, an' she blows up with a loud noise. She just lets out one devastatin' screech: 'Oh, Danny, my beloved!' An' then she bogs down on her bed an' kicks her heels agin it like a ten-stamp mill an' falls a-blattin' an' a-sobbin' an' a-snifflin' like a old air-compressor with sand in her valves.

"'Whoever's makin' all that to-do?' says the boss; but, o' course, I'm too broke up to answer, so he gets down an' looks inside the tent.

"'Why,' he says, 'if it ain't my dear ol' Aunty Arabella!' An' he picks her up an' wants to know whatever is she a-doin' there in a camp with a dad-burned ol' prospector without no chaperony!

"Dan'l, mebbe she didn't come to at that! It takes a long acquaintance an' a heap o' grief to make a old maid forgit she's triflin' with her reputation—more particular when one o' her kin happens round an' catches her in a embarrassin' pree-dicament. She sets up, wall-eyed, like a nigger seein' ghosts, an' fer a minute she hasn't nary a word to say, even if her nevvy gives her time—which he don't.

"'You don't have to tell me nothin'!' he yells. 'I know the worst. Them two ol' skunks has waylaid my Aunt Arabella. One of 'em's dead; but I'll make the family honor clean agin. I'm a-goin' to start in by killin' that low-flung, wuthless man, Ferguson!' An' he comes b'lin' out o' that tent with his gun an' whangs away at me, a-settin' sobbin' on the box by the fire. O' course I takes to the sage, an' he follers, bangin' away, with Arabella a-follerin' him an' a-beggin' him not to kill me.

"When his gun's empty I draw an' cover him; an' then she's a-beggin' me not to kill her nevvy.

"Play actin'? I should tell a man! Dan'l, I just plumb missed my vocation! I'm a-holdin' down on the boss, an' him with both hands up, foamin' an' tremblin'; while Arabella, she tells the long, sad story. Her nevvy kisses her an' says he's sorry he acted hasty, an' asks me to shake hands an' forgit.

"'Boss,' I says, 'I ain't got nothin' to forgive an' forget. I allers honor a man that honors his family honor.' An' I finned him, an' all hands set down to talk it over.

"Arabella, she's pretty much broke up an' goes to her tent to cry some more; an' when I judged her mildewed ol' heart had plugged along an hour without breakin' I look in on her an' say:

"'Arabella—you'll excuse me for callin' you Arabella, but since you're the promised bride o' my best friend an' pardner for twenty years, an' him dead an' gone, mebbe it ain't such a liberty after all before Dan'l hit the trail for the Great Not Yet he leaves a message. "Tell Charles Wilfred," he says, "to hoof it along the best he can without me; an' tell him to tell my darlin' I kissed her in sperrit, an' my last thoughts was of her."'"

Long Shorty paused to bite into his chewing, the while he glanced expectantly at his partner as though he expected some slight evidence of the latter's appreciation of his histrionic genius; but Dan only stared at him, fascinated and popeyed, and presently Long Shorty took up his recital again.

"Wa-al, Dan'l—to git right down to bedrock—the chuffer takes Arabella's things an' puts 'em in her otter-mo-bile that afternoon, an' lights out ahead, forty mile an hour, for Furnace Creek, with instructions to wise up all hands at the Ranch about yore death, how you died, an' what all; an' to fix up a little pile o' fresh dirt like a new grave under one o' them weepin' willer trees along the creek an' nail a board with some fittin' inscription on it to the tree.

"We gives the chuffer a good start; an' then the boss an' Arabella says good-by, with Arabella vowin' you're her hero. She 'lows she'll light at Furnace Creek to plant a rose on yore grave an' water it with her tears.

"Dan'l, I'll take an oath before the District Recorder, if that old human phony-graft ain't happier'n she's ever been before I'm an ore thief! She's gone away exultin' in the thought that oncet she had a true love an' lost him; an' she says to me at partin':

"'Charles, "'tis better to have loved an' lost than never to have loved at all."'

"'Right you are, Arabella!' I says. An' dang my wicked heart, Dan'l, I felt like a dog caught suckin' eggs. I wisht there'd been some other way o' savin' you, but desperate circumstances requires desperate measures, as the feller says; an' I wasn't takin' no chances on havin' Arabella light on me for a substitoote. Still, Dan'l, a man might 'a' done wuss. Though Arabella's one o' these old damsels that's got to the p'int in life where they're plumb desperate an' willin' to snatch at the tail feathers o' anything respectable that's white an' flies by in pants, still, I've got a notion she'd 'a' been kind to you in her way, Dan'l, an' played the game like a sport, red or black."

"What else did she say?" Dan demanded eagerly.

"Wa-al, she said you was only a plain, uneddicated prospector, but you was a rough diamond set in twenty-four-carat platinum; an' when it come to real old-fashioned chivalry to women she'd pick a man an' let somebody else have the gentleman."

"Huh!" said Mr. Purdy, and thereafter said no more until late that night when he and Long Shorty faced each other across their camp fire.

For hours they had sat in perfect silence, each old brain busy with its own particular daydream. The vagrant night wind brought a tang of sage and greasewood to mingle with the aroma of the wood smoke; afar in the dim starshine the jagged Funerals brooded like grim guardsmen over the Valley of the Amargosa; from a distant butte a coyote gave tongue to its primeval plaint of famine; and over the mystic souls of Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson, to whom twenty years in the desert had brought a subconscious appreciation of the littleness of man and the glory of their Creator, there slowly settled that sublime peace that passeth understanding.

Presently Mr. Purdy stirred slightly and spat into the fire. Long Shorty, knowing Dan was about to speak and vaguely resenting the impending outburst, looked up quickly. He knew exactly what Mr. Purdy was going to say and he was prepared to wither him.

"Charles Wilfred," said Mr. Purdy, "that was an evil deed you done! You saw me fin Arabella when she accepted me, an' then you turn right round and make me bust a handshake agreement. An', what's wuss, you got me hog-tied, an' I've got to stand for it!"

"Shet up, you chatterin' magpie!" Mr. Ferguson retorted ferociously. "You're dead!"

(THE END)

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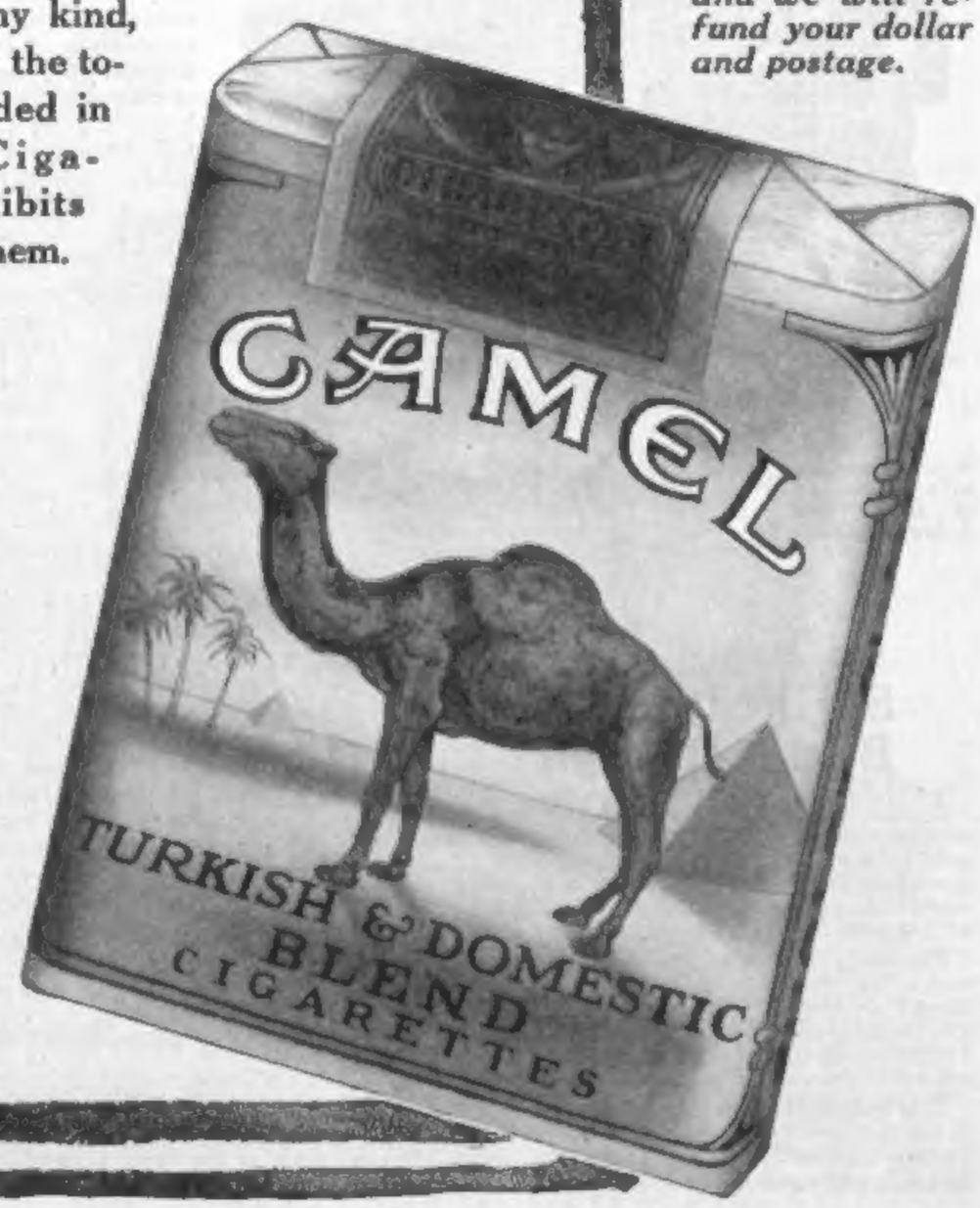

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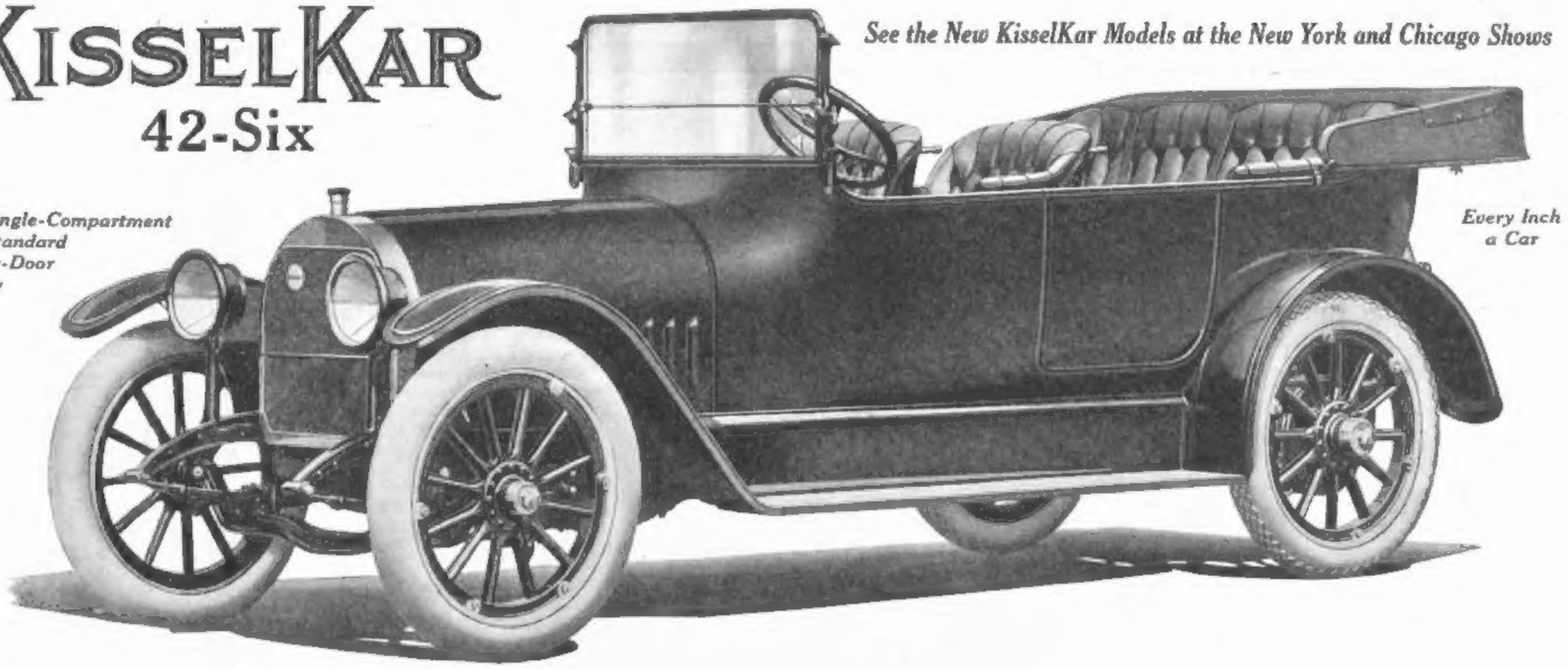

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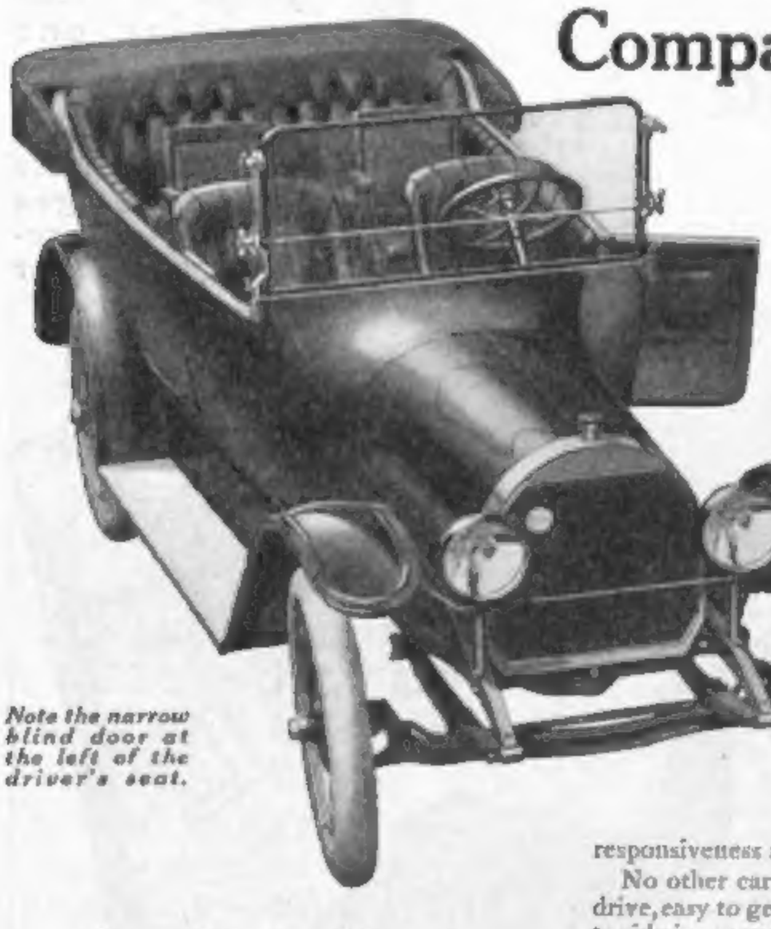
Comparison tells the story



Note the narrow blind door at the left of the driver's seat.

Side by side analysis of the 42-Six with other approximately priced Sixes best emphasizes its excellence. Super-tested, heat-treated steels and aluminums of the best grades, lightened to the fullest extent consistent with safety and long life, will be found in every vital chassis part.

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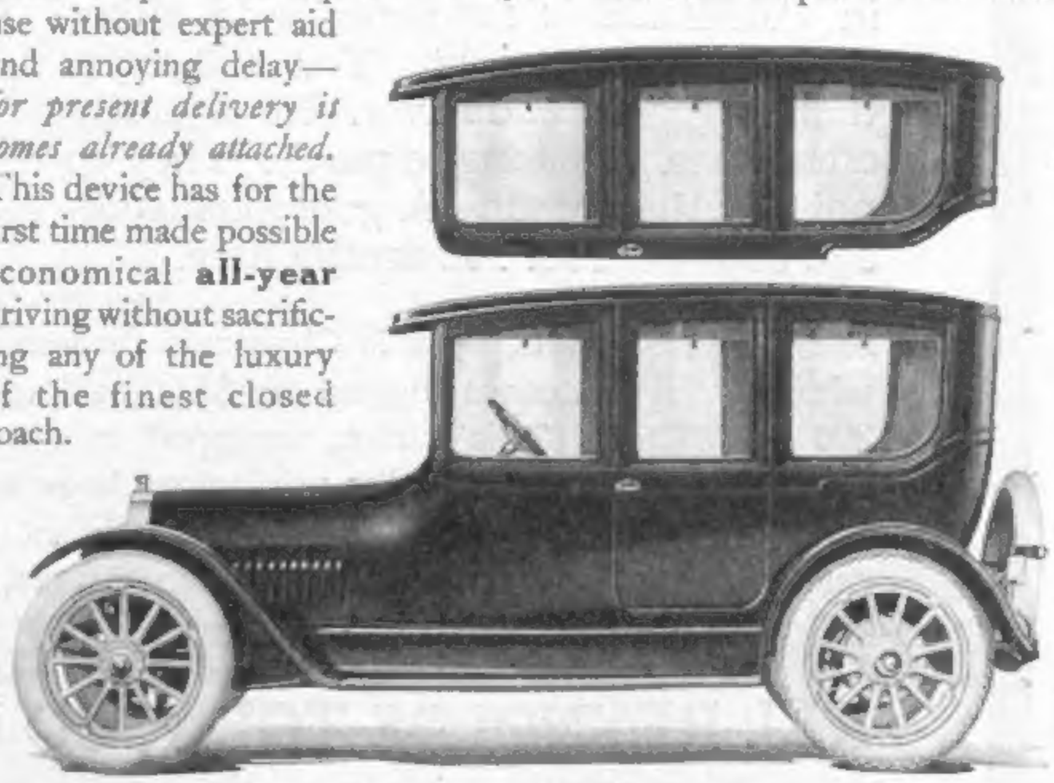

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